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Saito Musasshi-bo Benkei.
(Tales of the wars of the
Gempei)

IYO-NO-KAMI MINAMOTO KURŌ YOSHITSUNE,
AND SAITŌ MUSASHI-BŌ BENKEI.

# SAITŌ MUSASHI-BŌ BENKEI.

西塔武藏坊辨慶

## (TALES OF THE WARS OF THE GEMPEI)

Being the Story of the Lives and Adventures of Iyo-no-Kami Minamoto Kurō Yoshitsune and Saitō Musashi-bō Benkei the Warrior Monk.

BY

JAMES S. DE BENNEVILLE

**Volume I.**

"It was a friar of orders free,
"A friar of Rubygill:
"At the greenwood tree a vow made he,
"But he kept it very ill."

(Maid Marian)

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1910 By James Seguin de Benneville

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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF MY LITTLE CHILDREN

James and Marian

*ANKO' CHAN AND BOBO' CHAN*

# PREFACE.

There is an object in telling these Tales of the Wars of the Gempei, of the adventures of Minamoto Yoshitsune Kuro and his retainer Musashi-Bō Benkei. If we seek a psychology of that abstract term "a people," a little examination will show that in the use of the term—common enough among the vulgar, and a stock catch-word of the cart-tail philosophy so prevalent in these latter days—reference is always made to some individual. Drive the inquiry to its last limits, and the man who talks glibly of "the British character," "the representative American," "the *esprit* Gaulois," "the genuine Teuton," "the stolid and solid Dutchman," is found to make up his ideal by taking different traits from individual men. We "know" the French people from Frenchmen of our acquaintance, and so through the list. As a good twentieth century specimen our aforesaid glibly talking man bases his idealism on the real. This is so much the case that even in caricature we have to laugh and admit the truth in the beefy and obese "John Bull," the lanky and lean "Uncle Sam," and "the seven pairs of breeches" Hollander. There is a *soupçon* of genuine in the exaggeration, and some living specimens come pretty near to the caricature.

Great men are peculiarly fitted for such a study. They are great in so far as they represent their age and can lift their age up to their own individuality. If they were totally strange to their time this would have nothing to do with them. But as they transcend it, so they are based on it, and every man can point the finger at them and say (or feel) "such am I—with some limitations." As far as possible he ascribes the limitations to luck, or wealth, or other extraneous conditions. The common factor—it may be an ugly one, and the plebeian have a wide surplus of

it—is what attracts. Through imitation, and we largely live by imitation because it saves us so much time, a great man may be brought into intimate and sympathetic contact with the great mass of the people. We can remember the advice given to the Honourable Mr. Slumkey of Slumkey Hall, and every infant he osculated sent a thrill of homely sympathy through a widening circle, not only in its immediate neighbourhood, but through the whole Borough of Eatanswill.

When a character is found going down through the ages, in sympathy with the men of his own race, in times so different as to find his age old fashioned and out of touch, we can be sure that there is found in him something which appeals to the men of the race as characteristic of themselves. Yoshitsune and Benkei are peculiarly such characters. As far as familiarity and sympathy go they are as close to the Japanese of to-day as to those of seven hundred years ago. These ancient heroes of the twelfth century could be received into this twentieth century Japan with far less astonishment on the part of this latter-day man than of themselves. They would find themselves with a far larger circle of acquaintance than they possessed in their own times, and one which regarded them with equal respect and admiration. Just what they really were is another story, which is told later on in these pages. What is emphasized here is the living interest. I know of nothing like it in the West, apart from the feeling of the Spaniard toward Don Quixote; and for much the same reason.

This twelfth century, more over, is much closer to the Japanese of the twentieth century than his own history of that early date would be to the Westerner. It established the lines of the feudal system under which the Japanese lived up to forty three years ago. There was some change of detail, great advance in luxurious living, and plenty of hard rubs from war, starvation, and both, in the interval. But the broad outlines still exist in the memory of living men, and these old tales are one of the things from which the Japanese have not departed. Their novels, story-tellers, theatres, give more space to them than to anything

happening in this Meiji era. The popularity of ancient days is thus brought into the present, coloured by present teaching which seeks so energetically the propaganda of the fiction of the Imperial apotheosis, and describes manners with which the bulk of the people, away from the former treaty ports, are yet in full sympathy. And the heroes of this story thoroughly deserve it. Dr. Arthur Lloyd, speaking of Kōbō-daishi, has somewhere finely said :—"Legend does not adhere to mediocrity, it is only genius that can keep popular imagination centred on itself." This applies to the legend which has grown up around those inseparable names Yoshitsune and Benkei.

To understand the story itself we must go much farther back. Here we will take the Japanese contention of the existence of a Yamato-damashii (Soul of Japan) at its face value. It would be rather extraordinary if it did not exist, for a people lacking national spirit ceases to exist as a separate people. Very good : but this does not consist in essays on ethics, speculations on Chinese philosophy and the Tittlebats of Shinobazu-iké, and other such productions of worthy and often sleep-inspiring gentlemen of the twelfth —and even of the twentieth—century, writers on so-called "*Bushidō*." It is proposed to turn to the practice of "*Bushidō*," and it is thought that when one has studied a little of Primitive, Ancient, Mediaeval (the forty seven *rōnin*), and Modern Japan (the *rōnin* of early Meiji days) he will get a very doubtful impression of "*Bushidō*" as practised. For what those worthies were doing was in obedience to the ethics of "*Bushidō*," not a violation thereof. It could be said :—"what beautiful pictures of saints (and sinners) were painted in Mediaeval Italy ; and how very promiscuous they were in the use of the dagger and the poisoned cup." Very true, but these little individual and prevalent idiosyncrasies were in violation of the ethical code, very drowsily preached, it is to be admitted, from the very artistic pulpits in magnificent churches and cathedrals. One can take a card out of the ways and means of a very great writer. Thus *Sterne* promised often enough his famous volume on cod-pieces. On "*Bushidō*" the present humble scribe would fain hold forth ; to the good luck of

the public with small likelihood of performance, unless the present screed be taken as such.

In this exposition of the *Yamato-damashii* and "*Bushidō*" we have not failed to pursue the subject into all the "ten directions of space," even to places on which Japanese writers might practise omission. They need not be ashamed of their short-comings. Other nations and peoples have qualities just as bad—a not particularly encouraging outlook—and an agreement on the good and evil is not likely to be struck by such interested parties to international controversy. Things just as cruel and quite as bad were done in the West. But—I think we condemn it to-day, whereas in Japan they do not. The preachers against "*Bushidō*" as formerly practised do not have the hearing they ought to get. Not long since there was a vehement discussion as to the ethical view to be taken of the deed of the "forty seven *rōnin*," and the social distinction to be found among present defenders was discouraging. Those eighteenth century assassins acted on the light of their time, and understanding their motives and their times to-day we can *condone* their offence. But the *defence* of the matter should be left to the local prize ring, where it belongs. Oishi Kuranosuke, the leader of the *rōnin* and a very intelligent man, would probably be the first to say so, if he could have lived in the forty second year of Meiji (1909). To lug such an impossible case into the field of ethics is to bastardize all application of moral theory. We condone national crimes on the ground of necessity (*sic*); but we do not defend them on moral grounds.

And since the Japanese claim, very properly, to be treated with respect and all sympathy, they should be taken, as far as things human can be, in this view. A foreign writer—Mr. Murdoch*—has emphasized the great and quick intelligence of this eastern people. Nothing could by more just, and those brought into contact with them in any field will be found ready to admit it. Thus

* In his excellent "History of Japan" Vol. I pages 6, 7. This history was published in April 1910, and was not available for use in the present work the manuscript of which was then completed down to Chapter XV.

the foreign merchant has something to say on his side, and the foreign land-holder comes forward in his turn. They both find the Japanese exceedingly nimble and ingenious, if not always logical; and at least very quick to recognize where he has made a bad bargain. We can therefore fairly meet this claim by turning to a western people endowed with nimbleness of wit and depth of mental acquirement. Of course I refer to the Greeks, to whom we owe so much in our western civilization. We are fond of using them as a standard of mental dynamics, so to speak, and not always to the advantage of these latter days. The Japanese cannot complain if they too come off badly in the comparison.

Let us take the Greek in relation to Nature. To him Nature was living. Greek thought really had reference to a very proper Pantheism, and he himself was part of it. As such he looked with intense sympathy to all natural objects. They were alive as he was alive, all steps in a scale rising skyward to culminate in the deities of his great Olympus, in the hollow of whose hand his destinies lay as a plaything. That the Fates would get him in the end was certain, but he was rather hazy on the subject of whether they could get him before his allotted time, and meanwhile it was well to keep in with Father Neptune, and avoid drowning before Atropos was ready with the shears. This frame of mind is the last to turn to formalism. Greek thought was a lively battle against the imposition of all such restraint from the outside. No man was a better citizen; and none more completely and conservatively developed a State out of his political conditions and through discussion. What defeated the Greek were physical conditions. These prevented any progress beyond the City State—they are a great bar to amalgamation of the mixed peoples inhabiting south-eastern Europe to-day—but as far as the Greek did get, this ideal still exists, and Aristotle's "Politics" is a text-book for our own schools. And all because the Greek was a man of action, the individual in action. That abstract term, the State, had meaning and life to the Greek, because it had life to him in the persons of his fellow citizens, and was visible in co-ordinate action with them.

In neither case can it be said that this strain of originality is found in the Japanese. That he keenly appreciated Nature is true, not only in his poetry, but in his impressionist sketches of it, in which so much is left to be filled up by the sympathy and familiarity with which he views the sketch. Those who love impressionism can take greater pleasure in Japanese landscape painting than one who turns to Corot or Rousseau. Indeed the carping are likely to set up the claim that impressionism has its source in formula. This is certainly the case with Japanese poetry. Here the inquirer is confronted with dictionaries of terms. Study makes men familiar with these, and what is the merest sketch to the European reader is familiar and has full form to a Japanese. If the key was lost or destroyed the term would be in a worse predicament than an Egyptian hieroglyphic. And according to those qualified to speak this is the case with some of them. "No meaning can be made of this"—"The meaning of this term is doubtful"—"This *makura-kotoba*—(?)—" and so on If this is not *formula* then this word needs a new definition. Algebra only takes such meaning as we give it. Then it is clear enough, to those who still remember their algebra. Be it said that we are not entirely dealing with impressionism and *formulae*. Sir F. Piggott says that the Japanese musical scale is actually deficient in certain notes. The worst of it is (and *here* comes in *formulae*) they know it is deficient, and in centuries have made no effort to find out and remedy the defect. There is no *makura-kotoba* in their music. They do not understand the completer western scale until they are taught. But worst of all the same spirit is found in the Japanese attitude to action. The influence of custom and of *formulae* is so conspicuous and familiar in Japanese history that it is not necessary to make further mention of it here.*

Let us turn to action in relation to the good and the beautiful, of ethics and aesthetics. We are living to no little extent on Plato to this day; were entirely so until the German revival of aesthetics in the eighteenth century,

* It is gone into in detail in the writer's "More Japonico."

and that was based on the pagan spirit. It is a disputed point as to just how far the Christian theory of the Good, itself finding so much in Plato, extended and widened it as a basis for morals. The Platonic theory rather points to a search for the good and beautiful in God. The Christian theory does not refuse to accept this standpoint, but accentuates the responsibilty of the individual to God. The difference is important, for in the former the sensuous has an important, although subordinate, field ; in the latter it has no part at all. But in Plato's discussion the range taken was very lofty and very extensive ; so much so as to verge on the mystical, which was by no means a defect of this very practical idealist. As Christianity almost eliminated aesthetics, this latter received a blow from which it was slow to recover. Its discussion was therefore decidedly *sub rosa* until paganism itself so wormed its way into the Church that Art took a fresh hold on men's minds. Men worked, rather than tried to find the basis of their working, and it was not until the eighteenth century that aesthetics began to get a proper and thorough investigation of its principles. Nature was too strong for Theology ; and Art not only survived, but in a most glorious manner. With the triumph of fourteenth century pragmatism, its way was made smooth, and the capture of Constantinople by the Turks gave it tremendous impetus in its new home.

As to Shintō there is not a trace of moral responsibility in it, until at the end of the nineteenth century "Esoteric Shintō" was invented. Then Western and Buddhist ethics were freely and duly levied on, with that Japanese *naïveté* which looks to the surface and not the spirit, to furnish a code so plainly machine fashioned as to be laughable. In some places it smells of the "Prolegomena to Ethics," by the way the sweetest savour in it. Old Shintō told men to follow the natural desires of their heart, and as Japanese men would certainly do nothing wrong, everything must be right "in this best of all possible (Japanese) worlds." The Tennō Yuriaku followed this advice. Here is the "Nihongi" comment thereon :—"The Emperor, taking his heart for guide, wrongfully slew many men. The Empire censured him, and called him 'The greatly

wicked Emperor.'" And judging from the records he had plenty of examples to follow from preceding times, and his sucessors thought it good to do likewise. But as a matter of theory and practice old Shintō was mere ceremonial, by no means unelaborated. It possessed a beautiful and plain simplicity that we can heartily admire. It dropped out of sight in the seventh century, and only held on at a few of the greater shrines, in which the old savour had gone from it altogether, even the Tennō being a Buddhist. When, therefore, we turn to the Japanese in relation to ethics, it is to a discussion of what they borrowed from India and China, and in neither case did they improve their plundering. In the fine Confucian code they developed the principle of loyalty into a monstrous abortion, and that certainly was no improvement. Confessedly the ethics, both Buddhistic and Confucian, have been so overlaid by Scholasticism that here too we find little but *formulae*. Original indigenous ethics had been enforced by custom, as is the case in all Semi-barbarous peoples. This made the acceptance of these higher *formulae* an easy task.

Here lies the specific difference between the Greek, so akin to the German and his derived civilisations, and China and India and their derived civilisations. The former was all individualism, and hence teemed with originality. Life and development were in the individual. And even the monstrous mass of legislation of the Latins could not crush it out of us in the West. Besides, the Roman spirit of legislation was directed to organisation, and was typically different from the iron-bound unchanging customary law of the East. Its development marks the distinction between East and West. The Roman might well have developed a Chinese legal caste system had it not been for the individualism ingrained in the Aryan man who positively refused to stand still. This forced Roman legal institutions to turn to underlying principles, and their expanding relations with outside peoples made this all the more rapid and necessary. It was our Salvation in the West, for Rome had the power, but used it to the advantage of men's souls, without much idea of the benefit she was conferring. Later it is true that the

genuine spirit of a universal ethics pervaded Roman Law, and Cicero could look on his profession in this light, and with the greatest enthusiasm. It was no longer a mere narrow code, confined to the Twelve Tables and an exclusive aristocracy.

The spirit of individualism meant still more to the Greeks, for it gave rise to their religious idealism, something to which the more rigid Latin could not contribute. Never has this been pursued farther and more freely, through the whole range of philosophy to the time of their great and last representative Plotinus. It was this Spirit that Christianity grafted on itself, and so into dogmatic religion entered religious philosophy, and nearly wrecked the first named in the fierce controversies of the early Church. And this is what is conspicuously absent in Japan. Religious idealism is entirely absent. Then *formulae* are driven to such mad limits that the repetition of a phrase is salvation to the soul, and the Hokke (Nichiren sectarians) repeat the *Namu-myo-ho-renge-kyō* and find therein salvation to the exclusion of anything and anyone else. Nor could Tendai, or Shingon, of the old sects mumbling their Darani (Dhâranî) charms, or Zen or Monto of the newer sects with *their* kindred *formulae* point the finger of scorn at them. Here faith without works, and completely divorced from reason, had full swing. This is not religious idealism, but materialism driven to its extreme limits; and accompanied, as materialism always is, by the grossest superstition. There was no middle ground between the two. Nor is there to-day. Fine minds devoted to abstruse questions in metaphysics and religion confront a great mass of gross superstition on the country-side. And between the two a great gulf is fixed. Verily the lower class Japanese is to be lead as a little child with charms and dream-books.

Greek thought is much more sympathetic to Buddhism than the native Japanese materialistic superstition has been, is, or can be. But in Greek *versus* Indian there is the sympathy of race. Both are Aryan, and although the old idea of Greek borrowing is now exploded, the two peoples could have borrowed with excellent comprehension.

Not so the Turanian Japanese. Their Buddhism seems to be of a very peculiar cast filtering as it did through Thibet and China; and it has done its part in stiffening this people into a mould which permits no action of the individual on the mass. When a people of such active intelligence as the Japanese is found to possess such a lop-sided undeveloped historical evolution—with its lop-sided results on the people who made this history—there is but one place on which to lay the finger of diagnosis; on the institutional forms in which they have chosen to cast their political life. The writer has no confidence in a theory of superficiality of the Japanese. One has only to live among them for a time, in the intimacy of their households, to see the great care and attention given to detail in every matter, to put aside such a superficial theory. But great depth of thought requires freedom of thought. The European has been bound down only in the political and theological sense, and his elasticity in other directions taught him soon to exercise rebellion and sever these bonds. Besides, he is a born rebel. It is in his blood, this revolt from customary forms. But the Japanese have been and are tied down even in the minor details of their daily life, and a "paternal" Government has the support of a vast public opinion; if one can call "public *opinion*" that frame of mind which makes an ideal in total absence of thought and the contemplation of its own navel—the form of mystical exercise, political and religious, put in practice in the East.

This failure of the individual to act on the mass is found not only in the *minutiae* of daily life, but it finds curious expression sometimes in a more prominent manner. Now in custom and law the Tennō in 1858 A.D. had no right to interfere in the administration of the country. It was only the usual and universal objection of "the outs" against "the ins" that could raise such a claim; and back away in fright when they found themselves taken at their word. However, in the seething state of the country in its discontent against the Bakufu of Yedo (the Shōgun's Government), expression could be found paralleling the wrath of the little band of *kugé* in Miyako, and on the

24th March 1860 Ii Naosuke, Kamon no Kami* was assassinated by a band of miscreants (rōnin of the Mitō clan) before the gate of the Shōgun's palace in Yedo. Now with Japanese constitutional questions we need have nothing to do. Their politicians can safely be left to fight them out in their own way, although the fight is not exactly a fair one. But in another sense, in application to this fierce clinging to the *formulae* of their political life, this episode affords amusement and instruction. What was the offence of Ii Naosuke? He had saved his country. On that point there can be no dispute. Japan with the excellent swords of her *samurai* and her crustacean armour, was face to face with the rifled cannon and small arms of precision of the West. It was "intercourse on peaceful or hostile terms." The little knot of ignorant palace *kugé* at Miyako, with just as much knowledge of the world as an infant in arms at the bottom of a very deep well, clamoured to "fight." The great minister simply brushed them aside as without right to interfere, made the Treaties of 1858-1860, and saved his country. Incidentally he put in jail some fifty seven of these noisy "*kugé* and *samurai* etc."—and for all this admirable work he received his reward at the hands of these new "forty seven *rōnin*" (seventeen in number actually), who were nothing like as respectable as those of classic apotheosis. This blindness of 1860 might be understood; but its exhibition, in perfect good faith and the same spirit, fifty years later, after the eyes were thoroughly opened is another. In 1909 A.D. the good city of Yokohama celebrated the fiftieth year of the opening of its port to foreign trade. A statue of Ii Naosuke, Kamon no Kami, was to be unveiled, and properly speaking the two events should have coincided. They did not coincide; but on the whole the public is to be congratulated that the erection of the monument was not suppressed, without speaking of efforts to side-track the event. But not only this: in the pre-

* For the curious origin of this office, Kamon no Kami, see Papinot's "Dictionnaire d'Histoire et de Geographie" under "Kunimori-zukasa" It became a hereditary title in this house of the lords of Hikone.

sent year (1910) a great celebration and memorial service is held in Tokyo. For what purpose? In honour of the assassins of Ii Naosuke, Kamon no Kami, punished with death for "disloyalty."

Let us add that loyalty as understood to-day in Japan is brand-new. Its projection into the past is a mere fiction. All through the middle Ages none would and did resent the interference of the Court in administrative affairs more than the *Buké* (military class). Nothing ever was sought for centuries from the Tennō but a commission. With its delivery his rôle ended, and its delivery was voluntarily granted or extorted. The only issue in 1860 was that the *Tokugawa* Shōgunate was worn out, and it was time for fresher blood. The presence of foreigners prevented the Sat-Chō (Satsuma-Chōshū) taking their place, and a civil war later over the supremacy. Now to the foreigner all this would be a mere matter of curiosity, if this "loyalty" was not prominently put forward to the world as peculiarly Japanese, something that foreigners could not understand. From one point of view perhaps the Japanese cannot be expected to have ever heard of such incidents as "*moriamur pro rege nostro*, Maria Theresa." But to take a wider sweep, and away from Old Europe, it can be easily answered that for a man to make himself hoarse in "Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom" he has to have a fairly good comprehension of its opposite term—in logical parlance. To sing "*Kimi ga yo wa, chiyo ni yachiyo ni*" etc. requires no comprehension of anything at all in particular, certainly nothing beyond the immediate fact. Nor is Young Japan likely to hear of any opposite until of mature and stiffer years, if it be true that George Washington and Oliver Cromwell, once school favourites, have been banished from recent text-books on the ground of the iconoclasm of these smashers of "idols of the market." But what we want just now is a concrete expression, the analysis in a nut-shell, of this spirit of *mediaeval* loyalty. Forty years ago, and for centuries before, it found expression in the readiness of a man to disembowel himself. But this is simply identical with the readiness of the Fiji Islander (of the same period) to embowel himself; and

when this latter was in a fair way to be soup, sauce, or ragout for his chief, he considered that he had reached the acme of honour. There is not the slightest ethical difference between the two transactions.

Now there is no ulterior motive, no *mala fides*, in these remarks. Apart from other reasons more personal, in admiration and appreciation of the two characters chosen to portray a phase of the character of this eastern people it has not always been easy to try and hold the balance on the level. This has been more difficult in the case of Benkei, than of Yoshitsune. (I speak of them in the purely literary sense, and without reference to their historical value and as to whether Benkei ever existed). But this leads up to a point not unimportant to all of us. There is no difficulty in showing that the basis of "loyalty," put forward as the basis of ancient and modern *Bushidō* by eminent Japanese exponents and taught in hundreds of schools, has no real ethical foundation. These old Japanese conventions will not stand examination; and simply because they are conventions they will not "wash." We not only see it, but we feel the falsity of such a position, and our feeling is not based on comparison with standards of convention found in the West. In fact it raises the question-how much of *our own* conventional morality will stand examination? We know that a great deal of it will not. The point lies just here: we are judging the Japanese and ourselves by ethical rules on which more light is constantly being shed, but which themselves do not change with the habits and conventions of men. Murder is just as wrong to-day as it was fifty thousand years ago or *vice-versa*. What little bias or twist a condoned judicial murder of years ago might have given to the world's history is of small moment, for arguments in its favour are pure speculative moonshine. These are the world's blunders. There is a law of gravitation which attracts every thing to the Earth. A great deal more is known about it now, than when Newton first pointed out a way to examine its operation. It can be hoped in time to know much more of its operation in the wide and varied field of chemistry and physics. We can

never hope to know *all* about it, nor its ultimate basis, as long as we are gifted with human limitations. It is much the same with the laws of the moral world. Here too is the same limitation. The Universal Standard exists apart from the conventions of men in social aggregations, or the individual in relation to Nature. Let the latter assert that a stone is soft, and then stub his bare and savage toe against it. Nature quickly teaches him what a lie is; although the savage is powerfully obstinate in his practice of "medicine" against the operations of his environment. The difficulty is that if we would not be as lambs among ravenous wolves we had better not try and apply the Universal Law to the average of mundane operations. The Universal Standard gets some hard raps from Convention, and the one who sticks too closely to such higher law comes in for a share of the blows.

In "Things Japanese" what is found is a most formidable application of the formal principle to the daily and national life. Such a violent reversal of ethical principles should not be possible after more than a generation of enlightenment. But these out-of-date conventions hold their ground even to-day, and it is natural to find them in these characteristic representations of the Japanese soul, which this people have so taken to themselves. It can be noticed here in what an atmosphere of *formulæ* and formalism they move. Here we have the greatest intensity of action nominally directed to formal ends. The whole is a most hollow hypocrisy. Men here are working for themselves and their ambitions, but they will not out with it. In the two men chosen—Yoshitsune and Benkei—we have the best in their respective spheres; men of action for action's sake, devotion for devotion's sake. Through the story of their struggle we can see the whole hollowness of this feudal regime. Men cling tenaciously to their leaders; and these leaders use them and themselves remorselessly as pawns in a mere game of hypocritical politics in which the motives are of the basest. Really the retainers figure much better than the lord. It is the spirit of renunciation involved in the spirit of ambition. All however played to win or lose in this desperate game; and when it was, or

THE SEPPUKU (HARAKIRI) OF WAKAMATSU.

seemed to be, irretrievably lost, they seated themselves, decently graded according to rank, and committed *harakiri* in unison. The monument to the latest wholesale case can be seen at Wakamatsu in Iwashiro. Here there was a general holocaust of this character and *harakiri* after the defeat of Prince Aizu by the Imperial forces in 1868 *Anno Domini* In the beautiful temple on the hill-side seventy-eight of his retainers, some of them mere boys, thus left the world For their country's good? Certainly not.

The sources of these two volumes have been various. The stories are all very old and largely based on two almost contemporary romance-chronicles, the Gempei Seisuiki and the Heike Monogatari. To these are to be added the Joruri Monogatari, songs and recitations on the loves of Yoshitsune and Jorurihime, these too very ancient, and the Benkei Monogatari, a manuscript of the early seventeenth century. To deal with any of these except as references was out of the question. The Gempei Seisuiki has 1281 closely printed pages (715 pages in a more popular form). The Heike Monogatari comes in six volumes with 1634 pages. Both deal with other stories as will as our subject matter In addition there are the collections of recitations for the use of *geisha* and story tellers. These are of considerable value and range from bulky volumes to mere leaflets. The stories are often found under the title-Yoshitsune Sen-Bon-Sakura. The object was to get these in English, boiled down into a bulk that could be handled. For this I used two books—the "Musashi-bō Benki" of Shinshinsai Toyo (Kamio Tetsugorō), and the "Yoshitsune Kunkō Zūe" of Yamada Toshio. Of both of these Mr. Kyūtarō Minakami of Yokohama made a translation for me. And he also translated for me that part of Dr. N. Ariga's "Dai-Nihon-Rekishi," which covered the period of these wars of the Gempei and down to the death of Yoritomo. In the Imperial Library at Tōkyo he examined for me the "Dai-Nihon-shi-Ryō," and a number of Geographical and Biographical Dictionaries, and made a number of notes from them and from the Benkei Monogatari and the Yoshitsune-Chijun-ki, Both of the

latter are manuscripts. I take pleasure in acknowledging his cheerful and thorough, and most important assistance.

To my wife I am indebted for the translation of a collection of short stories, the "Me Enshū" (Lives of Famous Women) by different authors. Three of these have been used: "Shizuka-Gozen," by Saito Kōzu, a sketch beautifully worked up as matter of literature and interest; "Tokiwa-Gozen" by Ōmachi Kagetsu; and "Kesa-Gozen" by Hamada-Zen. To the Reverend Shimizudani Kejun of Chūsonji at Hiraizumi I am indebted for the excellent history of this famous monastery. As in Europe, Japan swarms with local antiquarians, and from this book I was enabled to get an idea of the material available as to the last scene of the lives of Yoshitsune and Benkei. There are positive remains still on the ground, and the maps of this little volume were particularly valuable, as well as the ingenious discussion over the details. "Bill Stumps, His Mark" as presented to the Pickwick Club is child's play to it. Incidentally one scribe raps the author of the almost contemporary (14th century) "Adzuma Kagami" sharply over the knuckles for not knowing the ground better. My wife made a translation of this for me. To the Reverend Iwamoto Yoshinaga of the Zō-ō-dō at Yoshino I am indebted for a courteous letter in reference to the connection of Yoshitsune and Benkei with that famous place. Mr. Sudō Jirō of Yokohama also assisted me, until prevented further by illness. For the rest, Professor Chamberlain's "Things Japanese" has been a source of reference on points not familiar to me. His translation of the "Kojiki" is the source for quotations from that chronicle, as is Mr. W. G. Aston's translation of the "Nihongi" in references to that volume. I would also mention as a source of valuable and interesting information, Mr. J. E. de Becker's "Feudal Kamakura," and his volume III of the "Annotated Civil Code of Japan" which deals with the family and Japanese ideas of to-day on the subject. Much of the ground traversed has in past years been familiar to me. When at a loss, refuge was always to be sought, and found, in the mine of archaeological lore in Professor Chamberlain and Mr. Mason—their "Murray's Handbook of

Japan." Native guide-books, leaflets, and pamphlets were also consulted. With such material in hand I could set to work on the story.

What follows, therefore, is neither translation nor compilation. Quotations from the native authors are noted by the usual sign, and when they occur in dialogue are marked by the double sign. This is so easily distinguished from quotation by a speaker* that such use presented no difficulties. An effort has been made to give local colour by the use of Japanese terms, and both Shinshinsai and Yamada furnished these, where not in every day use. The first named is a professional story-teller. He has an entertaining comic strain, decidedly coarse in places. I found his sharp breezy dialogue very attractive. It is a disjointed form common to Japanese books in the colloquial, and useful to the narrator who fills it out with appropriate gestures. Yamada is a romancer, dry as a bone and full of detail. When either of these authors get on history the result is lamentable, but the early chroniclers are still worse. As for the Gempei Seisuiki and the Heike Monogatari, like the salt in the sea their facts are drowned in metaphor less suited for the twentieth than the twelfth century. Mr. Aston gives a sample in his "Japanese Literature" page 141 (from the Heike Monogatari), and what I have before me is much of the same kind. The description of the battle of Dan-no-ura however, is taken directly from their pages. And I will say that what is dealt with here is history. On that point the romances have been thrown overboard, and vast armies of 800,000 men, with horses flying over a valley and emulating "butterflies," have gone with them. What is left of the marvellous the western reader can readily sift out without assistance.

There is a difficulty here in the discussion of "Things Japanese." What is history? In Japan it has been so made to order that the question is pertinent, and particularly in this twentieth century. For even to-day we have

*Except in Chapter XVI on the *Kwanjinchō*. The quotations there in dialogue are mainly from translations of Buddhist texts. Sacred Books of the East Series especially.

"authoritative" works boldly publishing forth as fact the "2500 years" of Japanese history, and the "unbroken line" of its reigning house, when the most casual turning of the pages of the "Kojiki" or "Nihongi" shows that neither statement has any foundation in fact. But it is the "official chronology," crammed daily into the heads of thousands of Japanese school children, and possibly Oriental imagination believes that the Westerner stands much in the same light, for we are confronted with such statements, issued in serious and scientific works—as they are in other aspects—and in the English language. It cannot be said in too plain terms that in reference to the Imperial legend the Japanese sources are not reliable. Even such writers as seek an outlet from embarrassing historical criticism are building an alternative, making desperate efforts to make fact and fiction fit into each other. This spirit taints the whole of Japanese historical writing. It is carried into every political reference, and makes it necessary to discount latter-day, as well as contemporary records of the struggle between Minamoto and Taira. It is not a question of the Tennō's political power. That is a matter of custom. Personal monarchical ruling died out of Japan with the primitive age, and the rise of the great families. The Japanese Tennō occupied much the position of a lay Pope, and in but few cases had the direction of the Curia after the sixth century. Custom established this peculiar feature, and encroachment on him in his sphere was fiercely resented. But politics, and the attempt of the court to secure real power, at times necessitated rough treatment. As when Masako and her capable brother Hōjō Yoshitoki in a crisis descended on Miyako (1221 A.D.) and scattered the courtly clique to the four winds and quarters of the Islands. At that time there were three ex-Tennō living, all in exile. This was merely following the example of that worthy prime-minister and head of the Fujiwara House, who descended on Yōzei and carted him off to a horse-race and further freedom from Imperial cares; and he in his turn acted on the precedent of old Soga no Mumayko, who when he found Sujun Tennō in the way, simply had him assas-

sinated and put his own niece on the throne. The Hōjō by their action got a very bad black eye in Japanese history, but they were enablĕd to face the turbulent nobles; and when the great Tartar invasion came at the end of the thirteenth century, Hōjō Tokimune had united the country, enough so to successfully repel their attack. Actually the Taira did far less damage to the Tennō's position than did Minamoto Yoritomo. But Taira Kiyomori had a very rough hand, and his style of suppressing court politics bore heavily on the Tennō's person. He set the example to his successors.

In drawing the lines of these stories there is no room for the imagination. How far the details are based on fact cannot be said at this date; but the tales are centuries old even in the details. It is only in rare cases, and it speaks well for some foundation in fact, that there is absolute contradiction. I have not hesitated therefore to use a little adjustment in bringing the different settings together. The absolutely irreconcileable has been relegated to the notes. A man cannot be born of two *mothers*, nor can a drowned person die peaceably in a bed. I can say that in adjustment the sinning has been very venial. On the whole I have followed the Japanese treatment of their hero Benkei. It is not entirely satisfactory, and I have accentuated the serious side, drawing the character from his reputed deeds, as much as from the romances and chronicles. The latter dismiss him as clever and brave, one on whom Yoshitsune placed a reliance and confidence he gave to no other of his immediate attendants. In these Yoshitsune tales he almost disappears in the lustre of his chief. But his fine rugged character will not down. Yamada in his romance is making Yoshitsune the hero. Benkei is slurred over throughout, and yet in spite of it he dominates the book from the time the little company leave Miyako to meet storm and disaster in the Inland Sea. Again Shinshinsai makes Benkei a rough, sturdy, boisterous fellow (I almost wrote "knave") of quick wit, all of which qualities he exerts in a devoted faïthfulness to his lord, Yoshitsune. He maintains this character throughout. And yet the real seriousness and strength of character

appear. In both romances and chronicles there is too little distinction drawn between Benkei and Ise Saburō, Washiwo Saburō, or Hitachibō Kaison. Benkei often is spokesman, but he only stands a little ahead. From his actions he is a great deal more. He is not the subject for the screaming farce that can be made of the *Kwanjinchō*. Here, in the general lines, I have followed the chapter of Shinshinsai. Up to this point Benkei has served him in a kind of burlesque. But here he is the only writer who gives this scene proper treatment. He gives it a separate chapter, and handles it admirably and with proper seriousness. Others slur over its treatment, or jumble it in with the general story of the episode at the Ataka barrier. In this scene we have, I think, the culmination of Benkei's character. He has figured in the rôles of rollicking priest, fighting *bushi*, the active, quick-witted, devoted retainer. Now we see the astute and learned priest. Friar Tuck too had his moments of priestly exaltation, in which he was ready to shrive before slaying. But Benkei stands out in clearer, although in much the same, lines as the militant friar. From the time the little party left the house at Imadegawa in Miyako for their escape to the North he has dominated the whole story. Now he makes good his right to do so. And he continues to do so to the end. It is of Benkei as much as of Yoshitsune that we think at the battle of the Koromogawa. But none of these brave men can be forgotten in this final scene.

The characters of our two heroes are, I think, of those few exceptionally attractive in history and legend: The child-like and bland little Ushiwaka, slicing bandits as if they were butterflies, and with his hair tucked up and inquiring inquisitive boyish Japanese face; the giant Benkei exercising his great strength and wit on men and things; neither present a repulsive side. I should like to place Yoshitsune beside the frank and open earl of Huntington—the Robin Hood of legend. And for openness of character the manly and painful letter to his brother Yoritomo, dictated to Benkei at Koshigoe, if indeed the clever priest did not also have more than his hand in it, would well allow the comparison Yoshitsune, however, is too

flatly historical to allow such juggling with romance. The comparison is easier with "the Black Prince." The end is much sadder, for Yoshitsune had the jealous and religious bigot Yoritomo to deal with. With Benkei it is different. "There is a joviality, an open-handed, open-hearted, debonair touch to most of his exploits, not found in the usual run of Japanese heroes. His cunning is mainly free from that taint of treachery and double dealing with double meaning so common in the East. He is a sort of Little-John, Will Scarlet, and Friar Tuck rolled into one; and his master, Yoshitsune, is the Black Prince or Henry V, and whom we would gladly see supplant his cold and crafty brother in Kamakura." So I felt and wrote some years ago, when first treading the ground Benkei had trodden; and looking from Miidera on its lake and hills, the scene of his exploits, I longed to know more of Benkei the priest, Benkei the warrior, Benkei the man—the most attractive personality this eastern land offers in story and legend.

Omarudani, 12th June, 1910.

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# INTRODUCTION.

(or Epilogue, at the taste of the reader)

Being a sketch of the development of the *Yamatodamashii* (Spirit of Japan) as shown in its history from legendary times to the days of the Shōgunate.

"So we'll live,
"And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
"At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
"Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
"Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
"And take upon's the mystery of things,
"As if we were God's spies;" (Lear.)

## § 1.

"The Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity sat in her awful weaving-hall seeing to the weaving of the august garments of the Deities.....She commanded saying: 'The Luxuriant-Reed-Plains-the-Land-of-Fresh-Rice Ears-of-a-Thousand-Autumns, of Long-Five-Hundred-Autumns is the land which my august child His Augustness Truly-Conqueror-I-Conquer-Conquering-Swift-Heavenly-Great-Great-Ears shall govern.' Having thus deigned to charge him, she sent him down from Heaven. Hereupon His Augustness Heavenly-Great-Great-Ears, standing on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, said: 'The Luxuriant-Reed-Plains-the-Land-of-Fresh-Ears-of-a-Thousand Autumns, of Long-Five-Hundred-Autumns is painfully uproarious, it is.'" But this was not the first time that

Ama-terasu-oho-mi-kami, the Heavenly-Shining-Great August-Deity, the Sun Goddess of Japanese mythology, had confronted difficulties. There had been a time in her early days when she had to make good her claim to her hereditary kingdom, granted her by her father Izanagi ; a time when her unruly brother, the Rain-Storm god Taka-haya-susa-no-wo-no-mikoto,* had had his beard cut and the nails of toes and fingers pulled out by the other enraged deities, and had been "expelled by a divine expulsion" (what ever that is). To be sure, as a true Japanese woman, she had risen to the occasion ; and letting down her long hair had twisted it into august bunches until it rose above her head like the crest of an angry cobra. She had girded on her massive jewels and armed herself *cap-a-pie*, "stamping her feet into the hard ground up to her opposing thighs, kicking away the earth like rotten snow," and standing forth the mighty and formidable warrior that she was ; exchanging words, fair and foul, across the Tranquil River of Heaven,† and giving birth from very bad temper to deities more or less uproarious—perhaps some of these very ones now troubling the peaceful pursuit of her plans. Nor had her energy of display gained her much ground. For Susa-no-wo was not only impetuous, but cunning. Her very victories were turned into defeat through her affection ;

* He has been identified with the Moon-God (Hirata), and the fact that both have a quarrel with the Sun Goddess, and to both are attributed a kindred piece of wickedness in different accounts of the same legend gives colour to it. Tsuki-yomi-no-Mikoto (in the Nihongi-I 32 Aston) slays the Food-Goddess, Uke-mochi-no-kami, "upon this Amaterasu-no-Oho-kami was exceedingly angry, and said :—Thou art a wicked Deity. I must not see thee face to face.' So they are separated by one day and one night, and dwell apart." In the Kojiki (Chamberlain p. 59) Susa-no-wo slays the Deity Princess-of-Great-Food (the attributes and account are identical in all but the name) Oho-ge-tsu-hime-no-kami, for the same fanciful reason that inspired Tsuki-Yomi-no-Mikoto. Mr. Aston ("Shintō" p. 136 seq.) goes into the question in detail. On the Food Goddess, cf "Shintō" pp. 102, 161, for two differing views as to her personality. Susa-no-wo=Rain Storm God (Buckley). Mr. Aston says (loc-cit 137) "there can be no hesitation in accepting (this) as substantially correct."

† The Milky Way of Chinese (and Japanese) astronomy. What follows as to words and objects taking life and form is curiously wide spread. Rabelais, in the famous voyage of Panurge to find "la diue Bouteille" is merely citing an old tale.

and although she tried to excuse his breaking down the boundaries of her rice fields (a heinous offence to an eastern people), and filling up her irrigation ditches (equally villainous); and fouling her apartments—still it was difficult to attribute the first to his well meant but mistaken ideas on gardening, and the second to his equally mistaken, if not bad judgment as to his vinous capacity.

But it was in this very Awful-Weaving-Hall, in which she was peacefully seated with her handmaids, all industriously plying their looms to weave cloth to cover the bald nakedness of the Japanese Pantheon (and the chronicles thereon), that this "bad boy" of their Olympus reached the climax of his misdeeds. For "he broke a hole in the top of the weaving-hall, and through it let fall a heavenly piebald horse which he had flayed with a backward flaying" (whatever *that* means). And that it meant something bad follows from the results, most odorous to posterity. For this combination of untoward events was more than Ama-terasu could stand. For such causes, good and sufficient to her mind, she retired into a cave, and so to speak pulled it in after her; leaving the other deities, her handmaidens, and Susa-no-wo to fight it out in the dark. Then were "the voices of the myriad deities like unto the flies in the fifth moon as they swarmed, and a myriad portents of woe all arose." Then it was that the Deity-Thought-Includer also rose to the occasion; and like any crafty old *shaman* juggled the other deities with magic mirrors and jewels and divinations; and juggled the Sun Soddess by a *danse de ventre* as performed by Her Augustness Heavenly-Alarming-Female, a dance that it is just as well it was performed in the dark. Now if Ama-terasu had used woman's wile and wit to bring the united deities down on the shoulders and toe-nails of Susa-no-wo, the crafty Thought-Includer thought to take advantage of woman's curiosity to restore sunlight to gods and men. Nor was he mistaken. Perhaps all the better because it was dark did the assembled deities chuckle over and applaud the dance of the Heavenly-Alarming-Female, and their merry clatter roused both curiosity and envy in the breast of Ama-terasu. The first

lead her to peep out of the Rock Cavern to see how they could make merry in the dark; and this gave light enough for them to hold a mirror tantalizingly in front of her. More and more lured by the beautiful figure returned to her from its shining surface she slowly drewforth until the Heavenly-Hand-Strength-Male, standing hidden at the side of the cave, could seize her hand and draw her completely forth, thus restoring light and happiness to Heaven and Earth. And then the assembled deities "made good" by operating on Susa-no-wo, and confining his exploits to Earth; although this is not the last that his sister or Japanese tradition hears of him.

How may aeons had elapsed since that occasion not even a Japanese chronicler ventures to say; not even an "official" history of Japan, or the present *Mombushō*.* At this stage at least they are wisely vague. At all events peace was established in Heaven, That kind of peace which reigns in a Japanese family, with plenty of suppressed dissatisfaction active beneath, and intriguing and manoeuvring underground like moles to secure position, which in Japan is everything; that kind of peace which so often means hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, for the brightest and best must secure position through the usual channels, or else their light must be forever hid under a bushel. Ama-terasu had taken the regular woman's position, even though head, in the Japanese family of gods. Her only emphatic action on record is that against her brother Susa-no-wo, and that was in the way of protest, and a lock-out rather than a strike. To be sure she "commands" Great-Great-Ears to go forth and take possession of the land. But he does not go; not even "wets his feet." If the Plain of High Heaven was not equally uproarious with the land of Fresh-Ears, doubtless Great-Great-Ears knew better than to go forth without the backing of the family council. Now we have seen that in these little matters requiring the family notary at hand so to speak, none stood better with all than the

* Department of Education. And on questions of Japanese history it "goes the limit."

Deity Thought-Includer. This Omohi-kane-wo-kami was the son of Taka-mi-musu-bi-no-kami, the High-August-Producing-Wondrous Deity (also known, and more easily handled, as the High-Integrating-Deity). And this latter worthy, one of the few which figure as due to spontaneous generation (or combustion, if god as spirit is preferred) acted as a sort of Regent of High Heaven, the power behind and as often in front of the shadowy sovereignty of Ama-terasu. Like other such regents he often filled the principal rôle himself, to the exclusion and ignoring of any rights of Ama-terasu, beyond her weaving the three-ply substitute for breeches of the immortal galaxy. And now it can be seen wherein lay the influence of the Deity Thought-Includer. Far be it from the western scribe to suggest that any individual ability in the *first* place secured to Thought-Includer his prominent position. Nay, he was the son of his father (no unimportant matter in this land of wide-spread adoption of anybody and every body); otherwise his rôle would have consisted in doing the work, and letting some nonentity get the ostensible credit. But he was an able fellow; and as a chip of the old block, he knew how to turn to the old block in an emergency, as the sequel shows.

When Susa-no-wo and Ama-terasu were exchanging compliments fair and free across the safe distance of the Milky Way, one of the gods born from the mist of Susa's breath was Ame-no-ho-ki. As Great-Great-Ears balked, this heavenly scion was sent to spy out the land and make things a little smooth for him. Now of Ame-no-ho-ki and his mission neither we, nor his mother Ame-terasu (for he was born from Susa's crunching *her* jewelled head-dress) have any knowledge, beyond the fact that he curried favour with the energetic prince in possession of the Central-Land-of-Reed-Plains (Japan); namely, the Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land. Of the second messenger Heavenly-Young Prince, sent in search of him, a little more is stated; and that little still more undutiful. For this youth had no idea of being made a stalking horse for the lazy and cowardly Great-Ears. If there was to be any roosting, and dining, and wining on the shoulders and

at the cost of the human proletariat below, he proposed himself to be the one to do the work and garner the crop; and not for someone else. Now this Ame-wake-hiko is still more successful than Ame-no-ho-ki, for he marries the daughter of the Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land, and finds it much more agreeable to spend his time with the Princess-Under-Shining, with a fair prospect of succession and successors in present and future, than in an ungrateful battle of wits with the powerful and wily old Deity Master-of-the-Great-Land. And so years pass, eight of them, until Deity Thought-Includer is again called upon to cudgel his brains, to the extent of sending a bird, the Name-Crying-Female, presumably capable of scolding as well as of conveying a plain and positive message. This worthy pheasant, however, only succeeds in conveying this to evil ears, and as a result ends on the roasting spit; for Heavenly-Young-Prince shoots it on sight, at the request of one of those old woman attached to most Japanese households, and whose mission is to get rid of unpleasant visitors without giving them access or too much offence. Thus when the Heavenly-Spying-Woman tells him that the bird's cry is bad, he willingly comes to the conclusion that this may disturb his slumbers with Princess Under-Shine. But, as in other lands and times, he over-shoots the mark, and the blood-stained arrow lands in Heaven at the feet of old Taka-mi-musubi-no-kami, the High-August-Wondrous Producing-Deity. This old gentleman is capable of a conclusion on his own account. At least on this occasion he makes no motion to call into the affair Thought-Includer and his well trained myriads of "me-too" deities. Promptly thrusting the arrow back through the hole made by it in the floor of Heaven, he loads it with the curse—that evil be to him who evil thinks. Thus it goes its way to make a hole in the Heavenly-Young-Prince, peacefully slumbering on his couch and the bosom of Under-Shine; a hole big enough to necessitate burying him without any too protracted delay, and to put his wife and family in mourning. But with these obsequies we are not concerned. At least not so much so as Aji-shiki-taka-hiko-no,

elder brother of Princess Under-Shine; who doubtless well pleased enough anyhow at the mundane removal of this intriguer, takes offence at his own striking resemblance to the deceased, and kicks the mourning house to pieces, because the parents of Heavenly-Young-Prince are overcome at the sight of him and refuse to mourn their son as dead. "Do you take me for a filthy corpse," quoth he. "Nay, go to!" Where, he saith not; and the Japanese hell is very vague in terms and direction.*

Plainly the Sun Goddess has here a hard nut to crack in this Deity Master-of-the-Great-Land. Or rather her man of affairs, the High-August-Wondrous-Producing-Deity, has been able to show but small results for much effort. Unwillingly he and Thought-Includer take the bull by the horns. It is another case of "divine expulsion." The Deity Majestic-Point-Blade-Extended (*i.e.* Izanagi's sword with which he decapitated his newly born son Shining-Elder, fatal to his mother Izanami) has shut himself off from the congregation of the other deities, by the simple process of damming the Tranquil River of Heaven, and thereby isolating his own particular bailiwick. However, Deity Thought-Includer thinks him the only one to handle the job, and sends the Heavenly-Deer-Deity to sink or swim, only to get at him and bring back some kind of an answer. Point-Blade-Extended, if sulky is prudent. (Susa's toe-nails were a standing hint to those inclined to rebellion against the advice and consent of the Eight Hundred Myriads). So he agrees to go; but how much better to send his son, the Awful-Possessing-Male-Deity.† With this soupçon of hint of unwillingness, and perhaps on the

* The Land of Yomi. The chronicler, without any intention of doing so, has preserved here a picture of a very primitive and savage race. They are hardly further advanced than a "middle status of savagery," to use the classification of Lewis Morgan. Prince Ajishiki is exactly of a grade with the Maori of the early nineteenth century. A barbarous people, as in pre-historic Latium, fear the dead and protect themselves by ceremonial. A savage people, fear the dead, protect themselves by ceremonial, and have no confidence in such protection.

† A deity born from the blood spattered on the upper part of Izanagi's sword when decapitating Shining-Elder. But why son of Point-Blade-Extended?

principle that two is something more than company, and that one might indeed "go it alone" as had his predecessors, the Deity-Heavenly-Bird-Boat, one of the older generation and a brother and contemporary of Ama-terasu, is coupled with this warlike youth. Together they start on their mission, largely of bluff backed up with the potentialities of the chiropodical Eight-Hundred-Myriads, an account of whose methods must have reached even the Central-Land-of-Reed-Plains (Japan), if we are to judge by the results.

## § 2.

But to understand something of the character with which Ama-terasu's messengers had to deal we must go back a little, at least six generations of gods, which leaves plenty of time for any developments. But here the old Japanese mythology puts less strain on our modern fondness for unity of time and place, a tolerable consistency all the more to be appreciated considering its source.*

When Susa-no-wo, the Rain-Storm god minus his impedimenta and other personal effects, finally came to ground and Mother-Earth, he was a deity out of a job. If in one meaning of the term he lacked "character," he had plenty of it in another sense. All he wanted was the opportunity, and that was not slow in presenting itself. He lit on his feet—or what was left of them—in Idzumo, on the banks of the river Hi; and as he was pondering on what mischief to get at next, a pair of chop-sticks came floating down the stream. This had at least palpable connection with provender, and Susa-no-wo, naturally connecting folks with forks (to use an anachronism)

* And a plain indication, as Professor Chamberlain has pointed out (Trans X Supp page LXVII), of the grinding down, doctoring, and mutual adjustment these legends and traditions have gone through.

promptly started up stream in search of "belly timber." This might probably have been had for the asking, but meanwhile there was other work to do as preliminary to drying things off and getting a fire started. The owners of the chop-sticks turned out to be a trio of weepers ; an old man and an old woman, and sandwiched between the two the usual beauteous and very youthful maiden. This latter was the last remaining—the dessert so to speak of a fierce and hungry serpent, which for eight years had taken yearly toll of the old couple's daughters, leaving this dainty morsel for the tid-bit at the end. One man's meat is another's poison. And the difficulties of old Foot-Stroking-Elder and Hand-Stroking-Elder, these two ancient earthly deities, were the opportunity of Susa-no-wo to make good at once for wife and house keeper without any inconvenient preliminary prying into his own concerns. In return for the girl he agreed to first scotch and then kill the snake ; and he ensured his part of the reward by changing the young lady into one of the intricate Japanese hair-combs, "multitudinous and close-toothed," and sticking her in one of the bunches of his august hair. Then he took counsel of his own little failing to judge by his worthy sister's opinion of him, prepared eight tubs of *saké* or rice wine, one each for the eight heads of the giant worm, and awaited results. His expectations were not disappointed. The snake did have the fellow-failing of tippling, and down went each head into its appropriate wine vat, with a thirst only measured by its capacity to stand liquor, and without reference to the capacity of the vat—as is common with drunkards (and their associated snakes). Now Susa, as we have seen, was an expert on things vinous. He knew that the snake would over-rate his alcoholic strength. And so it turned out, and Susa-no-wo promptly appeared from the neighbouring bush to section him. This was no light task with a serpent whose coils extended over eight valleys and whose body was overgrown with moss and large trees. Moreover Susa broke his own trusty blade on some hard object within. On investigation this turned out to be a sharp and great sword. Turn the cheek to the smiter ; and perhaps better satisfied

with the things of Earth, maidens and all the opportunities for mischief afforded, Susa turned this piece of furniture over to his sister, the Sun-Goddess; nay perhaps as an ironical suggestion of use in further dismemberments of the faithful Eight-Hundred-Myriads. Himself he settled down in this land of Idzumo, with Mira-Hera-Inada, the Wondrous-Inada-Princess, to live the life of his earthly times, procreating numerous offspring on numerous wives, pilfering every stranger and neighbour who comes within his reach, of ringing the changes on eating, sleeping, and drinking, and *vice-versa*, until time and the younger generation got the best of his old and sinful wit and body.*

This avenger was to appear in his own descendent in the sixth generation, the Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land. Ordinarily this might seem a little startling, but it must be remembered that the Japanese chronicles think less of time than of padding, even to making the son of his father spring from the latter's loins a full thirty six years after his death.† What interests us, is to find this youngster a full match for the crafty Susa, now grown old in evil, and turned plain free-booter with the traveling public as victims and a pretty daughter as lure to the net. The Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land, Oho-kuni-nushi-no-kami, was fortunate, or unfortunate, in having some eighty brothers. In brothers, two are company, three are a crowd. That is, the youngest is pretty sure to play fag to his elders. If there are several younger brothers, these can and will combine to resist any imposition practised by the elder. But the more there are, the more it is certain that the last in line will be like the youngster at the tail of a long "snap the whip." He is in for something more or less unpleasant. Oho-kuni-nushi was no exception to this, on the whole, healthy principle. He set out with the

* As to the sword mentioned, Ama-terasu has it yet; or rather turned it over to her grandson Ninigi-no-mikoto as one of the sacred regalia. It was deposited at Ise, where Yamato-take received it from his aunt. He left it with Princess Miyazu. The lack of it made him sick, and its presence made Tenchi-Tennō sick. This Kusa-nagi-Tsurugi (the sword) was then placed in the Atsuta Daijingū (about three miles from Nagoya) where the Japanese to-day worship it.

† Chuai, son of Yamato-take.

INABA-NO-USAGI and OHO-KUNI-NUSHI-NO-MIKOTO.

eighty, who would a'wooing go; and who took Oho-nushi along to carry their luggage (in true elder brother style). Now on the way to Inaba, where dwelt their charmer (she had both beauty and ducats), the Princess Yakami, they reached the headland of Keta; on which they found, lying prone, a hare stripped of his pelt, and naturally in an advanced stage of discomfort. One hare among eighty hungry men will not go far. There was far more fun (they thought) to be had with the hare then and there than by spitting him. On questioning him they learned that he had just come from the island of Oki, and was no mean liar himself. For lacking transport, and with due regard to keeping his fur dry, he inveigled the crocodiles* into a bet as to the number of their different tribes—hares *versus* saurians. These latter laid down in a line for him to run across and thus count them. Just before he reached land he guyed them for greenness, and the last making a snap at him secured at least the pelt. For this rashness Bunny now had to pay penance. To this tale of woe the eighty solemnly listened, without outward sign of malevolent glee over the biter bit. "Go take a dip in the salt sea," quoth they, "and then lie in the wind and all will be well"—who for they did not say, and went on their way rejoicing. Hares are hares, and have little to do with salt except internally. Our "White Hare of Inaba" promptly did as he was told, and thus rubbed salt in his wounds. Subsequent exposure of course split and cracked the raw integument from stem to stern into a most variagated pattern. Finally along came Oho-nushi, toiling under his heavy burden of bags and clubs, and all the paraphernalia of the links as understood in those primitive days, when lightness was no object (especially when another man carried the swag), and the heaviness of a club, the prognathism of an antagonist, and the hardness of his skull were all directly related. Oho-nushi had a very proper fellow feeling for the hare, and no particular love for his eighty brethren. A hare who could pull his wool over the whole tribe of crocodiles, and only get skinned by

* Sharks, according to Mr. Satow. The point is not vital to this tale. Both are conspicuous by their teeth.

the last was worth befriending. "Go quickly now to the river-mouth, wash thy body with the fresh water, then take the pollen of the sedges growing at the river-mouth, spread it about, and roll about upon it, whereupon thy body will certainly be restored to its original state." This vicarious pouring of oil on the wounds had its effect on this really very desperate surgical case. Off bounded this restored Cotton-Tail with his salutation of good-luck: "These eighty deities shall certainly not get the Princess Yakami. Though thou bearest the bag, Thine Augustness shall obtain her."

The prophecy of the White Hare came true. The fair and richly dowered Princess would have nothing to do with the eighty brothers. Only in-law would she have any connection with them, and she and her ducats duly fell to Oho-nushi, the bagman. Naturally the eighty did not take this well; and when eighty manage to get together on one subject some thing is sure to result, in those days anyhow. First they told him there was a red boar on the mountain (Tema); and when he lay in wait for it they heated a boulder red hot and rolled it down upon him. He clasped it to his bosom and was burnt to death. Extract of cockle and clam juice restored him to life.* Then they cut down a tree, split and wedged it, lured him inside, and removed the wedges. Once again his mother sought him out and restored him to vigour. A little nettled at his stupidity she said; "Since you do not seem to learn by living, get you hence." So than she sent him far off to the land of Kii, and only then did he escape the earnest pursuit of disappointment and his brothers by diving through the thick curtain of the forest under-brush. Whether it was bad luck or bad manners attached to him is not explained; but the first movement of his host of Kii, the Deity-Great-House-Prince, was to

* Princess Cockle-Shell and Princess Clam-Shell in the "Records;" but of course we must rationalize the old legends in the more impossible places. The importance of the female element (the mother) is worth noting in this and other legends. After all Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land is a stupid fellow. Mother or wife are always extricating him from difficulties.

get rid of him." "Go thou to the Nether-Distant-Land* where dwells his Impetuous-Male Augustness. That Great Deity will certainly counsel thee." This recommendation to a youth, who certainly as yet had not distinguished himself for ought but sympathy, to brave that old free-booter and looter Susa-no-wo in his robber's den, seemed a safe and permanent way of getting rid of him. "Go hence, and be seen no more" said to all intents and purposes the Deity of Kii. But therein he did not reckon with Oho-nushi's luck with the girls. If he could not, Susa's daughter, the Forward-Princess and a chip of the old block, could and did supply the wit to effect his escape. Susa promptly put him in the Snake house, and then into the centipede and wasp house. Then he inveigled him into the middle of a moor and set fire to it. All these devices were met by the wit and counter charms of Her Augustness The-Forward-Princess, or by the kindly counsel of a speaking mouse. Finally Susa-no-wo set him to work to comb the centipedes out of his hair. During this lulling operation Susa feel asleep. Oho-nushi tied his long-hair to the rafters on a sort of counter-stress cantilever principle, blocked up the door with a boulder, and on this first original step in his life (doubtless Forward-Princess was at the bottom of it all) shouldered his lady and Susa's weapons and bolted. Susa was roused, however, by the lute striking the earth. Up he started, but had to disentangle his hair from the dismantled house, reduced to a mass of wreckage owing to the ingenious mechanics of Oho-nushi. This latter thus got a long start for his old home in Idzumo, in which the magic weapons and Susa's final curse stood him in good stead against his brothers. These were soon swept out of his road, to perish in forest and river.

But one item of the booty secured from Susa-no-wo he could manage much less easily than the latter's great sword and bow. Her Augustness, Forward-Princess

* Hell. Some say Korea. Further on the story shows that Susa had long removed from Idzumo. This story of the Deity Great-Name-Possessor (another name of Oho-Nushi) is the Japanese "Joseph and his brethren." Potiphar's wife does not figure—with Oho-nushi.

was very jealous. Oho-nushi had again taken up with the gentle Princess Yakami, but in fear she went back to Inaba, as the safest place for her. In his love affair with the Princess Nunakaha he has to journey far to the land of Koshi, the farther from Forward-Princess the better for him, for her, and for the second lady involved. Not that Forward-Princess did not know what was going on. Indeed she knew too well, but her woman's sphere was limited, in those days as it is now in Japan. Scratching or hair-pulling, in person or by proxy, there requires the very shortest range. "Thou, my dear Master-of-the-Great-Land indeed, being a man, probably hast on the various island-headlands that thou seest, and on every beach-headland that thou lookest on, a wife like the young herbs. But as for me alas! being a woman, I have no man except thee; I have no spouse except thee."* The "doubtless" is rather good, unless the experience with Yakami's previous claims had put Forward-Princess on the alert. Oho-nushi, distressed at the watch kept over him, prepares to bolt to Yamato. With one hand on the saddle, and one foot on the stump, he tells her how sorry she will be when she finds herself alone. It is only a little fling. He is found back at Idzumo, when Ama-terasu's messengers, Brave-Awful Possessing-Deity and Heavenly-Bird-Boat put in their appearance. Their task is not difficult as far as the Master-of-the-Great-Land is concerned. Why should it be with deities who appear seated cross-legged on the point of a lengthy sword resting on the wave crest? Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land is ready enough to cave before threats. So likewise is his son, the Deity-Eight-Fold-Thing-Sign-Master, who advises his paternal parent to submit, treads on the side of his frail craft to overturn it, and disappears forever in the sea. Not so the other son, Brave-August-Name-Firm

* Koshi-no-kuni; indefinitely the north country from Toyama to Aomori on the west coast. The commentators, it seems, find the song plain in meaning. I think we can also draw from it (1) that Forward-Princess did not know but was tormented by surmises; (2) that she was getting on in years; (3) that the socialist-suffragette *amor libre* movement was confined (for women) to the "long house" circle. Easy divorce, not promiscuity.

With him the fighting man of the ambassadorial staff, Brave-Awful-Possessing-Male-Deity comes to grips. Long and far does he pursue him, even to Lake Suwa in the Land of Shinanu. Finally cornered in these hills, Oho-nushi's son pleads for life, and they return in more or less unwilling company. Presumably neither Bird-Boat nor Oho-nushi have been idle. These two have reached an amicable agreement, contingent on how matters turn out, the nature of the returns from the Shinano district, so to speak. Oho-nushi-no-kami, Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land, turns over the administration of civil and military affairs to the grandson of Ama-terasu, keeping the religious department to himself; and thereby crafty to the last, for as yet enshrined in Idzumo he rules the land.* I think Forward-Princess must still have been beside him to be the good genius and supply the wits in this diplomatic battle. The priest-hood in the Shintō cult of the Japanese makes no claim on the family relations. Forward-Princess could still govern her husband on his temple dais—and they never had, nor intended, to bow the head to any rival seated in or near Yamato.

§ 3.

Thus came to Earth (with some decided breaks in its genealogical pedigree) the Imperial line of the Japanese reigning house, in the person of His Augustness Heaven-Plenty-Earth-Plenty-Heaven's-Sun-Height-Prince-Rice-Ear-Ruddy-Plenty. (Ame-nigishi-kumi-nigishi-ama-tsu-hi-daka-hiko-ho-no-ni-nigi-no-mikoto); for his father, Great-Great-Ears, as usual had balked on the last lap, and preferred a comfortable certainty to a more than

* For one month, the Kami-na-dzuki, outside of Idzumo the land to-day is godless. All the other gods hold conclave in Idzumo.

probably "uproarious" time of it, as past experience had shown. And even than they made a muddle of it, for after all this dubious and strenuous diplomacy with old Oho-nushi, the young prince after all lands feet foremost in the middle of Himuka, the present Satsuma end of Kyūshū. How he got there it is not our present intention to surmise.* That can be safely left to future (or present) Japanese weavers of "historical" fact in the Government offices and universities. Much ingenuity has been shown in this line; an ingenuity promptly meeting all the requirements of every national and international Fair. And in other ways. Thus it has been "proved" that firearms were in use in the battle of Ichi-no-tani, fought in the 12th century, and of which later we shall have some thing to say, which much puts out of joint the nose and reputation of Monk Schwarz and his military adaptors. As indeed it also does the great Japanese military leaders of the end of the 16th century, who found it necessary to adapt armour and tactics to the new weapon supplied them by the Dutch, who, be it said, found no competitors in this particular product offered in exchange for gold and copper. It has long been known that the Chinese used the precious explosive for harmless and exhilarating purposes, and the world was willing to give the Japanese credit for the same naïveté of mind in their usual imitation of Things Chinese. The dormant process in times of continual war is a little hard to swallow.

But to take a much more desperate flight down the centuries to these present days. Foreigners have lulled themselves into a secure but stupid belief in a legend as to the origin of the kuruma or jinricksha. This they have supposed to originate in the physical necessities of the invalid wife of an American missionary, unable to stand the exigencies of a Japanese *kago*, or the expense of a palanquin (itself almost as excruciating; it can be added that invalidism is no *sine qua non* to avoid either). Now if

* A hint can be given, that the chroniclers in their weaving came to two legends totally incompatible as to place if not time, and gave up the attempt to reconcile them.

any *fact* seemed sure and established by the mouths of many it was the above. It is positive, and it is very recent. But this ambulatory device is already wrapped in the distorting mists from the rice fields, and enthusiastic Japanese artists nearly dare to illustrate the adventures of Yajirobei and Kidahachi, the two graceless heroes of Jippensha's "Hizakurige," sending them bowling like two twentieth century tourists down the shaded avenues of the old eighteenth century Tokaido in this preposterous baby-carriage. I have therefore far less diffidence in offering to the quick native wits the suggestion,—nay, positive proof of the hoary antiquity of aviation in Japanese skies, on this occasion when the Imperial ship of the line ran aground, so to speak. For does not Prince Rice-Ear-Ruddy-Plenty "set off *floating shut up* in the *Floating Bridge* of Heaven?" Away with these Santos-Dumonts, these Wrights, Geppelins, and Bleriots—they at least will never land in such a soft berth, to stick to it for three thousand (?) years. So after all the Kūchū-hikōki (sky-inside-fly-go-machine), which is Japanese for aeroplane is like everything else, conscription included, merely an avatar of Old Japan, which dealt in nothing so vulgar and unpractical as the waxen wings of Icarus, or the stronger pinions of Lucian's imagination. Thus is fulfilled the saying, that "the original national polity is by no means changed, but is more strongly confirmed than ever;" thus "the origin of the system of conscription" dates from "the days of the Empress Jito (687-696 A.D.)," the present system being "a return to the old days..... when everybody was liable to military service." So had every German warrior done, clashing his shield at the meeting of the tribe; but Bismarck knew better than to base the German army system on anything else but the blood and iron necessities of the Present. And the Japanese followed suit-*more Germanico*.*

But to return to Prince Rice-Ear-Ruddy-Plenty whom

* Itō—Japanese Constitution pp. 2, 44: Kikuchi—"Japanese Education" p. 48. In the quotation from the "Commentaries" I have corrected an obvious misprint. Jitō was a woman. The reading "Emperor" is wrong.

we have left on the top of Kirishima-yama in Satsuma, decidedly uncertain in what direction to strike out. Having put off incorruption to put on corruption, and immortality to put on mortality, he did the most sensible (and only) thing to be done. Having taken his bearings and ascertained the direction of Korea (from which it is pretty certain he had just come), he and his train made tracks for the foot of the mountain, and established themselves in permanent quarters, a process all the easier as they were much better armed than the aborigines. It is not necessary to go into all the adventures of this gay youth, and the old Japanese chronicler shows the same wise conservatism in giving us but scanty information about him. His successors are infinitely more interesting; and to have successors of course Prince Ruddy-Plenty had to have adventures, of that "headland" kind in which Oho-Kuni-Nushi had set him the bad example. Thus in his wandering over this intricate hill country of South Kyūshū he gets a little beyond his own bailiwick, to meet, likewise wandering with loose foot, fancy free, and tight girdle the beautiful Princess Blossoming-Brilliantly-Like-the-Flowers-of-the-Trees. Ruddy-Plenty was extremely forward on very short acquaintance, a trick not unknown to these later days of the Island People. But the lady would have none of him without her father's knowledge and consent. This happened to be the Deity-Great-Mountain-Possessor, who was by no means unwilling to be on good terms with this new-comer, who had shown such evident staying qualities. Unfortunately he attached to the ample dower the gift of his elder daughter also, Princess Long-as-the-Rocks. Beauty is only skin deep, and Ruddy-Plenty took somewhat after his father Great-Great-Ears in a readiness to draw back before a too great sufficiency. As for the meaning of Mountain-Possessor, he was totally unable to fathom it. "So then, owing to the elder sister being very hideous His Augustness Prince Rice-Ear-Ruddy-Plenty was alarmed at the sight of her, and sent her back, only keeping the younger sister Princess-Blossoming-Brilliantly-Like-the-Flowers-of-the-Trees, whom he wedded for one night." This was indeed rub-

bing it in; and Great-Mountain-Possessor was properly enraged. At that time at least (and many of us think the same holds good to day) there was a sufficiency of cursing in the Japanese tongue, or a pretty good substitute for it. Anyhow, Mountain-Possessor cursed Ruddy-Plenty long and deeply, he and his line particularly. Then he expounded the meaning of his gift. As the offspring of Ruddy-Plenty should be beautiful as the flowers in blossom, so their lives should be long as the rocks lasting through the ages. But the Princess of Eternal Life had been rejected, and only the frailness of beauty preferred, and so "'the august offspring of the Heavenly Deity shall be but as frail as the flowers of the trees.' So it is for this reason that down to the present day the august lives of Their Augustnesses the Heavenly Sovereigns are not long."

Poor little Princess Flower-Blossom! Ruddy-Plenty backed and filled over the results of their intimacy. To him the child of a Heavenly Deity appeared to necessitate the forging of a Hercules. (For an omniscient Heavenly Deity he was fearfully ignorant of Germ-Plasm theories). But Flower-Blossom cut the matter short in the good old magic deer-shoulder-blade-divination way. "If the child with which I am pregnant be the child of an Earthly-Deity, my delivery will be unfortunate. If it be the august child of the Heavenly-Deity it will be fortunate. She then built her parturition hut, as was the custom of those days,* and when her time came she set fire to it. Of the triplets to which she gave birth, their names indicate the stage of the conflagration—Fire-Shine, Fire-Climax, and Fire-Subside. As to whether she turned them over to Ruddy-Plenty or not, thereon the chronicler is silent. Let us hope she cut the connection. At all event Ruddy-Plenty disappears at once and forever from the Records. If he had other "headland" wives their issue were purged and sponged out in one of the many revisions the genealo-

*As was the case in Hachijō-shima when Mr. Satow visited it in 1878. These curious customs are occasionally discovered. Thus there existed a sort of "long-house" communism in Hida, only a few years ago.

gical records had to go through; whether of fire and hot water, or of the plain paint brush even down to this twentieth century.

Fortunately our tale of divine complications is drawing to its close. A few centuries more—over ten of them—and we will be on ground as solid as can be found in earthquaky Japan. Even in this twentieth century we have to be shy of the "official histories." The art of cooking is notoriously well developed in such circles. And as yet no other records are available to us for long ages. But there is an interesting story concerning Fire-Shine and Fire-Subside, for Fire-Climax, being one of those fine points of becoming and being drops out altogether from the old chronicles. Fire-Shine "got his luck on the sea;" that is was a notable fisherman. Fire-Subside "got his luck on the mountains;" that is was a notable huntsman. Now it was the suggestion of Fire-Subside, as the younger "and presumably foolish," to suggest an exchange, in the course of which he lost the hook of Fire-Shine. This latter soon got tired of his unskilful efforts with bow and arrow, and wanted his hook again. Fire-Subside could not make good, nor would Fire-Shine accept any substitute for the original implement. Nor was he entirely unreasonable, for in those magical days doubtless the fact of its being *his* hook involved a personal loss of his efforts that any vicarious offerings of Fire-Subside could not meet. And then—he was the elder brother and had a right to bully Fire-Subside to some extent. Circumstances, in the person of a sea-god, the Deity-Salt-Possessor, and the desire to get away from this hectoring, induced Fire-Subside to make his exodus in search of the palace of the Deity-Ocean-Possessor and his fish-hook. Where there is a handsome young prince, there is usually found reclining somewhere in his road the beautiful princess destined for him. In this case it was Toyo-tama-bime, the Luxuriant-Jewel-Princess, a daughter of Ocean-Possessor. Fire-Subside had sought entrance in the way usual to princes and burglars, travelling without proper letters of introduction. He climbed the wall, and when afraid of being caught by the hand-maids of the princess, who came to

draw water, he climbed a tree which over-hung the well, and in which his figure was reflected. One and one make two, and the hand-maids promptly detected him roosting over-head. With the best of introductions (to a beautiful princess) in the shape of a superb jewel dropped in the well-bucket, and which every effort of the hand-maids failed to loosen, he made good his ground both with the Sea-God and with Toyo-Tama. But the lost fish-hook and the wrath of his elder brother still hung over him, and he was probably home-sick, or rheumatic, or both, and wanted again to get on dry land. At all events after some three years of wedded bliss he heaved at night a deep sigh, and his tender spouse soon wriggled out of him the complete tale of his woes, and then wriggled off to tell her father, Ocean-Possessor To him this thing was easy. For these past three years the *tai* (a species of sea-bream) had been getting thinner and thinner, and also had been getting all kinds of diseases from reading medical books and using quack remedies for the pain in his throat. Old Ocean-Possessor was a doctor of the old rough and ready kind, and Fire-Shine's missing hook was soon again in the possession of Fire-Subside, although the *tai* has turned all sorts of colours ever since, from pain or the rough surgery. But this worthy old Neptune of eastern waters did not thus stop short. He found that he had a daughter provided for, not a son-in-law to provide for, a pleasing diversion for he had other children. So he gave Fire-Subside a charm by which he could bring the tide about his brother's ears whenever this latter attacked him, which he was pretty sure to do, Thus riding on the back of the crocodile, a display of amiability never seen since in that saurian,* Fire-Subside reached land and his brother. Having properly choked the latter into submission on the blood and iron system,† he established himself on the throne of Kirishima-yama, for as yet the bailiwick of the Heavenly-Deities was extremely limited, it was.

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* It was only Bunny's deceit that made them turn rusty at Inaba.

† Another instance of western "cribbing"—"making the other fellow cough up," an aphorism of the Herr Graf von Bismarck, a method since pursued by small and scurvy imitators.

Now what is impressed on the inquisitive is the antiquity of curiosity in the male sex of Japan, Old and New. It is sure to gently push aside the *shoji* of the traveller's apartment, as he rests at his inn after a hard day's work of being yanked in a *'ricksha* over miles of rough mountain roads, and on the most flimsy excuse (or pretence of such; it is never made seriously for there is a well established *right* of intrusion). Fire-Subside insisted on sticking his nose in Toyo-Tama's business and parturition house, against her positive prohibition. Here instead of his beautiful wife he found a long scaly crocodile twisting around most awkwardly and hideously.* Struck with shame Toyo-Tama abandoned her new-born infant, His Augustness Heaven's-Sun-Height-Prince-Wave-Limit-Brave-Cormorant-Thatch-Meeting-Incompletely, and fled to her home in the sea depths. Her maternal affection, however, prompted her to send her younger sister, Tama-yori-hime (The Jewel-Good Princess), to nurse the child. Which she did to such effect that Prince Cormorant-Etc., when of nubile age, took her to wife, and on the death of the inquisitive Fire-Subside at the age of five hundred and eighty years, he seated her beside his chair of chieftainship. To this pair we are indebted for a numerous progeny, one of which returns to Korea (or China, or Loo-Choo, or somewhere), and two others in whom we and the Japanese are more particularly interested; namely Itsu-se-no-mikoto (His Augustness Five-Reaches) and Kamu-Yamato-ihare-biko-no-mikoto (His Augustness Divine-Yamato-Ihare-Prince); for it is this latter, known under his posthumous name of Jimmu Tennō, whose coronation and death we celebrate in Japan on the eleventh of February (Kigen-setsu), and on the third of April (Jimmu Tennō Sai), with all the cock-suredness of Washington's Birthday, the Fall of the Bastile, or the weekly appearance of Punch.

* Unless the parturition house was built *in* the water, this would seem to settle the interpretation of *wani* as crocodile, not shark. Thus does a careful reading within the lines of these ancient records settle for us questions over which the shining lights of archæology and linguistics (or both) come to grips and twistings quite as ingenious as those of Toyo-Tama.

## § 4.

Having come to ground, of such solidity as this liquid bog of early Japanese tradition affords, it is at least worth while to try its capabilities for any positive results in the way of standing ground. It is now recognized that the play of infancy and childhood, the wonderful stories the brain of babyhood weaves to explain the outside world affecting it, even the innocent lies that look out of the wide open eyes and move the coral lips of childhood, all have a meaning based on fact; hopelessly distorted it is true, but which bear some relation to their foundation. It is much the same with the legends and traditions of the infancy of nations. Those of the Japanese vie with any in obscurity, and present the added difficulty of isolated environment when they come to us in their final shape, and of springing from the brain of a very crudely imaginative people; one which has always grossly materialized even wayward fancies. From some of these legends it is hard to twist any rational meaning whatever, and stress has been laid on that of the White Hare of Inaba simply because the Japanese themselves lay stress on it. What we wish to do is to present the Spirit of Japan, the so-called *Yamato-damashii* in its fullness, thereby bringing into brighter light those particular sides of it which the Japanese are likely to forget or neglect. This veracious story of Cotton-Tail has especial stress laid upon by it the Mombushō.* It figures largely as one of the moral (!) tales of the text book of the Primary Schools. The

* Twenty-four pages in the teacher's copy is devoted to methods of exegesis. Much of it excellent in a general sense, but easily condensable into half a dozen pages. The rest is bathos which could be removed without loss—i.e. the ethics as applied to the relations between Oho-kuni-nushi and the rabbit.

teachers are to implant all the grave import of generosity, gratitude, loyalty in friendship, rebuke of cruelty and gratuitous craft, the reward granted to good conduct, constant attendance, and industry as our prize books put it, all to be drawn from this affecting tale of the warren. Never before in any literature or practice has such a well-worn rabbit skin been expected to strike the spark of intelligance from the sulphur of the brains of Young Japan. Franklin thought to bring down the lightning of Heaven from the modest height of a few thousand feet—and succeeded. The Mombushō thinks, by rubbing this old pelt, to bring the spark of ancient morality (?) down through the thousands of years. Thus is "the original polity by no means changed, but is more strongly confirmed than ever." Lucian taught morality by laughing the old myths out of court. And twentieth century Japan teaches it by setting them on a pedestal for worship. One might as well make Jack and the Beanstalk, or Puss-in-Boots the basis of ethics.

It is venturesome to try and get any meaning whatever out of such a tale. The meaning lies there, but this child's language has lost even a medium of communication. One perhaps positive result is obtained in the few words—"it is now called the Hare Deity." Even if the tale be taken as an explanatory myth of a once worshipped natural object (a totem let us even venture to say) the explanation only goes back a link. To rationalize it; it can be taken as an echo of immigration from the western seas, in which the new-comers found aid and alliance in in warring kindred tribes, and where least it was to be expected. As for this warring of tribes, kindred and other kinds, it is hardly necessary to point out that the legends cited are full of such wars. In fact a main point seemed to be, to agree to disagree. There is indeed a buzzing and a strife; an intriguing, diplomatizing, and alliance making and unmaking, vigorously carried on between Heavenly Deities and Earthly Deities, invaders and aboriginal or previously settled tribes. If the Sun Goddess sought a reign of peace in Heaven and Earth her success in finding it was quite as bad as that of any of her descendants down to this forty

third year of Meiji. When there was no war abroad there was strife at home. And when the gods in the Plain of High Heaven were not engaged in pulling out Susa's toe-nails, they were engaged in plotting against each other. And the Earthly Deities were quite as bad. When Ohokuninushi is not warring with his brothers, he gets an equally cold reception from his host the Deity-Great-House-Prince; and a still more treacherous one from old Susa himself, and he only makes good his position by the aid of woman's wit and force of arms. And when he does make it good he has to meet encroachment from over sea (or at least from the water side) until his final discomfiture. But such is the experience of all of them. Thus with Fire-Subside in the Sea-King's palace and his defeating Fire-Shine, and so on down, we find that in this respect there is no change in the record. And such record is mainly one of kindred tribes. Knowing what we do of the lower stages of present day humanity, it is not readily conceivable that there was wooing and giving in marriage between tribes of different stock. Women in such case are taken *vi et armis*, and the circle of tribal relationship is very limited, until the invading stranger unites by contrast the indigenous peoples, even races; as in India the Dravidians against the Aryans, or in America the Red against the White man. In the Japanese legends the intercourse within certain limits is as free as the immediate political circle is extremely narrow and confined to the tribal chief of a district, unconnected with and owing allegiance to none other. And in this connection Professor Chamberlain has pointed out the three cycles of myths, having centres in Kyūshū, Idzumo, and Yamato;* and these are totally irreconcileable, to anyone outside the charmed circle of the Universities and the Mombushō. To these are to be added the constant comings and goings—more comings than goings—across the water to some distant land, the "Nether Distant Land," "the Eternal Land," "Kara" (or Korea); for it is to be remembered that, even disjointed as they are, these old tales have been pretty thoroughly

* "Kojiki." Introduction pp. 63, 67.

melted together by time and a good will to do so under a popular conscience awakened by contact with China and its proud record of history, a contact giving rise to the desire to do likewise. More than two hundred and fifty years had passed since this necessity had arisen, a time ample to give consistency to any efforts of the Herald's Office, and which old Yasumaro and Hiyeda no Are profit by, even if they do not originate such method.

That there is an elasticity of movement of tribes, clans, and families is plain on the face of the legends. A kindred elasticity can be found to-day within these various limits among the New Guinea savages. A family would hardly venture out of the range of its clan; a clan out of the range of its tribe, unless of unusual strength; or a tribe out of its particular bailiwick unless on emigration bent. But then as now a strong arm was always welcome, and to the individual warrior there was this range of movement. Captain Bonneville found isolated Blackfeet warriors adopted into the tamer Columbia River tribes of America; and even a warrior and his spouse, especially if she had previously been the spouse of somebody else, could find refuge and a home in stranger tribes. The process therefore can be well understood from present day practice. There is perhaps a distinction marked in the terms Heavenly and Earthly Deities; these last, of course, indigenous or earlier immigrants into Japan. The others are successful invaders, coming as conquerors from a distant land.

But the movement of individuals is confined to males. Not that woman is a toy in the legends of primitive Japan. There is much to negative it. If Ama-terasu figures as a mild motherly old lady, much under the thumb of the High-Integrating Deity and his son Thought-Includer (we are all familiar with the character amid "our sisters and our cousins and our aunts," and it is interesting to find the type so well developed here), the Heavenly-Alarming-Female is a much more independent character, although confined within her home circle. As for the Princess-of-the-Great-Food, she simply went it alone; and it was only the accident of falling in with such a

tough character as Susa-no-wo that led to fatal accidents. Princess Yakami selects her own spouse, as does Toyotama; and we can suspect that Princess Long-as-the-Rocks knew her own mind, even if poor little frail Flower-Blossom, wandering fancy free, did not. That their parents gave them away in marriage is true, but perhaps theoretically they had a veto, not often exercised, as today in Thibet, or in Japan, or in France, or in Newport. It is therefore all the more interesting to find a detailed picture of their household work. They weave the garments, draw the water, do the cooking, keep the house in order, entertain company with song and dance; and, if there is anything to be drawn from this one-night-headland-wife business, are handed over to the passing guest during his short sojourn. It must be confessed this is strongly tinged with a savour of Punaluaism. It gives rise to a suspicion of a remnant at least of matriarchy attached to several of the legends cited.*

Now what is matriarchy? It is descent in the female line. It implies nothing more; and it does not imply supremacy of the female. Of the last there never has been a trace until this twentieth century woman in the United States of America, and the Suffragette monstrosity in Great and Greater Britain entered an appearance. Matriarchy has existed and exists, with a brutal and degraded condition of the woman (its usual phase) whether in Thibet or Australia, and often with added brutal treatment. It implies but one often minor distinction—that of the slave as chattel or the slave as serf. The rights of women in a savage or barely civilized people are limited to the distribution of their work, and the right not to be interfered with therein. It is her

* Particularly Yakami, Toyo-tama, and Forward-Princess (in one account Idzumo is *her* home.) Matriarchy has no relation to stage of culture attained, as Doctor Frazer has shown (Early History of Kingship p. 235). We will come across other primitive remnants. Such is the importance the Japanese attached to the regalia; the adventures the sacred mirror goes through are quite as miraculous as ridiculous, of which more anon. On regalia, Cf. Frazer (loc. cit. p. 122). In Shintō the horse is sacred (p. 123). I doubt if anytrace of the king as sacrifice can be found in existing Japanese records. Human sacrifice to a river god takes place late in the record, and is otherwise implied.

prime-minister and councillors who get the tid-bits, and not the queen of the Cannibal Islands. This exhibition of the divine right of the muscles is usually veiled under a religious prohibition, just as the feast of Sancho Panza was summarily removed at a wave of the wand of old Don Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera, on the ground of good digestion. But where there is found the one-night stand, or such strictly temporary connection, there can always be suspicion that at one time the Punalua family has been the bond of relationship. Now it cannot be asserted in so many words that matriarchy did exist in Old Japan. But a pure patriarchy did not. We will find this condition come far down into a period of true history in Japan. Meanwhile it can be pointed out that Ama-terasu, head of the Japanese Pantheon, is a goddess; and the whole description of her household affairs and its various troubles calls to mind the "Long House" of the Iroquois tribes. It is Ama-terasu who has nominal direction. The real conduct of affairs, in council and action, lies with her male advisers; and finally the legend drops even a decent pretence of her interposition and turns frankly to her equal, the High-Integrating-Deity, who with Thought Includer is the real manager of affairs.

Now it is in Idzumo that Susa-no-wo finds wife and home, until another cycle wafts him to the vague Japanese Hades. It is in her own house that Princess Yakami occupies the peculiar position of the woman in the "Long House." And the one to protect Oho-nushi from the wiles of his brothers (or half-brothers more likely) is not his father but his mother, whose bowels seem strange toward the eighty brethren of this Japanese Joseph; nothing wonderful as not even Japanese legend is hardy enough to have her mother them all. Again, the action of little Flower-Blossom is confined to her own home. And when Fire-Subside seeks a wife, it is as guardian of her home and not of his that she figures in the legend—she "had wished always to come and go across the sea-path," until his ill advised curiosity put an end to her visits. He rides the goat—or the crocodile—alone to the subjection of his brother. In fact they all seemed to take the cue from old

Oho-kuni-nushi and his "head land" trick. We have learned what Forward-Princess thought of this remorseless old intriguer, this Don Juan Tenorio of Primitive Japan. And indeed she herself is no exception to this rule, for if she follows her husband from the Even Pass of Hades, she lands in her old home at Idzumo, and as to how Susa-no-wo ever left it the legend is strangely and conveniently silent, unless Susa took it into his head to follow his father's advice and his own old whimsy to go to—the Devil. This is one of the breaks in the web of Japanese tradition; one of the inconsistencies that have been too much for popular tradition or more interested imagination working in the interest of a later imperial genealogy.

With woman's intrigue we are on familiar ground in the world's history. It is as rife in these old legends as in a Turkish harem, a Thibetan cabin run on purest principles of polyandry (according to Mr. Kawaguchi), a Mormon villa in the irrigated valleys of the Great Wash, or in a Parisian *salon*. Either women are the pawns in intrigue, as is old Ama-Terasu herself, the Heavenly-Alarming-Female, the Wondrous-Inada-Princess, little Flower-Blossom and her ugly sister; or they are a good hand at it themselves, as witness Princess Under-Shining, Princess Yakami and her "mother-in-law," Forward-Princess, and Toyotama. The whole atmosphere throughout the Records at this time is work by, or to work with and through, the wiles of women. And not the least interesting is the intrigue of Princess-Under-Shining to keep her heavenly consort from carrying out the divine mission entrusted to him by Thought-Includer. Here appears the Heavenly-Spying-Female, the regular type of the old and crafty (and short-sighted) female servant, the unscrupulous confidant of her mistress, conspicious in every land, and more than anywhere else conspicuous in the East, where from most primitive times the spheres of woman and man have been so clearly marked out. Her measures to get rid of the Heavenly-Crying-Female, the pheasant sent as messenger, are bad enough. To be sure she only lies diplomatically in telling the Prince, her master, that "the sound of this bird's voice is very bad." Bad for what or

who? he might have asked; and in neglecting to do so lost his life. But throughout there is displayed the same energy in the female. The Heavenly-Alarming-Female cannot be taxed with not being "thorough." Yakami shows a positiveness far beyond any Penelope, and with less regard to results. Oho-kuni-nushi's mother meets wile with wile. The Forward-Princess outwits even that master hand Susa-no-wo, her unworthy parent. Toyotama scruples at nothing to advance Fire-Subside's interests. And even little Flower-Blossom rises to the occasion.

It is plain enough therefore that the Japanese woman in these primitive times had her place (*sub rosa*) in the council. It was not an open one. When the parents of gods and men—Izanagi and Izanami, the Deucalion and Pyrrha, Cadmus and Hermione, of Japanese mythology—started things mundane and heavenly on their career, their first step and offspring was spoiled by Izanami, who was something of a forward wench. But she knew her sphere behind the bed-curtains, and the Japanese Caudle had to listen to her even in those early days. Perhaps more so than to-day, when he is so quickly lost to sight around the street corner, and can find refuge in the geisha and the tea-house, placing between himself and home other women, and thus pitting woman against woman. And in these old days the weapon was the usual one, at least it was the usual adjunct. Whether Under-Shine and Yakami were great beauties or not is unsaid. But they had many ducats, so presumably they were. We know this to be the fact concerning Flower-Blossom and Toyotama, and Forward-Princess had qualities that Oho-kuni-nushi could not dispense with in his adventurous career. As for Long-as-the-Rocks, the only case of authenticated ugliness, she was incontinently sent back; so personal beauty was then, as now, a factor of chief importance. It is perhaps not so hard, therefore, to understand why the eldest son had no special claim on the succession. It was with no displeasure that Under-Shine's brother, Aji-shi-ki-taka-hiko-ne saw the Heavenly-Young-Prince put out of the way by a lucky arrow. The importance and the

position of woman has been duly set forth, and here it is to be admitted that her position is one of influence, her official standing, carried over from any pre-existing Punaluaism has been lost. There only remains some of the greater inconveniences in the sexual looseness.

The evidence of a development from the Punalua family is plain enough on the face of these old records. The marriage and giving in marriage of sisters and cousins and aunts far down in the record, much farther than we have gotten, can only be explained on such a basis. The separate residence of the wives, pretty much in their own homes points to a kindred practice.* But at the time the legends took shape it was already badly broken down. If the woman remains with her family, the children are put in the charge of the father. To this there is no exception, although this is no bar to an exhibition of matriarchy. Naturally, however, we are at a disadvantage with a chronicler who is seeking to establish a genealogy of the Japanese reigning family in the line of direct descent, and in the Salic rule. And the evidence he gives of an opposite character is entirely unintentional, and all the stronger for being such. But we have some positive evidence in the important fact that the goods follow the girl. She is bought neither by stripes nor by the shekels of the would-be husband. To this likewise there is no exception. The husband puts up nothing but his precious skin and his thread-bare lineage. What would be the fate of the male offspring, whether they too would be sent wandering like Susa-no-wo, Oho-nushi, and Ruddy-Plenty is left undetermined ; because in the only case of succession in the male line, that of Prince Fire-Subside, we are down to the grand-father of the first earthly Tennō, Jimmu, and are

* It is to be remembered that the Punalua family is *not* promiscuous intercourse in a general sense. It is distinctly confined to the clan or the family by blood relationship, or supposed blood relationship. Its prohibitions are quite as strict as its license. Considering the restricted numbers and habitat of these savage clans the circle of sexual intimacy is not large, and is further limited by personal inclinations. The evidence is more *against* its development from promiscuous intercourse than in favour of such a development. The human male is extremely jealous.

in full swing of the imperial legend; and even under such conditions Fire-Subside acquires his position by force of arms and the aid of his father-in-law. His son Prince Cormorant marries his aunt, so that even here the non-patriarchal element is still very strong. There is not a single positive example of succession in the male line apart from force of arms, before the appearance of Kamu (Jimmu Tennō) and his brother Itsu. That the family business is conducted by the males is perfectly true; this is the case in a pure matriarchy, and is no bar to operation on matriarchal principles which merely indicate line of descent. In such the children, male and female, belong to the mother clan, and hold to it and their maternal uncles in preference to the father. But that by no means implies a position of insignificance for the father, who thus practically enters the wife's household, for one night or for life.* If he is lost entirely or temporarily to his clan, the husbands of his sisters are lost to their clans, and the balance is re-established. Such a situation cannot last in the face of strenuous competition, and slavery and slave wives soon put an end to it. But it explains the prominent position of the father even under matriarchy, a position which gains strength as the mother descent wanes, and the wife graduates to the position of a chattel. Hence it is nothing extraordinary to find Oho-kuni-nushi consult his sons. In fact they were probably the only ones competent to give a good title. Thus we have at least been able to determine a prominence of woman in the question of succession and of land-grabbing. Ama-terasu is a woman. In the famous contests between Ama-terasu and Susa-no-wo, his offspring are all "delicate females. Judging from this I have undoubtedly gained the victory," says Susa—and the inheritance. With the Wondrous-Inada-Princess, Yakami, Forward-Princess, Flower-Blossom and Long-

* His position is not unlike that of the present day Japanese mukō-yoshi, received into the house as husband of the daughter (failing male issue) and to continue the family line and worship. If unsatisfactory to the adopting family he can be dismissed. His wife's will or desires here play a small part. It is the family council which decides whether or not he shall be expelled by a "divine (imperial court) expulsion." Matters rarely go so far. He is often too glad to cut the connection.

as-the-Rocks, Toyama, and Jewel-Good-Princess, the goods follow the girl. Apart from this it is hard to see in what the men figure. They spend their time in fishing, hunting, rambling, and fighting—and trying to secure the best matrimonial berth in the market; a course of life not unlike that of the twentieth century, *Anno Domini*.

It is hardly necessary to go into the hierarchy in such a family. The parents stand supreme, with the father as executive, or at least a male head to act as such. The woman's position is apparently much the best assured of the two sexes. It is only the spirit of jealousy which makes the Forward-Princess bewail her confinement to her own particular "headland," while Oho-kuni-nushi wanders it abroad with a free foot and fancy. The boys were quite likely to be tossed out of the kennel, to make their way as best they could either against the outside world or at home. But the outside world has its own problems, and is likely to set its face sternly against intruders. Susa-no-wo, Oho-kuni-nushi, Fire-Subside, and Ruddy-Plenty were few and favoured characters. On the other hand, any quantity of brawling is displayed in the same litter, from Susa down. The eighty brothers of Oho-kuni-nushi would have turned just as readily on any other successful aspirant; and Fire-Subside neither heard nor cared anything about the "Five Relations" of Confucius.* And this without paying any attention to the family strifes in Heaven, or the uproarious time the Earthly Deities were having, and which so staggered the timid Great-Great-Ears. Hence it is nothing extraordinary to find, now and hereafter, a preference for younger sons. They are the last to remain under the woman's influence, when not the issue of the youngest and favourite wife, and to them her heart naturally turns; and where succession was so ill-regulated, as in this Primitive Japan, and the woman's influence was

* Emperor and subject, parent and child, elder and younger brother, teacher and pupil, superior and inferior. The position of the teacher differs in the East. The religious codes of India at times seem to place him higher than a parent [cf. Manu II 145-6 for contradictory views]. Buddhism is here a strange exception.

so strong, it not surprising to find them often in arms, and usually successful in their aspirations.

Before passing on to the more important question of personality as displayed in these records, a word can be said on religion. Separating this, temporarily, from ethics it can be said that the chronicle is a religious exposition, the deeds and doings of gods and divinely descended persons; and at this early date they are not likely to neglect their own special business. Naturally there is good deal of contention over the distribution of the religious plunder. And this phase of the divine economics is frankly recognized as the most important. It is worth noting that even such an apparently pointless tale (not tail) as that of the "The White Hare of Inaba" ends up in a deification.* Oho-kuni-nushi in the final settlement of his affairs holds out for a temple, the pillars of which should rest on the nethermost rock-bottom, and the cross-beams of which should reach to the Plain of High-Heaven. And Ruddy-Plenty on his descent from the top of Kirishima-yama "made stout the temple-pillars on the nethermost rock-bottom, and made high the cross-beams to the Plain of High-Heaven and dwelt there." And the ritual therein was very elaborate. Rules for purification, for offerings, for divination, for magic were well developed, and later are much elaborated from obviously early (i. e. non-Chinese) sources. And on this the whole stress is laid. Of ethics, properly so called, there is not a trace. It is absurd to call the observances of savages and semi-barbarous people undeveloped ethics. To do so is to adopt the grossest of all materialisms, a point of view quite favoured, it is to be admitted, in those circles which regard science as an elaboration not a discovery of principles; and which regards evolution as an end to a means, and quite able to make water run up hill, the earth fall into the moon, and the green apple to agree with the boy, all provided the *cells happen* to take things that way (the why and wherefore, by the way, happening to be just the disputed point at issue). The list of offences in the primitive Japanese code is strictly limited to two directions;

* As Professor Chamberlain has pointed out, deification runs into over-lordship; but the extremes are readily distinguished.

(1) There are those against communal interests, the proper care and cultivation of the food supply, whether it be the destruction of the rice fields or the loss of a fish-hook; (2) failure to observe ritual as laid down. Here, as in all purely savage peoples, the core of ethics—personal responsibility to a rule generally applicable without regard to place, person, or time, is ignored. The nearest approach to it is that affecting tale of Cotton-tail, and no wonder the Mombushō pounce on it in an effort to find some basis of "morals" in their early religious tradition, Naturally as we find no shadow of ethics here, we will find little later on, until the influence of the great Middle Kingdom (China) begins to filter in. Meanwhile questions of individual "right" are decided by "might;" communal customs are settled by the Council of Elders meeting in the dry river beds so common in certain seasons in Japan, and supplying one of the few places where council can be held in the secrecy of being out of hearing and eaves-dropping; and in particularly knotty questions recourse was had to divination.* The petty ruler was priest and king. His palace was also the temple, and temple and treasury were fairly synonymous. As for worship of gods there is not a trace of it. They are all deities—heavenly or earthly—and the latter are only thumped into submission, *vi et armis*. But for these local shrines, the "palace" of the father and the father's father, or rather the family centre, they have the greatest respect; and Oho-kuni-nushi and Ruddy-Plenty knew what they were about when they built deep and strong.

But most interesting perhaps is the question of personality. Here we have a tolerably free movement among the kindred tribes, great display of personal energy and its attendant ingenuity in meeting complications, much as we find it in present day Japan; and yet under all, subjection to custom and authority carried to that extreme which puts an effective damper on originality, the development of a new line. The bed-rock principle was that position could only be made good through others. This

* There are long and elaborate papers on this subject by Rev. J. Defrennes and also by Rev. C. Cesselin. Cf Melanges Japonais.

sounds natural enough. How else is position to be made good? But to the western mind this implies that means and ends are in the hand and mind of the guiding genius. It is that trust in the leader, whose ends are often but dimly forecast, which judges of men rather than of things. These latter are but combinations of dull matter and material force; and rightly it is thought that men should guide these within possible limits and not be guided by them, the ass (brute or human) to be governed by the leader. But this has not been the case in the East. Here elders and council define the rules received from elders and council. It is beautifully examplified in the present Japanese Constitution* in which the specified powers are granted to the Progressive (Law-Making) element in the body politic, and all else belong to the Executive, guided of course by the unyielding past. The result therefore can be, not effort to effect change, or progress forward or backward, but only to secure the not unpleasant position of official distributor. The world has always put such a character in a tolerably soft berth, where much can stick to his fingers in the way of material comforts and advantages. The most rollicking youth, therefore, has every inducement to try to secure position, and no inducement to do anything after he does secure it. To do this he resorts to all the usual processes to reach his desired end: intrigue, and its final issue violence; all spiced with a no small amount of lying, murder, (adultery hardly figures where the one-night-headland principle prevailed), theft, and such like offenses as are usually tabulated "undesirable." Thus leadership is secured, and affairs go on in the old rut until the next generation or next door neighbour takes up the process. Thus as at the start we find old Thought-Includer a mere intriguer; so at the end we find Prince Cormorant making a *marriage de convenance* with his aunt, old enough to nurse him a new-born babe.

* The exact reverse of the principle at the basis of the Constitution of the United States of America.

## § 5.*

The cause of the emigration of what was to become the imperial tribe from Himuka or Satsuma took place in a most natural way. A fisherman, blown off shore by storm, or venturing farther afield than usual caught a glimpse of the attractive Yamato plain at the upper end of which now lies Kyōto. Rumours of this favoured land were current, but the actual proof of sight is much more inspiring. In the rumpled and hilly surface of lower Kyūshū, and the whole coast line lying to the eastward, this would make such a contrast as would be sure to arouse the lust of conquest. The mind of Prince Kamu was soon made up. His grandfather Fire-Subside had died at the ripe age of five hundred and eighty years. His father Prince Cormorant had died "long after" his marriage to the nurse-aunt. And Kamu himself, the youngest of their issue, was now a ripe youth of forty-five years, and with a keener appreciation of the working of the curse of the Deity-Great-Mountain-Posses-

* The chronology now adopted is the "official chronology." It is always found as the framework of official histories offered for native and foreign consumption (as for example at the Vienna and St. Louis Expositions), in Baron Kikuchi's "Japanese Education," and in "Fifty Years of New Japan" edited by Count Okuma. To which is to be added that it is good for nothing. I confess to some surprise at Baron Kikuchi's so naively championing this absurdity when off his native soil. The "Public Ledger" of Philadelphia reports him (12 March 1910) as giving Japanese loyalty and devotion to the Imperial House a life of 25 centuries. 250 would have been no less (or more) accurate. Japanese history begins with 400 A.D. Its legend has no chronology, and in its early part no historical value; and its later records even to the seventh century A.D. are badly diluted with the miraculous and absurd rising rapidly in proportion as it recedes in time. Where details are sufficient I follow usually the Kojiki in this Introduction, as more thoroughly Japanese. Its versions, and the versions of the Nihongi often vary widely.

sor. Whatever the pressure was to start the movement, beyond this cupidity and a sort of family tradition to send the male members roaming, he and his elder brother Itsuse start their campaign to the eastward. This was a slow affair. A year was spent in northern Kyūshū in the friendly quarters of Prince and Princess Usa.* Plainly there was not much work to do here, and perhaps Kyūshū was already pretty well under the thumb of the Satsuma tribe. Progress along the Inland Sea was much slower and more difficult. Seven years were devoted to the conquest of Aki and its neighbourhood just beyond the Shimonoseki straits. Eight more years were spent at Takashima in Kibi, where Jimmu and his brother were now close to their mark, the present site of Osaka. Setting out from Kibi they soon secured the guidance of a native, who wig-wagged them, and was picked up in the Hayasuhi channel,† "riding towards them on the carapace of a tortoise and waving his wings (sleeves?) as he angled." It was therefore sixteen years after leaving Satsuma that Jimmu and his brother landed at the head of the Bay of Naniwa (Osaka) to join battle with Prince Tomi, lord of the land and no mean opponent. In Idzumi (or in Kawachi), at a place called Tadatsu, the elder brother Itsu-se was mortally wounded in the fight and died soon after. Jimmu himself and his army had a hard time of it. At Kumano "a large bear came out of the mountain and forthwith disappeared into it. Then His Augustness Kamu-Yamato-ihare-biko suddenly fainted, and his august army likewise all fainted and fell prostrate"—which being interpreted is to say that Tomi, or one of his captains, put in an appearance and inflicted a severe check on Jimmu, who was unable to continue the pursuit. There is little use at this late date of pursuing Jimmu's campaigns more particularly. He finally did dispose of the recalcitrant and very tough

* There is a very picturesque temple to-day at Usa, and the Wakaya is one of the best of quiet Japanese inns. † "quick-sucking." The Nihongi places this event in the Bungo channel. Navigation to-day is no light task for sailing vessels. Every bight and bay has its name, but the Inland Sea had none in Japanese, which speaks volumes for political conditions in early days. Then the habit grew to give it none, as happens in Things Japanese.

KAMU-YAMATO-IWARE-HIKO-NO-MIKOTO (JIMMU TENNÔ).

Tomi; but it is significant that an important ally marries the sister of that hard fighting prince. And he has to vanquish others equally obstinate.

The war was carried on with the most open exhibition of treachery on both sides. That Jimmu found native aid to take sides with him is plain enough; both Heavenly and Earthly deities, with or without "tails." And in his subjugation and pacification of the land he does not hesitate to use the basest kind of treachery himself. There seems to have been an element in the land not entitled to the open treatment as warriors that Jimmu gave to his other adversaries. They were cave dwellers, and plainly much less qualified to deal with the Satsuma clan (or clans) both in craft and in war. A band of these people had cordially received him, and he entertained them at a great feast. At a given signal his attendants waiting on the feast produce concealed weapons (stone clubs), and strike down the opposing warriors. The interesting feature for our story is this emphasized use of stone weapons. It sets a grade for the existing Japanese culture which is corroborated by the extremely coarse products found even in much later tombs and dolmens. Although iron was known in the earliest days of the immigration, late down in the legend stone has a prominent use.

Better deserved was the punishment meted out to the treachery of the elder Ukashi, Prince of Uda, a native magnate and one disposed to hold out against Jimmu by foul means, since fair would not answer. He prepared a pit within his dwelling to which he intended to inveigle Jimmu, with the purpose of trapping and spearing him at his leisure. Here the younger Ukashi entered into the plot; judging from the results with the amiable intention of making the best terms with Jimmu, and by the same stroke getting rid of his brother and garnering in the inheritance. Forewarned by this latter Jimmu sent two of his captains with a supporting force. These invited Ukashi to enter his own trap, and carried out the spearing process, not exactly as originally arranged, but still to complete performance. It is here worth noting that Jimmu is not well enough established to take this

possession from the young and treacherous Prince of Uda (the brother), but makes him chief in his brother's stead. And there is another suggestive hint in the same line. He had brought up from Satsuma (Himuka) his wife the Princess Ahira, by whom he had at least one son, Tagashi-mimi (Rudder-Ears).* It was plainly necessary, however, to seek a matrimonial alliance in the land itself. There had been a lady dwelling therein, the Princess Seya-datara, who became the object of admiration of the Deity of Miura, our old "headland" acquaintance Oho-kuni-nushi (perhaps), here off his own ground on one of his excursions. The story of the amour it is impossible to tell, except in Greek, Latin, Japanese, Kamchatkan, or other strange tongue. Sufficient to say here the results took visible form in a beautiful maiden, I-suke-yori-hime the Startled-Good-Princess. Such a high alliance, both from the view of pedigree and local pull, was just the thing for Jimmu. So to her he throws the handkerchief, and she augustly deigns to pick up the nose-wipe. From her three sons were born. And thereby hangs a tale, wherefrom peoples, all and every, can take warning as to mother bias; for a twist was thereby given to the imperial genealogy which radically removes it from the Satsuma influence, and transfers its centre and blood strain to Yamato. On the death of Jimmu his son by his Satsuma wife appropriated I-suke-yori-hime for himself, and determined to make away with his half-brothers by his now good wife (all of which speaks volumes as to her position and influence). The probability is that she did not like the arrangement from any point of view. The news of the plot was promptly conveyed to these princelets. The elder goes in to anticipate the amiable intentions of Tagishi-mimi, his half-brother-step-father, but like a native Hamlet loses his nerve before the deed. The younger brother then takes up the task and promptly carries it out, thus securing the succession, giving a native prince to the throne (the Satsuma blood was soon run down to zero by local intermarriage), and enabling this tale to drop the subject

* The Nihongi gifts him with a numerous offspring, the others stepping into the sea, or going to.....? Its account is very different.

for nearly five hundred years; as obligingly as does the naive old chronicler, who for this period appends a list of names and genealogies about as valuable and veracious as Manetho's Hyksos dynasties in Egypt; and which just as likely are pure padding, or if they have any meaning at all can just as well be names taken at random, contemporary as well as successive. As has been pointed out the average age of the seventeen first Tennō of Japan is nearly ninety six years.* The eight following Jimmu respectably average seventy two years (three are well over a hundred). The eight monarchs or chiefs in whose reigns far more history is sprinkled among legend average one hundred and eight years, which is not at all respectable (with the figures 168, 153, 137, 130 years for four out of the eight), and which prohibit by their irregular distribution any interpretations based on differences in chronological reckoning.

We are met, therefore, at the start with a very positive shock to the genealogy attributed to the Imperial House, and to the equally positive statement that "from the first Emperor, Jimmu, there has been *an unbroken line of descent* to the present Emperor." This has about as much foundation in fact as the names of Agamemnon's horses or the equally rash statement that "all Japanese (with the insignificant exception of the subjugated aborigines and naturalised Coreans and Chinese) are regarded as either

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* By Professor B. H. Chamberlain, ("Kojiki" p. XLIX). As to Manetho, cf. Breasted ("History of Egypt p. 14,214 seq). The artificial nature of the chronicle is practically established by the long and careful genealogies of the progeny of these monarchs. They were drawn up to prove a line of descent for historical and existing noble families possessing an admitted (at the time) claim of relation to the reigning prince. These claims grew so wide that purification of the lists by hot water under Ingyō, by doctoring the records under Temmu and Tenchi, became necessary from time to time.

Thus Mr. Saburō Shimada speaks of "a theoretically undisputed sovereign, possessing an uninterrupted lineage which extended over more than 2500 years." (Fifty Years of New Japan I p. 79). The absurd official chronology is accepted throughout in this really valuable book. And the official view taints and makes worthless the references to the early history of the country and much of the later history. In the Japanese edition [this would be expected. In the English translation, and for foreign readers, it is unfortunate.

descended from the Imperial family or from those who came over with it from the Taka-Ma-ga-Hara [High Plain of Heaven?], may be said to constitute the fundamental character of our nationality, as distinguished from other nations."* To consider a people as divinely descended has been a common trick with all savage and semi-barbarous peoples, and it is a poor compliment to pay the educated Japanese, to say that he believes in it in the twentieth century. The evidence of the fusion of war tribes, and the submergence of the Satsuma blood early in the career of the invading conquerors lies patent on the face of the legends. It is quite possible, however, to pass " rapidly over several centuries, during which the greater part of the country was gradually brought under subjection by the successive Emperors and Princes, for in those early ages the supreme military authority was never entrusted to a subject."† This can be done simply because there is no information whatever vouchsafed by the ancient authorities on the matter, and to judge by the results involves pure guessing as to details and a choice of evils in presenting alternative methods. There is no positive evidence as to when Jimmu Tennō (if he ever existed) carried on his campaigns. He and his so called successors, down to the Christian Era may be mere names, and are just as likely to have been in many cases contemporaries.

* Kikuchi. "Japanese Education" pp 7, 8. Archaeology or Ethnology of the most primitive character would not accept "regarded" as good coin in evidence of the fact. And having gotten a little into the primitive native history as taken from Japanese records let us quote once more from native authority. Count Shigenobu Okuma (Fifty Years of New Japan I p 14) tells us—"Immigrants into Japan, finding themselves in a settled family life, naturally lost any evil traits that they might previously have possessed, and regained their pristine goodness, even approaching the purity of the 'six roots'. They saw little need to quarrel, or to prohibit intermarriage among the races, and thus aborigines and immigrants freely and happily intermingled, and conversed over the hearth in a tongue that quickly became common among them.....the clarifiying process went on. The impurities were expelled.....etc." This is pure enthusiasm, not history in any sense. Nihongi and Kojiki show us that the predecessors of Jimmu Tennō, and Jimmu himself, used the club as a persuader—"stone headed mallets"; and the record is not going to improve with the centuries, although weapons will change.

† Kikuchi-loc. cit p 9.

We shall soon find a bad break again in this "faultless" record of ancient things, and that in short order. For the present, all the ancient chronicles give are some methods as conducted in Primitive Japan; the time and order of sequence of these is absolutely unknown. As the chief of a semi-barbarous tribe he was of course the actual leader of his forces. He would indeed have been unique in history if he had not been. Often in such a state of culture he had, or has, no other cause of being.

Far down in the centuries (officially 97 B. C: * according to the scheme of Professor Kume Kunitake 219 AD), ninth war-chief from Jimmu Tennō there is a Tennō Mima-ki-iri-biko-iniwa, known better as Sūjin. Beyond the fact that he died at the age of one hundred and sixty eight years, after much pestilence and famine in his reign, and fighting a lively and successful little civil war with his half-brother, Take-hani-yasu, in the uncomfortably close neighbourhood of Yamashiro (the Tennō's headquarters were long in Yamato) we can pass him over. He is the first positively human material creature since the long deceased Jimmu, the interval being plain stuffing for purposes of procreation. And a mention is made of public works in the form of pools or reservoirs. This mention, of course, has no real value. Any more than that made of western Japan as far north as Iwashiro province. The conquest of this northern district had to be undertaken at least two hundred years later.† So let us turn to his successor Ikume-iri-biko-isachi, otherwise Suinin, who reigned from B.C. 29 to A.D. 70 (Kume: 250-282 A.D.), and died at the ripe age of one hundred and fifty-three (or one hundred and forty—Nihongi). "From his birth

* We left Jimmu's successor, Suizei, at 549 B.C." officially;" 1-28 A.D. according to Kume. There are difficulties and guess work in averaging up by a series of historical reigns, and then applying the average to the unknown. This of course does not help out other gross inconsistencies. Chuai can be dated perhaps by Korean notices—but that does not obviate the inconvenient statements of Kojiki and Nihongi, from which he is born a generation after his father's death. The breach is fatal.

† The more formal chronicle, the Nihongi, confines itself to *sending out* captains on the North, East, and West roads. Where?—it saith not.

he was of distinguished appearance; when he grew to manhood he had superior talent and large principles."* To judge by results, he was a most competent man in the line of being an obstinate fighter. And with him we have a curious instance of how strong was the family bond, the clinging to brothers and the female side of the house. The brother of his queen, Saho-bime—a Saho-biko—thought it better that he should rule the Central-Land-of-Reed-Plains; for, as did others later, he made little account of the legend of imperial inviolability.† He therefore gave his sister the necessary instructions to make cold meat of Suinin. Probably at the idea of such waste of good material she wept on the face of the sleeping chief, who awakened by the moisture of her tears sought and ascertained the reason. Nor did he hold any grudge against the little woman in her miscarriage. That seemed to be part of the game in those days; and when she parleys with him from behind the protection of the rampart‡ of the castle in which he is besieging her brother, his one idea is to get hold of her and withdraw her from danger. She had been recently delivered of a child, and her wish is to hand over to the father the new-born infant. Suspecting the good faith of his messengers she rots the fibre of her long garments, shaves her head and dons the hair as a wig, and hands over the royal infant. When they grasp at her hair and garments, these are left in their hands, and she escapes back into the protection of the castle, to perish therein with her brother. With the promising infant, Homu-chi-wake, we need not trouble. Born dumb he recovers his speech in a miraculous tale, the foundation of which is based on the powers of the

* Cribbed from Chinese copy. The editors of the chronicles knew as much about him as we do.

† When the Tennō became a Japanese Dalai-Lama this principle held good: *as* good as it does in Thibet; But the Japanese did not poison their Pope; they dethroned him.

‡ Perhaps of actual rice bags, as plainly was the case elsewhere and centuries later, or a store-house for rice—"rice castle." Wild rice, if indigenous to Japan, as is almost certain, will account for rice as a diet in Neolithic Japan. The North American Red-man thus lived in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The easy maize was cultivated; not the difficult rice.

gods to benefit humanity, the first one of the few instances found in these legends. And in this reign and that of his predecessor are indicated the first steps taken toward an earnest worship of other than immediately local divinities, decidedly late discoveries in the theological line. But both this, and the passing mention of the Bē (or guilds which later became the basis of the industrial organization of the country) are matters of later discussion.

Certainly we will find the Yamato-damashii in what we have been so hastily running over, but in the reign of Keikō (Oho-tarashi-hiko-oshiro-wake, 71-130 A.D. officially, 283-316 A.D. Kume; this monarch died at 107 years) we find one of the standard illustrations of it in his son Prince Wo-usu, or Yamato-take. Far be it from us to say that in putting down Yamato-take to the credit of a sun myth such ingenious reasoners are altogether on the wrong track. Whether he ever did exist is somewhat more than doubtful, and his non-existence does not deepen the obscurity in the pedigree of Chuai. Several of his deeds find anticipation in other parts of these old chronicles. But in his legend there is found an echo of the conquest of the North Country, to which he is sent as to an unknown land, and not to go further north than Shimotsuke. It is only the later chroniclers who are so familiar with its geography. Prince Wo-usu started his career in a characteristically energetic manner. One of his brothers, perhaps Kashi-tsune-wake for Oho-usu the twin figures later, was negligent in attending that daily meeting at the family cross-roads—breakfast—or altogether abstained. Of this the old king, Keikō, complained, and commissioned Wo-usu to summon the delinquent. Several days, the best part of a week, passed and the prince still failed to appear. "Then the Heavenly Sovereign deigned to ask his Augustness Wo-usu saying: 'Why is thine elder brother so long of coming? Hast thou perchance not yet taught him his duty? He replied, saying: 'I have been at that trouble.' Again the Heavenly Sovereign said: 'How did'st thou take the trouble? He replied, saying: 'In the early morning when he went into the retiring place, I grasped hold of him and crushed him,

and, pulling off his limbs, wrapped them in matting and flung them away.'"

Well indeed might the Heavenly Sovereign be "alarmed at the valorous ferocity of his august child's disposition." His own "august stature was ten feet two inches; the length of his august shank four feet one inch;" and probably he had buck-teeth, and was gifted with prognathism. However, despite all these charms and furnishings of his valorous person, he proceeded to take care that his own early morning musings should not be so incontinently interrupted. So Wo-usu is sent to Kyūshū to subdue some rebellious brigands known as the Kumaso bravoes. Doubtless he did not go alone,* but the brunt of the affair falls on him. Wo-usu was then sixteen years old, so disguising himself as a girl he mingles with the festive crowd at the bandits' banquet, and seeks the favour of the two leaders of the band. The brothers are much taken with him and seat the maiden between them, ogling her, and "rejoicing exhuberantly." When the wine cup had well circulated, the prince drew his sword from his garment and thrust the elder brother through the breast. The younger brother sought safety in flight, but Wo-usu was quick on his trail. He caught him at the entrance to the cave and disabled him by a thrust from behind. With the prince standing over him the bravo sought the name of his conqueror, and learning it dubbed him Yamato-take, "bravest in Yamato." This had no emollient effect on the rough temper of the prince. Since tripes there should be, tripes there would be, and he forewith "ripped him up like a ripe melon and slew him." Now all this is very reminiscent of the campaigns that Keikō himself conducted in the south island (Kyūshū),† and perhaps all that can be drawn from it

* The Nihongi dishes the story up with the usual "Four Eternal Kings" (attendant knights) known to a well-developed feudalism. It is interesting to find the practice (?) so early as 720 A.D. It is copied from China. "Brigand" etc. simply means one refusing to recognize the Tennō as chief.

† A curious feature in the Nihongi is that the bravo killed is called the Bravo of Kahakami. Keikō's troubles also were with the Bravoes of Kahakami, this place name being multipled into three places all in different districts, a very disorderly corner of his kingdom.

YAMATO-TAKE SLAYS THE BRAVO OF KAWAKAMI.

is the necessity of such a campaign to reduce to submission or reconquer the old home of the chief clan of the islands. The northern district beyond Fujiyama, was plainly still in the hands of the Yemishi or Ainu, and Keikō had an opportunity to give us an excellent description of these savages and their manners, if the chroniclers had not preferred instead to draw on Chinese literature.* However, as far as the Yamato-damashii had affected these aborigines we can find it better at firsthand. They afforded Keikō the excuse to keep Yamato-take busy and away from his own neighbourhood. The job is offered to Oho-usu, but it was plain enough that he would have no stomach for it. This youth had in his earlier days been sent up to secure two brides for his father—tne Princesses Yehime and Otohime. He secured the women, it is true. So effectively that the lusty old king was forestalled in his matrimonial intentions. On this occasion he flatly flunked, and took to the woods ; or rather he " was afraid, and ran to conceal himself among the grass " Yamato-take had returned from Kyūshū by way of Idzumo, still on the trail of any bravoes lying loose. In this land which always, before and later, gave so much trouble to the Princes of Yamato he used guile, so profitable to him at Kumaso. Winning the confidence of the Idzumo bravo, Yamato-take girded on himself a false sword. Exchanging weapons, on a frivolous pretext he challenged the bravo to cross swords, when of course the latter pulled furiously at what was simply a solid chunk of wood. Then there were more tripes. Yamato-take " extirpated " him to the accompaniment of an august song, and went on his way up to the capital to make his report.† Here he found the task of subduing the eastern people confronting him. Years were disciplining Yamato-take. He did not as a preliminary hunt up the cowardly Oho-usu and section

* Aston, Nihongi p 203. This Chinese taint invalidates here and in many other places what at first sight appears genuine archaeological evidence. If these early chroniclers had any such, in their literary enthusiam they threw away the grain for the chaff.

† This story duplicates one in the preceding reign of Sūjin. cf Aston's Nihongi I pp. 162,163. The song of Yamato-take is here given to Idzumo Furime.

him. The brave prince merely grumbled a little over the business. Stopping at his aunt's temple residence at Ise (she had been finally placed in charge by Suinin B. C. 5; it is now 110 A.D.) to her he poured out his lamentations. "It must surely be that the Heavenly Sovereign thinks I may die quickly; for after sending me to smite the wicked people of the West, I am no sooner come up again to the capital than, without bestowing on me an army he now sends me off afresh to pacify the wicked people of the twelve circuits of the East. Consequently I think that he certainly thinks I shall die quickly." The aged lady, the *very* aged lady, gives him a magic sword; which with little confidence in old wives' tales Yamato-take turns over later to one of his lady-loves, of the "headland" kind.*

We are not interested at this date in his campaigns. They were carried out brilliantly and successfully, and the northern and eastern lands were duly subdued. A good deal of sentiment and some excellent poetry has been wasted over his tears on the mountain top as he looked down on the land of Adzuma. Yamato-take had reached (Cape) Tsurigisaki just opposite the narrow strip of water which forms the neck of the bottle of the present Tōkyō Bay.† Looking across to Awa he had high scorn for this teacup passage. Forthwith in anger the deity of the place raised a mighty storm in the tea-cup, and Yamato-take's favourite wife, Oto-tachibana, had to sacrifice herself smilingly and willingly of course (Japanese women show up admirably all through the long and stormy history), to the wrath of the deity. It is with her in mind that Yamato-take, his expedition completed and his life nearly so, casts his eye over this fairest land in Japan. But from where? The Kojiki says from the Ashigara Pass, and for the savour of old legend it is the reliable one of the two chronicles. The Nihongi is a set effort to reduce

* "Fine old lady" says Mr. Perker; "*Old*, said Mr. Jingle, briefly but emphatically." Then Mr. Perker goes into family statistics paralysing even to the ingenious Jingle. The quotation in the text is from Chamberlain "Kojiki" p. 210.

† Or perhaps Kwannonsaki. His words were "Adzuma ha ya," (Oh! my wife!) It is plainly an explanation of an already existing name; however cf Chamberlains note on p. 213.

to Chinese standard (in every sense of the word (including proportions) the old legends and traditions. The Nihongi places this episode at the Usui Pass near Karuizawa ; and as foreigners occupy by scores the little box-like cottages sprinkled over the common-place, they like to add a little sentiment to the most prosaic surroundings in Japan. But apart from the too elaborate application of later geography by the erudite editors of the Nihongi, the Ashigara-tōge, between Suruga and Sagami is much nearer the scene of his loss, and he must have had more than phenomenal sight to locate it from the Usui-tōge. The rest of his labours, by the way, gave every scope for the exercise of the *Yamato-damashii* as found in the warrior. Energy, resourcefulness, persistence, bravery, and guile, all carried him to a successful issue. But for another "headland" wife, the Princess Miyazu of Wohari, he would have escaped. Entirely without meaning to do so she acted the part of Delilah. Entrusting to her his magic sword, Yamato-take, now well on his return to settle accounts with Keikō, and already at the border separating Omi from Mino, diverged to go in pursuit of the deity of Mount Ibuki. But this deity used means more foul than fair. Here the sun myth advocates stand on their strong ground and can revel at ease. Wearied and toil-worn Yamato-take struggles up the slopes of the mountain, warmed by the sun and wet by the dew, pelted by hail, and generally contracting a bad cold, or pleurisy, or kindred complaint described in all its symptoms with some effort at medical accuracy. This finishes him off, after much suffering and song, for he dies with a warble into the hereafter, in the shape of a white dotterel "eight fathoms long," thereby establishing the biological record in that line of bird, and relieving Keikō of any further perplexities, and to the great lamentation of his more immediate adherents.

Genuine fact is now so interspersed with the web of the legends that it is a question of trying to pick out the psychology of the individual from the politics of that more general sort which has become an abstraction, a boiled down puree of individual thoughts and aspirations. With the *Yamato-damashii* in Japanese politics we here have

little to do.* And such a fortunate reservation enables us to cover ground rapidly, for more and more the politics increase until they absorb all the space of the chronicles. We can thus omit the minuter details of the next two Tennō. Yamato-take had married a daughter of Suinin, his aunt (and of the same generation as the terribly aged Princess of Ise; but we will not be too critical). By *her* he had a son, Terashi-naka-tsu-hiko, better known as Chuai. He was ten feet high and was born thirty-four years after his father's death (never mind dates), a fact which gives no difficulties to the Mombushō, the Universities, or the Herald's Office.† But not only is there a bad break in the genealogy. There is a shifting of the Tennō's court from Yamato to Kyūshū. Plainly this southern island was a centre of tribal difficulties at some early period of the Christian Era. Chuai's wife, Jingō kōgo, and the conquest of Korea can be passed over as apocryphal. Japan had frequent and warlike contact with the mainland. Korean victories (in the Korean records) are much less likely to be authentic than the Japanese successes (in the Kojiki and Nihongi). The truth lies somewhere in the middle. The Koreans would turn defeats into victories as far as their chronicles are concerned, and vice versa so would the Japanese. If, however, they had lain under any such heavy hand as Jingō is supposed to have laid upon them, loud would have been the paean of triumph when the burden was lifted off. Of that there is no trace. But there is plenty of evidence that up to the sixth century there was tribute paying from some of the smaller kingdoms, and for centuries the immigration from Korea and China was frequent and of the best kind.‡ And of this present

* Already treated in "Sakurambō" and "More Japonico."

† Professor Chamberlain makes it thirty-six years. Thus we get Yamato-take thoroughly and safely under ground, or perhaps counting Japanese style. He died in 111 A.D., and was buried in 113 A.D. As Chuai ascended the throne in 192 A.D. his mother (then living) was 122 years old. Even taking her to be a posthumous child of Suinin and figuring *backward* from Chuai she was at least 81 years old when married. There were two children *younger* than Chuai.

‡ On Japanese authority, one third of their nobility of these early days can be traced to Korean and Chinese origin.

giving and raiding the Koreans make no bones at other periods of their history, but are absolutely silent as to this particular time. A queen was by no means an unknown feature in Primitive Japan. The Chinese of contemporary time report this of what, probably very justly, they considered a collection of warring barbarous tribes, less advanced than Britain at the same period. We can pass over the warlike queen, therefore, as more than dubious, without letting go the war between Kyūshū and Yamato. This reads like a fresh conquest of Yamato by a Kyūshū tribe. The later Japanese chroniclers, without the slightest warrant, even venture to start Jingō off to Korea by way of the Bay of Naniha (Osaka), and cheerfully wreck her fleet at Wada Point (near Kobe), But Jingō never saw these parts after her removal to join Chuai in Kyūshū (199 A.D., at which time Korea is supposed to be unknown, with Jingō as its future Columbus) until the imperial clan again (sic) establishes itself in the Central Plain. The orthodox tale, however, runs as follows: the local princes in Yamato, Kagosaka and Oshikuma, lead the revolt during the prolonged absence of the Tennō in Kyūshū. These are supposed to be sons of Chuai, decidedly disgruntled and suspicious of the infant Homudawake (Ōjin), carried three years in his mother's womb until she could conveniently dispose of the Korean campaign before getting rid of him.

Generalissimos represent both sides in the real fighting; and Jingō's representative has much the best of it in the treachery. The youthful Ōjin is represented as deceased, and so carried up on a mourning couch to get within close quarters of the enemy. The bow-strings are then ostentatiously broken, which the other side take as a sign of truce and unbend their own bows. Ōjin's warriors promptly take from their head-dresses new strings, and smite the unprepared foe. These are chased into the borders of Yamashiro, which seems to be almost independent of Yamato.*

Ōjin is to be given much more credit than he gets from

* The battle, fought for Jingō by Takeuchi no Sukune, was decided at the well known Osakatōge near Kyōto. Takeuchi was still extant in 362 A.D. He died aged 312, cf Nihongi I 295 (Aston).

the native scribes. He was later deified as Hachiman, God of War. Now a people does not so deify a hero who did all his fighting in the state of a *foetus*. There is here left in tradition the story of a warlike monarch, and it is to be suspected that the wars of Jingō, the conquest of Yamato, properly belong to this deified War God. However, on their face the "Record" and "Chronicles" merely make him out a sort of Japanese "King Cole," a merry genial monarch. It is of him that is told the pretty story of Princess Kami-naga (Long-Hair) and his son Ohosazaki, later Nintoku Tennō. The princess had been secured at the behest and for the behoof of Ōjin himself, Granted the opportunity in those days of freer intercourse the young prince fell in love with Long-Hair, and the couple were much distressed at the idea of the approaching summons to the Tennō's couch. Learning of this *dénoûmont* Ōjin planned a pleasant surprise. Long were the faces of bride and best-man (we can suppose Ohosazaki called upon to hold up his father) as the wedding feast progressed to its close and the fatal moment. And grateful were their feelings when Ōjin rose to toast the bride-groom in the person of his son; an example of self-sacrifice unique in the annals of the Japanese parental relation, and I doubt if it has ever been repeated in this or any other form since—with an adult child. Thus in the old story Ōjin politically has little fighting to do His mother Jingō has attended to that feature. Nothing is left him except to play this part of the merry monarch, singing and feasting to the last. "Drink beer and go with the girls." Thus did the clerics advise George Fox, according to the veracious Teüfelsdroeck. A Korean (or Chinaman) was the one to entice the chief's palate to the verge of extravagance. The experiences of the days of Susa-no-wo had lapsed into forgetfulness. Nimpan or Susukori distilled "some august great liquor," which as Ōjin frankly states went to his head. "I have become intoxicated with the august liquor distilled by Susukori. I have become intoxicated with the soothing liquor, with the smiling liquor." He even takes to beating the insensible rocks, which run away and give rise to the proverb, "hard stones get out of a drunkards way."

As usual Ōjin died in the odour of sanctity and at the age of one hundred and thirty years. And as usual his successor passed through the hurly-burly which inhered in the succession to chieftainship of the ruling tribe. In summing up a little later we shall have to draw up a rather startling little bill of indictment against the domestic harmony shown in this "first family" of Dai Nippon, and outside of it for already we have seen Saho-biko conspiring to oust the incumbent*. As far as Ohosazaki (Nintoku 313-399 A.D. officially: 409-432 Kume) is concerned, his younger brother, Uji-no-waki-itatsuko, did the fighting for him, and in the manner customary to the times and warfare. Rightfully or wrongfully—for Ōjin had preferred a younger son by another wife—the elder brother, Oho-yama-mori, came up against Oho-sazaki with fair words, armour under his garments, and an army concealed in the bull-rushes. On the two last points, clothes and Mosaics, Uji-waki, who had got wind of the enterprise, was more than a match for him. And in addition, disguising himself as a fisherman, he waited at the ferry of the Ujikawa to take across his elder to the interview with Ohosazaki, posted in full view and stately loneliness where he could take in everything including Oho-yama. As to elder and younger and the five relations neither Uji-waki nor anyone else in the Japan of that day bothered in the least. Besides, both were his elder brothers, and perhaps he felt qualified to choose the best for his own hand. Oho-yama-mori without suspicion entered, and when half way across the Stream Uji-waki began to rock the boat. This had been carefully greased beforehand, and when Oho-yama rose in alarm to his feet he was easily spilled into the river. His call for aid was answered by the display of force on both sides of the river, willing and unwilling to come to his aid under fire according to their respective views of his enterprise. A

* Saho-biko's proposition is not very nice, as Saho-bime is sister by the same mother. "It is my wish, therefore to ascend to the immense felicity, (the throne) and of a certainty to rule over the Empire along with thee" He has been holding up possible neglect throughloss of her personal charms. She could only share as kōgō. "Hara kara" (from the same belly) gives rise to another unpleasant intrique later.

short course in his heavy (*sic*) armour soon finished him, and he reached shore by way of the river bottom. Uji-waki fished him up (literally speaking), shed a pious tear, and gave him a fine funeral. Nintoku not only lived long to profit by the exploit, but had a pretty good time throughout his long life. He was an amorous prince, and gave his spouse, Iha-no-hime—a jealous jade—constant trouble. His "headland" affairs are too numerous to go into in detail. The most notorious were those with the Princess Kuro-hime and Princess Yata. As to the first, Iha simply drove her out, *vi et armis*, put her on a boat and sent her spinning. The second named, however, was her sister; and during the absence of his consort Nintoku installed Princess Yata as concubine. This little affair between Yata-hime and Nintoku had been going on for twenty-two years, so it was time it came to something. In a rage Iha-no-hime refused to return, and took refuge in that land of all recalcitrants, Yamashiro. The Tennō tried hard to get her to return, and his messenger got pretty wet in trying to arouse the sympathy of the obstinate lady by sticking it out in the rain and the middle of the court yard. Kuchiko, however, received no sympathy from anyone but his sister Kumigae-hime, and the good advice to go home and get dry, for his posturing was "no go,"* It can be said, by the way, that the tale carries a suspicious resemblance to a later one in the reign of Ingiō. Nintoku had to make the best of it; and he and Yata spent the honey-moon in a high tower making poetry on the moon and the amorous deer. Naturally such a shifting prince was pretty tired of a quarter century intrigue. He started new game in his half-sister Princess Medori, sending after her their younger brother Prince Hayabusa-wake. The Princess liked the messenger better than the message, and Nintoku was not long in learning it had gone very far astray. This brought another little

* "Yukimasen." Our half slang term "no go" is good Japanese. One Japanese writer complacently traces "By jingo" to his quondam ruler as inspiring source. "We do not want to fight but by jingo if we do etc." It is used at least as early as Motteux in his translation of Rabelais. However, I offer this other chance "to derive."

war on his hands, and Prince and Princess died game and fighting. The chieftain who conducted operations, for his own misfortunes, gave the jewels of Princess Medori to his wife, who, as a lady of the *Kōgō's* train appeared with them at court where they were quickly recognized. Now it seems to have been the custom of the time to expose the bodies of offenders. Nintoku had strictly forbidden this in the present case. As the jewels were carried more intimately on the person within the garments it was plain that Ohobate of Yamato had grossly violated the Tenno's commands and certain decencies. Great was the wrath of Nintoku, only mollified by plundering the offender.*

From the frying pan we fall into the fire—from Nintoku to Richiu. This was another merry monarch. On one occasion, while engaged in the worship of the Japanese Bacchus (whoever it happened to be at that day), his brother Sumi-no-Ye-taka-tsu thought the opportunity fit, and fired the palace. In this he left out of account the prime minister Achi-no-atahe, a Korean of Chinese descent. Lord Achi simply shifted the unconscious monarch on to his back, and bolted with him. Richiu did not wake up until they reached Kawachi province, safely out of harm's way. Naturally his first question was—"where am I at;" and learning the circumstances wisely decided to stay where he was until matters were more definitely settled. He was decidedly suspicious of his younger brother Midzu-ha-wake, and refused to be interviewed until the latter's good faith was shown by the delivery of the goods in the shape of Sumi's head. This was effected by treachery, for Prince Sumi plainly had a pretty strong grip on affairs. However, one Sobahari, of his guards, was suborned to do the deed. And when Sumi retired for private purposes. Sobahari thrust him through with a spear † He did not

* The Kojiki says he was condemned to death. The Nihongi, that on giving up his property he was reprieved. The names also differ.

† This place and the bath are favourite hunting ground for Japanese assassins, to take their victim at a disadvantage. Privacy on such occasions it is well known was originally sought, not for decency, but for safety, a man being temporarily *hors de combat*. The savage must always be on guard. The legendary descent of Lord Kihi is as apocryphal as the necessity and presence of Chinese banto (clerk) in all Japanese financial establishments.

profit by the deed, nor did Midzu-ha-wake intend that he should. While with head tilted back he quaffed the liquor, the Prince whipped it off with his sword. Henceforward Richiu passed his reign in peace; and Midzu-ha-wake, who succeeded him as Hanzei-Tennō, had done his fighting while a subaltern. Like Keikō and Chuai this latter rejoiced in buck-teeth and a length of nine and a half feet.

In our search for personal traits we can rapidly pass over Wo-asa-tsuna-wakugo-no-sukune, otherwise known as Ingiō (officially 412-453 A.D.: Kume 443-459 A.A.), There is one episode of confused genealogy connecting him with the succeeding reign. His spouse, Osaka-no-Ohonatsu-hime, was likewise very jealous, and he had to back and fill as much to get the appointment of a favourite concubine, as he had previously done in making up his mind to fill the then vacant throne. This position depended on the good will of his lady wife and *kōgo*, and the present one had none to spare. Her younger sister, nick-named Sotohoshi Iratsume, was so beautiful that her charms "shone through her garments" like to a modern ballet dancer or the graver opera stage. However, at the court dance it was customary for the dancer to offer to the highest person present a woman. The Tennō trapped the *kōgo* into dancing, and then forced the customary offer from her reluctant lips. Of course he chose Sotohoshi Iratsume, the court beauty. She, however, had no wish to be the mark for the very unpleasant palace intrigue that Osaka-no-hime, as wife of the Tennō, could direct against her; and perhaps, being her sister, she knew her capabilities in that line better than anyone else. A repetition of the scene in Nintoku's reign took place. The king's messenger, one Ikatsu, concealed food in his clothes and remained prostrate for a week in the courtyard, awaiting Sotohoshi's consent; which was reluctantly secured, for, as the lady opined, she never was able to take her place at court; and Ingiō was soon off to pastures new. The similarity of this tale, as noted, gives rise to suspicion of use of varied material in the make up of these legends. This very Sotohoshi Iratsume later figures as

Ingiō's daughter, and otherwise there is not the slightest evidence in Japanese history or legend of the Pharaonic practice of espousing a daughter.* Plenty of close intermarriage with sisters, cousins, and aunts, mothers-in-law, etc, exists, and particularly is it bunched just at this period. At all events there is at least a strong suspicion of mistaken identity.

On Ingiō's death there was indeed a mix up. Prince Karu, the heir, had seduced his younger sister, this very Sotohoshi-Iratsume, possessing this same nickname, or Karu-no-oho-iratsume. The offense (to the eighth century chroniclers) seems to lie in the blood tie, for she was Karu's own sister. His brother Anaho (a full brother) raised an army against him; and Karu, banished to Iyo and joined by Iratsume, finally commits suicide with his mistress, to avoid the inevitable separation. The instrument selected to be the weapon of punishment was a particularly unvirtuous hypocrite and whited sepulchre. Anaho, now Tennō under the name of Ankō, sent to the chief Oho-kusaka to secure this latter's younger sister as wife for his brother Oho-Hatsuse. The chief was willing enough; whether so the princess is another matter, for Oho-Hatsuse had a particularly bad reputation. He returned a fair message, which Ankō's messenger distorted in order to plunder the presents returned as sign of acceptance. In his wrath Ankō made war on this Japanese Uriah the Hittite, slew him, and rubbed it in by carrying off for himself the Princess Naga-no-oho-iratsume, his own elder sister by the full blood.† It is not particularly surprising that his conscience troubled him. Watching her little boy (by Oho-kusaka) playing in the apartment, he told her his misgivings as to what might happen when the child grew older and would "not live under the same

* Cf Breasted, on Rameses II. "History of Egypt p. 461.

† Cf Kojiki-(Chamberlain pp. 293,301). From the reference back, Note 12 p. 304 to Note 5 p. 293 the ideographs are the same. I know of not a single other *identity* of name throughout the records. The names in the "Chronicles" differ. Multiplicity of place names is hardly a bar. Besides the tale of Saho-biko is suspicious. It is quite likely however that the legend is made up from several sources and the same story interwoven in different reigns.

Heaven with his father's slayer." Mayuwa was all ears for this entering wedge of connubial suggestion which Ankō doubtless intended it to be As soon as the Tennō slept he grasped the sword lying by the couch, and taking time and Ankō by the forelock neatly sliced off the royal head.

Here arose the opportunity for the most boisterous character since the days of Yamato-take. Oho-hatsuse at once took in hand the task of avenging his brother. The elders were decidedly lukewarm ; and Kuro-biko, who probably thought that Anko got no more than he deserved, remained silent. " Number one ! " quoth Oho-hatsuse as he decapitated him. He then turned to Prince Sakahi,* who fearing to be " number two " kept silent. And " number two " he was, as Oho-hatsuse " clutched him by the collar, pulled him along, and dug a pit on reaching Woharida, buried him as he stood, so that by the time he had been buried up to the loins, both his eyes burst out, and he died." Mayuwa's answer seemed to satisfy Oho-hatsuse. " Thy servant has never sought the Celestial Dignity. He has only revenged himself on his father's enemy ; " which plainly indicates what was in everyone's mind as to the real reason for Oho-hatsuse's display of energy. Nevertheless Mayuwa sought refuge with a faithful partisan, the Lord of Tsubura. Both perished in battle and the flames of the dwelling. The grandee " thrust the prince to death with his sword, and forthwith killed himself by cutting off his own head " !

This, however, was not the only exploit necessary to perform before Oho-hatsuse could assume the throne. (He is known as Yuriaku-officially 456-479 A.D : 463-502 Kume). Ichi-no-be-no-oshiba, a son of Richiu, was the choice of Ankō as his successor. And it was time Richiu's issue should have a chance ; the uncles, Hanzei and Ingiō

* Kuro and Shiro according to the Kojiki. In the Nihongi both are Kuro-biko Yatsuri and Sakahi. The latter escapes with Mayuwa, and is killed later. The legends are often thus plainly made up from different sources, without connection. Japan was not then one united country. Ama-terasu had evidently established the succession very loosely. Until the choice was made there was no " inviolable " Son of Heaven, then or afterward.

having had their fling at the throne. Oshiba evidently was a man of parts, and Yuriaku could not take him by the collar. So he invited him to go hunting on the moor, and pierced him from behind with an arrow. After about as foul a murder as ever disgraced a kingly quarrel for a throne, Yuriaku dug a pit and hid the body, whose resting place, but for a rather apocryphal old woman, would never have been known. The murder of Oshiba finally settled Yuriaku on the throne. The two sons of Oshiba, Ohoke and Wohoke, scuttle away as fast as they can (Wohoke is only seven years old) to be heard from (*sic*) later. A merry life did his subjects lead with Yuriaku. No man, then or now, can overlook the royal sconce, but one unfortunate builded high, and it caught Yuriaku's eye. Naturally he broke loose, and the unfortunate offender was glad to save his bacon by the gift of a white dog clad in "bell and blanket." The semi-barbarous Yuriaku is good natured and child enough to compromise what either was no offence or a serious offence. But his impetuous disposition led him into far worse troubles. On one of his excursions, near the river Miwa of Hatsuse,* "there was a girl, whose aspect was very beautiful, washing clothes by the river side." Such there have been before (on the banks of Nile and Euphrates), and such there have been since (on the banks of the Roxelane and in the charming pages of Lafcadio Hearn). But few have had the experience of Akawo-ko. Struck by the appearance of the maid Yuriaku told her to await a summons to the royal couch. And wait she did until, an old octogenarian, she took matters in her own hand and went up to the royal palace to remind the Tenno of his royal word. "The Heavenly Sovereign was greatly startled. In his heart he wished to marry her, but shrank from her extreme age, and could not make the marriage; but he conferred on her an august song." And he was more generous withal, for he sent her back, "plentifully endowed" We might raise some questions here as to how the passing years had treated *him*. However, he

* Hase, a famous temple of Yamato, near Sakurai. It and other temples in the neighbourhood are well worth a visit.

must have been an infant when this affair started, or she was a good deal older than she looked, for he was only sixty two (officially) when he died. Naturally the manners of the court were like the prince, and inducive to quick wits and thick wits. As to the former, a handmaiden had passed to the Tennō a cup into which, unknown to her in her reverential attitude, had fallen an oak leaf. "Let the lady die." Out came Yuriaku's sword to take summary vengeance, and to slice off her head. But the maiden dropping on her knees sang such a graceful song of apology that her crime was pardoned. Nor were the thick wits absent. "Copious" were his feasts and tolerably frequent even in story; and one of the ladies of the court openly laments her missing such a feast and the chance to get "truly steeped in liquor;" showing that they too took their hand at lowering the peg.

With the death of his childless son Shiraka (Seinei: officially 480-484 A.D: 503-507 Kume) the reigning house reached a stop-gap in the person of a younger sister of Prince Ichinobe (the stock of that worthy prince plainly needed the strong hand of Yuriaku to keep it down). An accidental mission of inspection by the Wodate, chief of the Mountain Clan, discovered the male line in the persons of Ohoke and Wohoke, sons of Ichinobe, "two young children employed to light the fire" at the festival of a local house-warming. In song these had proclaimed their identity, and the Wodate took them, first pate nally on his knee (!), and later up to the Capital and the throne, rejoicing. To be sure only a trifle of twenty six-years had elapsed since their disappearance, and sturdy toddlers they had shown themselves to be at that remote date. One would think that where so much of the reigning timber was lying around in the younger branches, to be had for the mere picking up, that less dubious candidates could have been found. However, where people lived and reigned to the age of 168, perhaps 30 odd is still to be described as a "young child." Plainly the Ichinobe clan were in the saddle Triumphantly the twain were brought forward to repair the break in the genealogical table, and to rejoice the heart of their

aunt.* The elder was the more sensible of the two; both by preventing his rasher brother from defiling a Tennō's tomb (of Yuriaku; on the ground of the bad example to the public), and in allowing the younger, Wohoke, to take the first chance at the throne and get it thoroughly established and warmed for himself. An old man, who had stolen the provender of the hungry and fugitive fledglings, was promptly hunted up and executed in great torments (he must have been a nonogenarian); and an old woman obligingly turned up as eye-witness of the slaughter of Prince Ichinobe. At all events she was well rewarded for pointing out the resting place of his bones—or some bones, for probably she was shrewd enough not to be very scrupulous as to whose or what they really were. She offered to prove the fact by his teeth; which shows some discrimination either on her part or that of the chronicler, an interesting instance of primitive identification *a la* Sherlock Holmes.

This Ohoke (Ninken) was not a particularly amiable character. At least the *kōgō* of Wohoke had a wholesome terror of his unforgiving disposition. In Wohoke's lifetime she had treated him with disrespect in the palace service, deftly sailing a pillow (*makura*) under the princely unmentionables, and serving him *saké* in a standing position. Now that he was Tennō she had but little confidence in her fate and she strangled herself. It is a characteristic tale of terror that gives an insight into the life of the time.

There is but one other Tennō whose deeds we need sketch before taking up a summary of this period, mainly tradition or legend, and but partly historical. This is the particularly "undesirable" Muretsu (499-506 officially: 516-517 A.D. Kume.), but his reign offers another of those palpable instances of duplication, one of the best proofs of manufacture in a historical record. He came to the throne under difficulties. In fact it was a question who was to reign, he or the prince minister or vizier—Heguri no

* Or their cousin, or their sister. The Nihongi brings them to the palace during the life of Shiraka. It gives a different account which smacks of the artificial. The sage Ohoke, when Tennō, married Yuriaku's daughter and reconciled the two militant branches.

Matori. Of course the Nihongi puts Matori down as "utterly devoid of loyal principle"; but then it is busily engaged in a propaganda of the inviolability of the reigning line. Apart from the very dubious succession of the last two monarchs, the whole record from Ōjin backward is an impossible one on any human basis; and as to whether a sucession was preserved or not it is impossible to say; the face of the record and the probabilities are all against such preservation. Often enough the younger branches broke into and substituted themselves for the direct line by primogeniture and an elder branch, and in dishing up a genealogy from the old legends and traditions the chronicler has not been very successful. Matori plainly carried a pretty high head and hand in the land; Muretsu and his party being kept practically, on "board wages." The prince set eyes and heart on Princess Kage (Kagehime), and, in order to do his courting properly, asked for the royal turn-out (in the way of horses and attendants). This Matori sneeringly promised—"some day";* and kept the promise in the same indefinite terms. Muretsu therefore had to use his own royal shanks to go to the Fair or trysting place where he was likely to meet the object of his devotion. The lady, however, cared but little for his love. She had an intrigue of some standing and advanced development with Shibi, son of Matori. When Muretsu approached Kagehime at the Fair, Shibi thrust himself in between, and, in the hot words (or poems) exchanged, boasted of an acquaintance entirely beyond any reasonable intimacy with an unmarried lady. This seemed to stir up Muretsu, and to make him listen to the advice of Ohotomo no Kanemura. Shibi was waylaid on a visit of congratulation to Kagehime, and killed that same night. The princess, informed of the event, sought out the body of her lover where it lay in the roadway, but the assassins had made a very complete job of it. There was nothing left for her to do but to shed tears and make poetry, doubtless with grave misgivings as to the future. In the

* *Nochi hodo, imani,* (*mañana*), any old time—sometimes the inn girls' cheerful "*h ai - - i - - i*" which never eventuates, Heguri and Soga both figure under Richiu. As did *ueme*. Astons Nihongi I 306, 304.

little civil war which followed Matori was defeated and slain, and Muretsu was at last put on the throne, which, in the plainest terms of the chronicler, he had not yet succeeded in reaching. And a sorry day it was for the country. Matori's judgment was thoroughly vindicated. Muretsu was a degenerate. "He plucked out men's nails, and made them dig up yams.....He pulled out the hair of men's heads, made them climb to the top of trees, and then cut down the trees, so that the men who had climbed were killed by the fall This he took delight in .....He made men climb up trees and then shot them down with a bow, upon which he laughed." When the people were starving he was spending the revenues in his pleasure houses and palaces, and engaging in riotous feasts at which figure actors and human freaks of all sorts. "He prepared strange diversions, and gave license to lewd voices. Night and day he constantly indulged to excess in wine in the company of the women of the palace. His costumes were of brocade, and many of his garments of damask and pure white silk." His pranks at the expense of women are unmentionable; Caligula was an angel of light in comparison. This is the Tenno of which the chronicler indulges in a flourish of preliminary panegyric (cribbed from a Chinese history), and of whom he calmly ends in the same breath with—: "he worked much evil and accomplished no good thing.....and the people of the whole land were in terror of him." Let us add that he died in his bed, at the palace of Namiki. His kind are found later on, but the palace officers exercised less patience before finding a substitute. The whole of his adventure with Shibi is set down by the Kojiki to the credit of Wohoke, but let us give Muretsu the credit of blighted passion to account for his viciousness. It does not seem possible to treat the story as a romance. There is too much hard political fact mixed up in it, and this has a chance of being recorded (with legend) since writing has been introduced from China nearly a hundred years before. As Mr. Aston has said,* it is a valuable indication of the

* He is inclined to regard the whole tale as a romance inserted in the "Records" and "Chronicles."

manners of the time, and shows a much freer foot for woman than she possessed later. But the woman is after all a minor feature in the tale. The whole tradition turns on the motive of a disputed succession, and it was plainly a time of great disturbance. Muretsu himself leaves no children, but a consort is found for Ninken's daughter in one of the younger branch with a clearer title of genealogy from Ōjin. The fact that Kagehime figures in both stories rather points to an actual basis of fact than the reverse.

§ 6.

Professor Chamberlain has pointed out how even such an unvarnished tale as that of the Kojiki shows a fairly complete, and, as far as the radical inconsistencies permit, successful moulding of the legends into one whole, thus indicating no little time and care given to this object; and also that the story passes from legend into the domain of a considerable intermixture of history without any obvious break. Both these conclusions can be accepted at the valuation given them. It is this smooth continuity carried down in the backward country districts to this forty-third year of Meiji (1910), this carrying and moulding of past tradition into actual life, that gives such interest to Japanese life of to-day. To be sure, in the primitive family of our early Era, patriarchy is found to control the household. "Full control," however, does not exactly fit the situation. There is still a good deal of the "one night" and "headland" business. But the recognized wife or concubine is now established in the husband's home, although the old principle is recognized by giving them separate establishments—as in the advice of little (Princess) Sahobime, when she chose to burn with brother, and also took care to choose her successors with Suinin, to be established in "the consort chambers," her last official

act as *kōgō* (Tennō's chief wife). This ingenious little woman helps us into the light in both ways, for her very choosing to burn shows the strong hold that the blood family had on its members, in preference to mere legal union. It is therefore quite natural both in the maternal and matriarchal sense that Jimmu's wife I-suke-yori-hime, should betray her wedded spouse (and ex-stepson) to seat her own children and House on the tribal throne. Jingō-kōgō does the same for other reasons, and we can be fairly sure that the maternal influence and clan is behind Nintoku, Richiu, and Ingio. Ankō and Yuriaku hardly needed it; and Kenzo and Ninken, unfortunate foundlings, come to port in the person of their aunt. Now of course there is little direct argument here for a trace of matriarchy. But it exists, and is strengthened by the power of the avuncular influence on the mother's side. It is this that leads Prince Saho-biko and Take-hani-yasu to aim without further deviation straight at the throne itself. Behind the Tennō, real or nominal, there is naturally not only the reigning clan, but all his father's brothers and other ascendants. These, in so far as they do not fall in with the aspirants clan on the mother's side, have little sympathy with him. It is the weak spot in every movement to supplant the recognized heir to the throne. The balance of physical force under normal conditions swings to his side. And where there is no recognized rule of primogeniture, it is quite likely to seek and support the strongest representative for the Tennō's throne; that is, until the rise of "mayor's of the palace" introduces another influence, and we meet with the first of them in Heguri-no-Matori. The system in force during the period of tradition certainly secured a strong line of princes for the Yamato kingdom. And it is an indication and the result of these wars between tribes and clans fighting for supremacy. Even Richiu, a drunkard, is no weakling; and scanty as are the data of his reign they are most important in the communication with China and Korea, which lead to the introduction of the arts and writing, 405 A.D., this latter bringing with it the literature of the Middle Kingdom. But even if this be so, and patriarchy holds the guiding reins, the traces of the ancient polity

are still distinct, although less marked than in the purely legendary times of the Heavenly Deities.

It is pleasing to find women foot, if not fancy, free. It is a young girl on the mountain side who gives warning to the uncle of Sūjin, already despatched on a mission to Kōshi with his forces, to subdue the distant peoples of the north-west coast. This leads him to turn his arms against the nearer and more dangerous Take-hani-yasu. Richiu gets a similar warning. In all Keikō's adventures among the bandits of Kyūshū women figure prominently in influence and direction. He conquers one bandit chief because the daughter, enamoured of Keikō, cuts her father's bow string. And Keikō in a transport of gratitude (to Confucius and the Five Relations) cuts her throat and gets rid of her at the same time. It is these wandering maidens particularly who are victims of the "headland" tribute. And concubines or wives of this transient title are thick as the rice-heads in the Central Land of Reed Plains. Some are wiser than others. When the Princess Wodo sees the train of Yuriaku she at once takes to the woods, to the great disgust of that imperial poet, called into action by the mere sight of a petticoat. Not that their lot was particularly hard when called into the royal service. The life, if rude and rough, was plentifully besprinkled and varied by feasts and festivities, and it was only under such rough discipline as that of Yuriaku, or under such a sulky fellow as Ninken, that there is record of somewhat harsh treatment, head-slicing, and boiling in hot water. And over all this female contingent, as far as the Court was concerned, ruled one of their own sex. Here the kōgō was nearly supreme in her sphere. Admittance to her train was only obtained with her consent or abdication. And if the intruder chose to stay she could make things very unpleasant for the fair one who thus braved her displeasure by leaning on the Tennō for support. And with such support the Princess Sotohori Iratsume, sister of Osaka-no-hime the kōgō, wisely was not satisfied.*

* As to marriage and giving in marriage there is an interesting echo of the old Long House totem marriage ban in the case of Ariaki and Akitama. It belongs to this late period. Of Nihongi I 396 Aston. Sotohori=Sotohoshi. Cf. Chamberlain, Kojiki p. 293.

How far the *patria potestas* went it is hard to say in absolute terms. Judging from later Japan probably to life itself, tempered by a certain platonic responsibility to the clan. Certainly the life of a brother could be taken with very small cause, and the *patria potestas* was here justified by an *ex post facto* application of the rule. It all depended on whether or not the operator was really an earnest man and brother. But if there are intrigues within the litter it is pleasant to find that there is not a single attempt recorded in Japanese annals, of son against father. That form of palace conspiracy happily is unknown, and there is no reason to believe that the chroniclers have avoided it by the sin of omission. There is strong suspicion that some of the Tennō (Chuai for instance) were disposed of by palace conspiracies, now and later; but their own issue are not involved. And this not usual where a freedom of selection exists; such as is practised by Ōjin, who selects a successor from his three sons according to their answer as made to his question. Where such freedom exists it of course does not imply peaceful succession. And this was not the rule. There was almost certainly a fight. Omitting the nonentities immediately succeeding Suizei (Jimmu's son), and which are probably mere padding to add five hundred years to the genealogy and so give it a respectable length in the face of their Chinese models (our chroniclers of the Kojiki and Nihongi are writing at the beginning of the eighth century 712-720 A.D); of eighteen sovereigns, three (Jimmu, Keikō, and Nintoku) have fighting enough to satisfy even a primitive Japanese. Nine others only succeed in reaching the throne through conspiracy and fighting (Suizei, Sūjin, Suinin, Ōjin, Richiu, Ankō, Yuriaku, Seinei, Muretsu). Chuai is a doubtful case that we cannot grant a peaceful issue from this world; nor does the native chronicler do so. Chuai savours strongly of being the Japanese Romulus.* Hanzei did the fighting to put his brother Richiu on the throne. Ingiō, Kenzō, and Ninken, reluctantly took their seat through doubtful intrigue. Seimu alone

* But not in Dr. Frazer's sense of king as sacrificial victim.

succeeded peacefully; and he congratulates himself that Keikō had made it possible. As for Shiraka, father Yuriaku had "cleared the deck," and it was necessary for a younger generation to grow up to fighting age before there could be trouble. It is not so difficult as we come down the record, through the Middle Ages even to this forty-third year of Meiji, to understand how *this* side of the *Yamato-damashii* has always been a prominent feature. The Japanese are denounced as tricky, treacherous, quarrelsome, and bad neighbours. And they are so. These are qualities of a warlike people. But with these bred in the bone, in the marrow so to speak and operating through all the centuries, how can they help themselves? To quarrel with this side of the *Yamato-damashii* is to quarrel with Dame Nature herself. in her greatest stake of the war game. It is the barking at the moon. Get ye hence and do likewise!*

Naturally we find these qualities prominent in the younger element, male and female. Of the men we need say nothing. From Jimmu's Yamato wife to Princess Medori and Kagehime, the women take their part of the strife and the penalty. And all these qualities we can transfer to the lower grades of society. These ambitions could have no scope if they did not find arms and brains of the same kind to put them in action. The fighting is usually fast and furious. One side of course must be beaten; usually with great ease to the chronicler. But they leave a tremendous casualty list on the field. We get glimpses of the social organization, whether it be for war or public works. These latter are supposed to be undertaken as early as the time of Sūjin; that is, the first record after Jimmu to which we can attach possible if scanty value. Pools are then made. And in the reign of his successor Suinin, the *Be* or industrial organizations (guilds) are mentioned. These dates of course amount to

* Two Japanese quarrel in this twentieth century with bows and smiles, and hands wrapped in the folds of their ample sleeves. A few weeks later the community wakes to the news that one of the twain has burst into his enemy's house, and sword in hand exterminated the whole family down to the babe in the cradle.

nothing; but they show that the chroniclers gave these a tremendous antiquity in their records, and as they have little to do with the actual genealogy making there is less reason for stretching the truth. At that early date there would be no hesitation in slinging in a Tennō or so to fill up. Later, when more serious gaps occur, a *Be* is established to carry on the worship of the royal stock where there is lack of issue. These organizations, however, must have been largely for census purposes. A wood-cutter's *Be* naturally must be scattered far and wide; as also a fisherman's *Be*. The military organization just as naturally would be more concentrated, a fact which gave the later centralization its opportunity. But this *Be* structure was fit ground on which to rest the entering wedge. Industry was ordered and directed. A man did what he was told, and *that* is the important point. He naturally turned to leaders, and they to higher authorities. In the village it is this little knot of elders which to-day on the Japanese country-side directs absolutely the affairs of every individual man. If he does not choose to submit, let him go elsewhere. He usually has no place to which to go, even to-day. Two thousand years ago, and down to 1867, he did not even have this choice of next to nothing. Recalcitrants turned outlaw.

Now this does not necessarily give rise to an absolutism in the directing elders The tyranny over an individual may be drastic, even atrocious. The scope given to petty hatred is too direct and too easily wielded not to cause much suffering to any marked individuality. Any Quaker meeting displays the same feature. But the dependence of authority on authority makes it turn to precedent, and at least keeps all within formal obedience to certain rules; and, be it added, makes these rules all the harder to change. Both young and old were therefore in the firm grasp of formal custom. The first cannot move, no matter how much they may wish to do so; the latter have lost the wish and are timid under responsibility, the more so as mistakes in Primitive and Old Japan (up to 1867) only too often involved the head slicing experience—an exceedingly radical measure, one beyond remedy even to these "twice-born men." When things were not carried to such

extremes they were merely whipped, branded, hung, boiled alive, or crucified—sufficiently inconvenient and unpleasant measures in themselves. Naturally when the head of the whole body politic is reached there is no desire for change. Everything is for the best in this best of possible worlds: and the only scramble is for the "divvy." As to this there is very little change, whether we are dealing with the Heavenly Deities, Jimmu and his immediate successors, the early Tennō, the Middle Ages, the Shōgunate, or—1867 and the forty-third year of Meiji. Let us be glad for this delightful simplification found in Japanese history. The motive at bottom is not confined to Japan, but elsewhere it is more complicated with other issues. The Japanese Pecksniff, from Deity-Thought-Includer to—distinguished statesmen on the subject of Korea and Manchuria, is decidedly naive. He is catching a snuffling trick common to his confrères in the West, best expressed in the terms "good of the native," "civilizing barbarous tribes" out of existence etc etc; but the greediness is as yet not well disguised.

The Japanese chief therefore (Tennō or Shōgun) was as much tied in his way, as was the village youth in his sphere. He grasped the community as its (and his) all, and like any other natural object he found it to be fit for its particular uses and for no others. And those surrounding him saw that he put it to no other uses. In the early days he found a sphere of personal usefulness in rolling up his ball to the confines of the world as he knew it. The times were not ripe for further adventures. When they were, the ball was so tightly wrapped that it would not expand. And the fate of the nation, and of its leaders, was the fate of every individual unit in it. How could it be other wise? It was the nature of the beast. We have seen what was the individual outlook confronted with the elders. Social custom had long fixed a man's relation to them. Toward his rivals it adopted a more variable attitude; as indeed must be the case. The spoils will aways be the object of ambition in any System. This left a fair and enticing enough field for the Japanese of Primitive and Mediaeval times. Again we are confronted simply with an effort to make good; a fight to secure position. This

necessarily involved the individual's attitude toward subordinates. Position cannot be secured without due use of the only means then known to secure it (machinery did not take the place of arms). And it is to this that the gradual arrangement and hardening into a set mould of the whole Japanese political organization is due. It is not a development, an evolution. There is a complication of primitive machinery, the germs of which are found in very early times, the whole outline being strangely familiar through the ages. Movement was much freer in this Primitive Japan. Strangers are constantly coming into the body politic on advantageous terms. There is a constant distribution and redistribution of the plums; so much so that Ingiō, in alarm lest the Court favourites should be frozen out, eliminates inconvenient competition by a hot water selection, not too fairly carried out it can be imagined. But every political disturbance upset the local arrangement. The usual head slicing and strangling (later belly-slicing) followed, with a new arrangement at the end of the hurly-burly. Thus the game was exciting, and the stakes reasonably high. Social castes of course early set hard and fast. An intruder had to be a *very* strong character to get into the set of the leaders. But even a thousand years later Hideyoshi, son of a peasant, could seat himself on the Japanese throne and direct the energies of the nation. He showed enough deference to aristocratic prejudice to submit to adoption by a blue-blooded insignificant, thus securing what amounts in our western world to a Papal countship or other title of the Roman Curia; a blue-blooded *insignificant*, for neither Hideyoshi or the genuine old *kugé* would have suffered ability in a running mate.

Naturally the definition of the term ambition does not reach very high in Japanese history. It is simply "to get there." Not for oneself; on that point we must be fair. A man only "got there" as he took others, his family or clan. The result is a man self-centred in a clique which he works for his own ends, and these are purely material. There is no ambition for a wide and widening end. The only one to have such ambitions was this Hideyoshi, the Japanese Cromwell (and one that

could slice heads if he wished, but much preferred to smother rash ambitions in Court or *daimyō*). The Korean expedition of Hideyoshi, at the end of the sixteenth century, had no real foundation in the national genius, or necessity from pressure of population. Iyeyasu recognized this, and drew out of it. But this lack of great ambitions, this confinement to purposes of a clique, put a premium on indirectness of method. A man ambitious for himself could *ostensibly* be only ambitious for others; and indirectness of method means a free use of the very worst methods and ambitions, as in the wars of all periods, whether a palace intrique against Richiu, or in the Middle Ages, or in Hogen and Heiji when the foulest of material struggles was the inspiring motive on both sides. And as the ambitions were narrowed, necessarily the same fate befell the virtues. Self-centring it is true gives energy of character, but this particular form of individualism (if it can be called such) in Japanese history meant leadership without moral responsibility, in so far as it was not strictly inherent in the custom of the country, which reduces it much to a matter of form. In these days of violence, which in one place or another brought young Japan into the strenuous life, up to the days of Iyeyasu, and even to the days of Meiji, this naturally developed quick wit and varied methods to meet contingencies. Whoever failed to possess them necessarily went under in the strife of man against men. This applied to every grade of society, and particularly to the fighting man. Men advanced with their leader. The whole particular clique formed one solid unit, rising and falling together, which fact is at the basis of that abnormal development of loyalty to a petty chieftain, a monstrosity later shifted on to the shoulders of Confucian morality. No such abortion was ever really born from that fine code of ethics. It cannot be held responsible for Bushidō.*

* What the Japanese writers are fond of discussing as Bushidō is simply Chinese ethics. Its Japanese peculiarities as exemplified in the case of the "47 *rōnin*" are its defects. Bushidō of the sixteenth century again differs from Bushidō of the twentieth century. The "47" have been vigorously defended by a number of writers in a recent number of the Taiyo magazine.

In this small world of these Japanese Islands the field of enterprise was very limited, and the possibilities for these chieftains very narrow. There was not too much to go around, and little inducement to share it with others. Some room for shifting there was, and such as could take place did take place. But defeat meant disaster, and chief and retainers perished together. The development and climax of their code in *harakiri* illustrates a peculiar phase of Japanese history in its extension. This is not peculiar to Japan; for more than one unfortunate city, taken in the net of Roman brutality, and subject to its vengeance, deliberately chose to perish rather than to face such consequences. Antiquity and antiquated customs come down to the twentieth century in Japanese thought, whereas in the West they are only memories, or preserved for useful qualities, the application being based on existing requirements, and the old meaning discounted or altogether abandoned.

Success was everything therefore in pre-Meiji Japan. Brute violence could often be met only by finessing, which developed both these qualities to an abnormal degree. This was conducted under the most favourable of conditions. A man won in the name of an abstraction—a chief, a *daimyō*, really a community. Thus the individual escaped all responsibility, and any blunder came back to afflict the community, as it thoroughly deserved. Individual traits, however, thus lose definition in their ends. Nothing stands out but the individual actions of the man, his down-sitting and his up-rising. We hardly stop to consider his object. And this is as true of Jimmu and Yuriaku as it is of Yoritomo and Yoshitsune. Prince Karu strangles himself, Muretsu dies in his bed, Ōishi Kuranosuke of the forty-seven *rōnin* slits open his belly—this is all according to custom, and young and old in the Japan of to-day gravely wag their head in approval. The action and the *finale* are what catch the attention. The *motif* is left entirely out of account, for the Red Indian savagery which pursued Lord Kira can hardly stand examination in any *ethical* code. *Shikata ga nai* is the standing excuse for the methods pursued and the nature

of the *finale*. Necessarily then the community becomes the prey of individual greed: which has all the direction and none of the responsibility, as it acts in the name of an abstraction at first and second hand.

Religious development during this period undergoes very slight change. It is not entirely absent nor does it lack importance. The Satsuma clan adds largely to its pantheon, and doubtless the subject tribes gain by kindred amalgamation of local gods. One feature is well worth accentuating. The "Record" and "Chronicles," with hardly a specific mention of its existence, suddenly bring us face to face with a fully developed theocracy, and that so naturally that we realize there is change of form rather than substance. There are few early direct references to religious worship by the kings. His ancestress the Sun Goddess, and her right hand man High-Integrating-Deity, send Jimmu aid at their own initiative. His brother's death is attributed to fighting "against the sun," which is a very sensible idea if they fought with the sun in their eyes. There is also scanty mention of local gods as he moves from place to place; gods of sea and land, with tails and without tails, sometimes met in person, sometimes merely surmised, or identified by the unexpected fruitfulness of maidens wandering the hillside. Sūjin finds himself compelled to make some distinction. He separates Heavenly Shrines from Earthly Shrines, and there is little differentiation between the two. In Suinin's reign it is more divination than worship, and the references to the deities cannot be distinguished from those of "the age of the gods" when they all lived fraternally together in the Plain of High Heaven.* The main keynote is that they are not thus to be distinguished from human beings. In name and action the *kami* graduate into their different forms, from divine beings to lords of the soil, and it is not possible to tell where one begins and the other ends. When all kinds of deities swarm in the records—as with Yamato-

* Its location is the subject of grave discussion by Japanese antiquarians and archaeologists. But do German savants worry as to Walhalla? Where is Rokugo, palace of the sea god? Nay—where is McGinty? See Mr. Aston's note, Nihongi I. 132: also 225-6.

take and his adventures—it is hard to know whether he is engaged against a divine being, or against a recalcitrant to Keikō's supremacy; and the deity of Mount Ibuki can as well be a bandit, or an ex-baron on a strike, or a petty chief still unsubdued and sitting tight in his own bailiwick, or hail, storm, and cloud obscuring the sun. When we are confronted with the long list of the fully developed Shintō Nature gods*—well, we cannot distinguish them from the time when they figured in their old home in the Plain of High Heaven and the Kojiki; avoiding reference to the Nihongi, which has so "Chinafied" and developed them that they are not so easily recognized as relatives in early and later times as in the simpler "Records" or the Shintō Rituals.

Now in the Kojiki and this twentieth century the gods are supposed by the Japanese actually to be their ancestors and procreators. At least so says Baron Kikuchi,† in which he has the support of a long and honourable list of the greatest living names in Japan, heroes in war and peace, worshipping at the Shōkonsha the manes of those fallen on the battle-fields of Manchuria and Tsushima, and gone to join these ancient ancestors. Now it is of course perfectly true that these gods, *qua* gods, do not and never did exist. And it is equally likely that as human beings they never figured on earth or anywhere else; but what this worship of the gods as ancestors does teach us is, that these old Japanese, and present Japanese, did and do believe in ancestor worship. They would be the last to deny it. And that is the main point at issue. We can even sympathize with them, for we are all a little tainted with the same complaint, a prejudice in favour of our forebears. Where the shock, the contrast between two radically opposed systems, comes in is when Shintō confronts Buddhism in the momentous year 552 A.D. What Japan received from China (through Korea) was the corrupted northern Buddhism, in its exoteric form conveyed through the elaborated fictions of the Mahayana texts. Here were gods indeed. Great Buddhas, Lords of the Universe,

* Cf. Mr. Aston's "Shintō."
† "Japanese Education" p. 8.

with deities removed from actual ken, and the fairly complete Hindu pantheon—"with monks, nuns, male and female lay devotees, gods, Nagas, goblins, Gandharvas, demons, Garadas, Kinnaras, great serpents, men, and beings not human, as well as governors of a region, rulers of armies, and rulers of four continents." A new view is thus given to their own divinities, and the chronicles show it on their face. Both the ancient Shintoist and the modern western reader are shocked and startled at the confrontation. Thereafter the Nakatomi hereditary priesthood, existing to-day as the Kannushi, appear in an attitude new to them and to us, (we only hear of them attached to worship by the Tennō, and the Nihongi refers them back to Suinin's hesitating establishment of the shrines at Ise: probably they long antedated any record even in tradition). To save their own bacon they appear in politics. They are beaten it is true; but they are supple, and can beat the devil around the stump as skilfully as any of their confrères. For centuries, in the great House of Fujiwara, they govern Japan and its politics. What caused this change of rôle? Before 552 A.D. the Nakatomi are not heard of politically. The religion of the country, wherever it was locally in practice, as is the case with Shintō to-day, was represented in one united whole. After 552 A.D., the priest is no longer the mere mouthpiece of the worshipper. He becomes the intermediary; and contact with a ritualistic Buddhism soon almost stamps out the old Shintō. Ise, the specific place of worship of the divine ancestors of the Tennō; Idzumo, the seat of old Deity Master-of-the-Great-Land, who drove his shrewd bargain; these held their own in the main. The others degenerated into Ryōbu Shintō, as was the case at Kumano; or go bodily over to Buddhism. Of course 552 A.D. merely marks a point of struggle. Buddhism had been filtering in for a hundred and fifty years.*

* Almost any western worship is a good contrast to Shintō. Druidism had its metaphysics. Its gods had passed out of contact with humanity. Its priests were a great ruling corporation. There is no evidence of this in Shintō. Its priests *became* a great ruling corporation and abandoned their cult.

## § 7.

It is nothing extraordinary to find only change in detail and not in form. If it were not for the fact that his kingdom was larger, and its administration a little more complicated Yuriaku could readily change places in the chronicles with Jimmu. So readily that the long interval between them in the official chronology is all the more to be suspected. And if Jimmu used a leaf cup in his palace furniture, so did Yuriaku. The latter's understanding of ceremony was no model even for Jimmu. Ninken was suspected of desiring to snip off the lady's head; she anticipated his intentions. One feature can be emphasized: we are not dealing with any feudal relation between chief and subordinates. Feudalism is based on contract, clear and concise as a public grant can make it. So concise that the contract itself often gave rise to dispute as to its interpretation. But feudalism sprang out of two separate elements; that of the *comes* to his chief, and found even in savage tribes with a very rudimentary political structure; that of the subject of the Roman Emperor, tied and controlled by a legal system carried to a high degree of perfection in theory and practice. It is the latter of these that makes feudalism such a highly artificial stage of civilization. The so called traces of "feudalism" in Primitive Japan are distinctly relationship between tribal chiefs, one of which is overlord. But there is a wide distinction to be made between such a Tartar chieftain as existed in Japan, from Jimmu down to the introduction of writing (405 A.D. *ca.* and Buddhism 552 A.D.), and a feudal prince. The Tartar chief has no contract with his subsidiary chiefs. He grants them such power as he chooses (in one phase), or takes what he can (in another phase). A fief, originally in practice and

always in theory, belonged to the sovereign, and was formally granted in set terms. The underlings of the Tartar chief were allies, real and nominal. An ally might be suppressed by violence, but the Tartar chief would never have dreamed of pleading a property right, except in so far as might made right and he owned the Earth. He took what he had abstained from taking. He did not retake. And the difference is important. The arrangement was an extremely unsatisfactory one. From the days of Jimmu the effort is made to get rid of this organization. Members of the ruling clan are put in possession of conquered tribes, and thus it is scattered in virtual control over the whole country. Even then the arrangement is not satisfactory, and there is a progressing effort to eliminate this independent feature and substitute a centralized organization.

The progress toward this is interesting. Our war lord has, even in the earliest times, not gone man hunting himself. It is Sūjin's uncle, not Sūjin himself, who goes out to pursue the savages of the north and west, and who later defeats Take-hani-yasu. The Tennō are vigorous, active chieftains, but they do act in military affairs largely (and necessarily) through subordinate generals. Only in stress of necessity, or to reach the throne do they take arms in person.* And this feature becomes more and more prominent with time. We have found that Muretsu (*ca.* 500 A.D.), perhaps Kenzō and Ninken, had to face a mayor of the palace in the person of Matori. This noble is the first of a long line, and his opportunities were not great. By contact with literary China (through Korea) and Buddhism a great and radical change had been wrought in detail; not in essentials, be it added. The Chinese *formulae*, especially ceremonial, were exactly what this intelligent, quick-witted people wanted. All the court furniture—clothes, titles, and decorations—were adopted wholesale. The case was somewhat like that of King

* Civil wars excepted. Every monarch, down to this twentieth century, fights for his throne. The Japanese Tennō did not always do that. To the opposite contention it can be replied—after the apocryphal Keikō, what Tennō headed his armies? Temmu? As Tennō, no.

Kamehameha of Hawaii, decked out in a plug hat, a laced coat, and a breech-clout. But it was quickly gotten into shape. And the outer covering sat badly on the administrative shape. The tribal system had been a failure. The effort to centralize it had resulted in Mayors of the Palace.

The reason for this is not hard to find. The Tennō is not passing from the throne, but he is passing into the hands of his ministers; that is from one powerful family to another. The individual no longer governs in Japan—if he ever did. The process, in any event, is one long in operation. It is seen in the prominence played by the elder members of the house, uncles and elder brothers, who figure in this capacity as real rulers, for the principle of substitution, or acting by deputy and never directly, gets early hold in Japan. When Kanamaru therefore ousts Muratori and puts Muretsu on the throne, it is no indication of the qualities good or bad of the candidate. A principle of legitimacy in the ruling branch has sprung up (or did afterwards, for the chronicler may well have substituted the thought of his own time), and when the line of Nintoku expires in Muretsu (499-506 A.D. officially: Kume 516-517 A.D.), a successor is found in a younger branch from Ōjin, and let us hope of less doubtful genealogy than the last substitution, although that could hardly be so from the apocryphal Ōjin. But the selection is made under the auspices of Kanamaru, and so he holds his own during the two following reigns. By the middle of Kimmei's reign (540-541 A.D. officially: 532-572 A.D. Kume)* the Soga family, however, had risen to endanger his influence, and the old man is forced to withdraw from court. In spite of the reassurance given him by the Tennō himself, he evidently found safety in obscurity, and doubtless knowing the situation much better than we of to-day acted wisely in so doing.

For it was these Soga that emphasized the crisis through which the representative of the ruling clan—the Tennō—

* We need not trouble about dates as yet. Keidai is a father at thirteen years. Mr. Aston has pointed out, that as late as 573 A.D., under Kimmei, the chronology is unreliable.

was going toward his fate, to be retired as a sort of Japanese Pope. The course is still long, but under the Japanese, or any other system of substitution or deputed action, the result was inevitable. What had taken place was this: the ruling clan had for some generations established its supremacy over southern and western Japan, and had a tolerably firm hold on the main island as far north as Dewa and Mutsu. For the chiefs of the subject clans, younger branches of the chief house in the ruling clan had been in many cases substituted; and otherwise the chiefs of powerful families still held their own on equivalent terms. This was hardly a feudalism, for the rule lay by right in the local ruler, irrespective of any contract. But where centralisation was steadily going on, and salaried officers from the Tennō's court were constantly encroaching upon and filtering into and through these subject clans, it was all the more dangerous for these weaker organisations. There was no right, no contract, to plead against might. The first step was taken against these very Soga; proud, strong, turbulent nobles. The particular branch of this family thus involved, seems to have established itself in the north, and to have had at its command forces drawn from the aborigines—the Yemishi. The first chief of this house to come into prominence is Soga no Iname. The issue he raised was a religious one. Buddhism had been introduced from Korea in 552 A.D., and the Soga house enthusiastically adopted it. On trying to force it on the kingdom they were met by the Nakatomi, the hereditary priesthood of the native Shintō, which (as far as we meet with it in chronicles composed to advertise the deeds of the ruling house) was confined to a single family or clan. These of course had strong backing among the nobles, and the lucky accidents of a pestilence and convulsions of Nature induced the Tennō to believe in the anger of the native gods. Such worship as had secured a footing was stamped out by fire and pitching the sacred images into the river, a very insufficient way of getting rid of them in this land of miracles.

Of course pestilence works both ways. Sauce for the

goose is sauce for the gander, and incipient Buddhists could soon point to the anger of the Buddhas and their attendant deities. Besides, the daughter of Soga-no-Iname was a favoured concubine of Kimmei. And Kimmei knew something of the power of women in palace intrigue. The widow of his predecessor, the *nyoin* Yamada, had kept him in tutelage longer than he liked. Indeed at this period women are much the centre of intrigue; strong capable women too, and it is nearly the middle of the eighth century before the throne is left to the male line.* The Soga began the practice of marrying the Tennō to a daughter of the House. And this prevalence of the blood gives as result that it is really an indirect matriarchy which for centuries rules the succession. The Japanese throne has thus passed from Soga to Fujiwara with few exceptions during the period with which we have to deal.†

It is nothing astonishing to find Soga no Mumayko (or Umayko), son and successor of Iname, holding the position of prime minister (oho-omi) in 572 A.D. He was the ablest of this able family. In 584 A.D. he felt strong enough to again bring forward Buddhism; which dates from 552 A.D., but which took more than a generation to get a footing, and nearly one hundred years to secure a really strong hold or any material footing in political circles. Mumayko imported priests and nuns. An unlucky pestilence again spoiled his efforts; and the nuns and priests, after a sound flogging, were banished from the kingdom. Temples and images were reduced to ashes. But Mumayko quickly had his revenge. Bidatsu, who was very much on the fence in religious matters, died; his successor was sickly and an enthusiastic Buddhist. In the rivalry between the Soga and Mononobe (backed by the Nakatomi), the former had the valuable support of the throne. In the last days of Yomei there was an attempt made by Prince Anahobe to break into the palace and

* Not exclusively. Meisho Tennō (1630-1643 A.D.) succeeded her father: Go-Sakura-machi Tennō (1763-1770 A.D.), her brother.

† And at least down to the Tokugawa period, at which my lists of *kōgō* stop. Two or three Minamoto secure the position, and one Taira (Kiyomori's daughter—Kenreimon-in).

ravish and carry off the *nyoin*. The succession of Sujin, a child of Yomei by Soga's daughter simply brought on what old Mumayko, with crocodile lamentations, had prognosticated. Civil war broke out, with Anahobe supported by the Mononobe. Mumayko took the field at once and vigorously. Anahobe was encompassed by treachery and soon disposed of. With the whole backing of the officials of the ruling clan (naturally as his own appointees) the next game was Mononobe no Moriya himself; and this was all the more pleasing, because Moriya was his brother-in-law. The old chronicler says, most scandalously, that Mumayko's wife had her eye on her brother's property. He was a fat prize.* That all this was a straight out fight over the succession is plain enough from the fact that Sujin was not proclaimed Tennō until 587 A.D. And most ungrateful he was to this old king-maker. Within five years (592 A.D.) he is plotting against Mumayko. But there was a woman in the case, Ohotomo-no-kateho, a concubine whom he neglected and scorned. She let Mumayko into the whole affair.† His method of dealing with this rebellion in the Soga clan was simple and direct. He had the Tennō removed by assassination, thus anticipating kindred efforts directed against himself.

Not that Mumayko lost caste in any way by thus somewhat roughly intruding on the person of the Tennō. Why should he? He was dealing with his own (grandson). He simply substituted the grand-daughter of Soga-no-Iname (his niece). Suiko was also daughter of Kimmei and *kōgō* of Bidatsu, and for political purposes at least Anahobe had found her not unattractive. With her, as a sort of regent adviser, was established the famous Shōtoku Taishi. The prince, so unfortunate in his issue, was the son of Yomei by a half-sister. But probably he was fortunate in his reputation. There is not one thing in

* The "rice fort" mentioned is plainly a mere breastwork of the actual bags of rice.

† "Recently a wild boar was presented to the Emperor. He pointed to it and said:—When shall the man we think of be cut off as this wild boar's throat has been cut. Besides weapons are being made in abundance in the Palace." Cf Henry II. and Becket.

political life that he does which was not a favourite issue with old Mumayko, when he himself was as yet in swaddling clothes.* Naturally centralisation was going on. The more energetically as it was centralisation in the Soga clan. Back of every political movement of the young prince, it can be suspected, stood old Mumayko. The latter had proved his worth in the political arena. And he continued to prove it. It is in 612 A.D. that the Tennō signs a song in his honour, most eulogistic, and congratulating herself on her able avuncular adviser. As for the so-called "reform" of 604 A.D. it can be put aside altogether. The "Laws of Shōtoku Taishi" are moral precepts such as would be expected from an enthusiastic convert to a new religion. If taken as "legislation" they display little experience in human action, and crass ignorance as to legislative form. It is only when Mumayko is thoroughly in control that Buddhism, the chosen creed of this Soga family, fairly is established. Henceforward religion is no longer an issue. And when the Nakatomi again come forward nearly a generation later, a compromise has been found in the adoption of Shintō by Buddhism. This was a disastrous compromise for Shintō. At the great shrines of Ise and Izumo the native cult was tolerably safe, in a country in which worship was based on ancestor worship. Thus it was also safe on the *mitamashiro* of the households. But in the temples throughout the land it fared badly before the stronger creed.

The one who comes most creditably out of all this fighting and civil war is a certain Yorodzu, an officer of a company of guards belonging to Mononobe-no-Moriya. When his master's fate was sealed a move was made to run down his more earnest adherents, and evidently Yorodzu was a marked man. He was willing to make terms, to devote his strength and skill as mighty bow-man to the Tennō's service, which perhaps did not imply to

* He is a mere youth at the battle against Mononobe. He prays; and the battle is won! "In 604 A.D. the well-known Constitution:" Prof. Tomii "Fifty years of New Japan" I 235. But compare the Nihongi (Aston) II 129-132.

that of the Soga. Beset in a thicket he tied cords to the bamboos, and by shaking them deceived his enemies as to his whereabouts. Apparently safe they were a mark for his arrows. Thirty and more he killed at this spot. But on trying to make his escape he was lamed by an arrow in the knee. Still he fought on, accounting for another score. When his quiver was empty, and he could no longer fight, he cut his bow into pieces, plunged his dagger into his throat and died.* Natural signs—thunder, an earthquake etc.—prevented the usual dismemberment of the body. This interesting news, together with that of his dog starving itself to death, secured honourable burial from the superstitious court.

Even if Suiko was a Soga, she was also a Tennō. Thus when old Mumayko pressed her for a large addition to his fief, a robust donation from the Tennō's land and privileges, she refused flatly to grant it, solely on the basis of the wrong to her successors in so doing. In 626 A.D. Soga no Mumayko died, full of years, honours, and plunder, and Suiko was glad to follow him three years later. The Soga family, however, were well represented in the head of the house, Soga no Yemishi son of Mumayko. It has been said above that Shōtoku Taishi was unfortunate in his issue. These too were by a wife taken from the Soga family. In fact the next twenty-five years were occupied with factional division within the Soga themselves. Soga no Yemishi was hostile to the issue of Shōtoku Taishi, and succeeded in placing on the throne Jomei, a son of Bidatsu, instead of his nephew Prince Yamashiro no Ohoye. He was satisfied with this step. Not so his son, Soga no Iruka. And the arrogant Princess Kamutsumiya, a daughter of Shōtoku Taishi, gave him a handle for his hatred to the house of Ohoye. This was so widely understood through the country side that children made it a subject of their songs. Iruka was so threatening that Prince Yamashiro took to flight. At first he successfully

* Suicide was effected by stabbing the throat, or strangling—vid: this Yorodzu and Ketsu—Nihongi II 116-164. Harakiri was a later practice. A Samurai woman always adopted the throat stabbing, with a ceremony only less elaborate than harakiri.

evaded pursuit and reached Ikomasan, in Yamato, but surrounded by the foe at the temple of Ikaruga he and all his family strangled themselves.* Even Soga no Yemishi was angered at this unwise persecution. Iruka was going too far. The Soga were a powerful clan, fortified in their castles with their bands of retainers. But a dispute over the plunder, lasting for a generation, had divided them. To the Nakatomi the ambitions of the Soga to seize the Tennō's throne were plain enough.† Their able leader, Nakatomi no Kamako began by weaving his plot with Prince Karu, himself a Soga and younger brother of the Tennō Kōgyoku, his sister, who had been put on the throne in 642 A.D. The interview had to be most secret. Then Nakatomi conveyed his real sentiments to Prince Ohoye the nephew, son of Kōgyoku, in respectfully fastening for him his shoe which had come loose in a court game of ball. Thus he tried all the Princes. As in all such cases Iruka had plain warnings, and neglected them. It was on the 12th day of the sixth month of 645 A.D. (about August—new style) that a Korean memorial and tribute was to be presented to the Tennō seated in state on the throne. The conspirators arranged to suborn the guard of the palace, and to have a free foot to settle accounts with Iruka. Even then they trembled before their game. It was Prince Ohoye who at last worked himself up to striking the first blow. Then they all fell on him before the eyes of the startled Tennō. Bowing his head to the ground the stricken Iruka gasped —"She who occupies the hereditary Dignity is the Child of Heaven. I, her servant, am conscious of no crime, and I beseech her to deign to make examination into this"; and so he died.

* Yakushiji at Hōryūji near Nara, founded in 607 A.D. by Shōtoku-Taishi. This is the Japanese "ancient of days", and is genuine. In poetry and literature it figures as does Chinon in Rabelais and Balzac —"the ancient city, yea the first city in the world", where Tom Wellhung of Gravot realized on his hatchet. Hōryūji, was a temple, not a city; but even then the population and extent of a large temple is no small matter.

† Such ambitions of a subject seemed very plain to men of these and much later times (they talked such projects at the end of the 18th century). Evidently much plainer to their eyes than to Japanese writers in this 20 century.

It was about as cowardly an assassination as history records; the cringing, basely smiling, fellow councillors, the cold sweat of fear bedewing their faces, waiting until Iruka had his back toward them to address the Tennō. After the murder the Tennō retired into the inner apartments—probably to pack her trunks. At first the conspirators headed by Ohoye fortified themselves in the Hōkōji Temple. Then gaining heart by the defection of the adherents of Soga no Yemishi, they attacked him in his lair. All within perished, and with them the bulk of the then existing records and literature of the country. The tale sounds a little apocryphal, but where the prime minister was, there probably were the records. They could not have amounted to much, not covering more than one hundred and fifty years, and from the account given of the origin of the Kojiki, written nearly fifty years later, the records were still largely kept by professional memorizers.* The conspirators had attained their object. Kōgyoku Tennō abdicated, and Prince Karu succeeded her as Kōtoku. Nakatomi no Kamako was the real power in the land. He induced Naka no Ohoye to bide his time. This latter had been the choice of Kōgyoku, probably on the ground that the man who struck the blow ought to have the job, and was her son.† The Soga still figure.

* There ought to have been some records elsewhere; for administrative purposes. The almost total loss of records and literature speaks volumes as to the use of writing at this time.

† The Prince Ohoye, Kōgyoku's son (later Tenchi Tennō), is made to figure as the captain and leader in the "reform" movement of 645-646 A.D. Now he was born in 626 A.D., and therefore was nineteen years old when he assassinated Iruka. It is this "statesman" of budding youth who is made responsible for the legislation of 645-646 A.D. That he was the bruiser—the Yamato-take or Yūryaku of the movement—can be believed, but a certificate of skill in butchery does not imply one in statesmanship. The statesman was almost certainly Nakatomi no Kamatari, perhaps backed by the mature Prince Karu (Kōtoku Tennō) aged fifty years. That Ohoye was a strenuous and influential character ten years later—at thirty years of age—there is no denying. He carried off the court (in 652 A.D.) and left the Tennō sucking his thumbs in helpless rage and his abandoned capital: a house moving that neither ruling prince nor people desired. Kamatari (or Kamako) plainly did not advocate the strenuous Ohoye as Tennō, during his (Kamatari's) lifetime. He is passed over a second time when his mother Kōgyoku again figures as Saimei Tennō (in 655 A.D.). When she died in 661 A.D. Ohoye went down to Kyūshū, and, still figuring

Soga no Kurayamado was made Udaijin (Minister of the Right), although he had been so scared before Iruka that the sweat broke out all over his face, and Iruka had asked him—"what was the matter?" Unfortunately for himself he had been satisfied with the prince's answer. "My awe in the Tennō's presence." But Kurayamado's action meant the end of his family. It would be curious to know how far all this political action was by the process of absorption—in which the Nakatomi substituted for the Soga, thus gaining the real power and leaving to the latter the shell. Kurayamado himself was a marked man. Only a few years later (in 649 A.D.) he was charged with conspiracy against the life of the Taishi (heir to the throne). Unwilling openly to take the position of a rebel, the only one open to him, he and all his family strangled themselves. His head was cut off and poled in the orthodox fashion of the day; and his daughter, the Taishi's wife, died of grief. The Prince shed a crocodile tear and a poem—the effusion on the Mandarin duck.*

It is at this point that we reach the famous "reform of 645 A.D." as defined by the Japanese historians. If "reform" be taken in the sense of a change of method for good or evil this sense of the term can be at once rejected. What is stated to have taken place is this—(1) a regulation "for the first time of forced labour" (on public works, and for the personal service of the palace). Now this is a question of the *Be* or guilds, and it is hard to conceive of such an organization without regulation. It would be a contradiction in terms. Now *Be* are institutions

as Taishi, muddled a Korean war. The Japanese were driven out of the peninsula for the next millenium (nearly). Thus he continued muddling along until 668 A.D., when powerful influences at work could no longer keep him out, and he was crowned, to become known afterwards as Tenchi. Kamatari died in 669 A.D., and Tenchi made him a Fujiwara, perhaps in gratitude for going where he could not give advice. This king-maker had exhausted his last trump; but Tenchi was nearly worn out too. He died three years later.

* I confess not to think much of it. The translation can be found in Mr. Aston's Nihongi II p. 235. There were later similar cases to Kurayamado, and they suffered the same fate. Notably Minamoto Yorimasa Gensammi, coddled by Kiyomori.

probably original to Japanese tradition. They are first mentioned under Sūjin, and thereafter constantly figure. Any treatment of this subject must have been merely a codifying of existing regulations or customs. (2) Registration of land and people. The same argument to applies to this. Land was the one form of property, public or private; and as property it implies people. Land at the South Pole is not property, at its present economic stage anyhow. Whether its disposition lies in the hand of a local chief, or in that of a central bureaucracy the connection between land and people is in the form of a record—not necessarily written, for the Peruvians had a most elaborate land system under a communal government, and yet possessed nothing but the *quipus*. In Japan private working of land existed under a system partly communal, and the introduction of writing, say some time in the fifth century, must have been a godsend in keeping records which every year made more complicated. Now these two bases—organization and regulation—are the underlying principles of what follows, and are certainly not original in this year 645 A.D.

To pass to 646 A.D. and more doubtful points: (3) an elaborate municipal system is laid down. In this year 1910, when people are much more elastic than in the seventh century,* it would be impossible to dump an entirely new organization on any community.† It is very unlikely that it took place in Japan twelve hundred years ago. The very organization to which we have referred, required an elaborate system of local government. What reform is to be found here, it can be safely said is due to the rise of larger towns, and especially a capital (Afumi). In fact one clause refers specifically to the capital, which naturally gave rise to new problems of sanitation and trade connected with the much elaborated court. A second

* Our ancestors were roughing it in Britain, and the Japanese were in no better shape.

† Cf. Professor Lowell, "Government of England" I Chap. VII and VIII: see p 189. What was new was the fixing of the capital permanently in one spot: not at this time, but under Kwammu in 793 A.D. This step made centralisation practical, as subsequent Japanese history shows.

clause refers to the rural township. These latter always must have been concentrated in villages. Rice culture demands it, then and now. In no land, more or or less thickly settled, has it been possible for man to live isolated. He clusters together for defence (not sociality; this is a mere figment of the vivid imagination of such socialistic writers as Prince Kropotkine). Then he pastures his herds, or cultivates the ground in his immediate vicinity. The codification of 646 A.D. distinctly lays stress on "the sowing of crops and the cultivation of mulberry trees.....the enforcement of the payment of taxes and of forced labour." Here we find "the nigger in the wood-pile," which enables us to pass on to (4) the question of taxes and forced labour. Of both of them the record has been full. Both terms imply organisation. And both impositions were savagely applied. Nintoku climbed to the top of a hill to see where the taxes had gone. Not a sign of smoke went up from the many hearths of the land; and wisely he remitted all imports for the space of several years. The cow had gone dry from over milking. (With this form of "squeeze" the Japanese were always familiar). Nintoku long ante-dated "the reform of 645 A.D." The only "reform" at this date was to abolish in form the old taxes and forced labour. Why? Because those who were in receipt of taxes found currency* more convenient. Only certain taxes could be so commuted. The forced labour necessary for maintenance of roads and existing public works had to be furnished, and the rice tax on land (22 sheaves to the chō) was maintained. It was easier to hire additional labour when needed. A community then furnished so many coolies—one coolie to fifty houses, which also furnished his rations; and 100 houses, or 200 houses, provided horses, according as the nag was a good or a bad one. On this levy the post service (a Government courier) depended. Officials did not escape this

* Silk, or textile goods (Aston). This payment in kind necessarily must have given rise to a paper currency in the form of orders on the stored material, passing readily from hand to hand. The country people had little trust in metallic currency, long after its introduction in the eighth century. Chō = 10 tan = 2.45 acres, English.

drag-net. They never had. It certainly was no new regulation that any *pretty* daughter was at the disposal of the Tennō; and the *uneme* (palace waiting maid) must be sent up with one male and two female servants as attendants. She was a sort of less official concubine in practice, if not in theory, and we meet with her in this sense in a few years.

For the rest, the regulations are "reforms" that did not reform. They are repeated at dishearteningly frequent intervals in the next half century Then there is no occasion to repeat them, for the recalcitrants *again* have the bit in their teeth. At least down to this forty-third year of Meiji in which official oppression, so easy under the Japanese social system, is by no means unknown. The outcry in 645 A.D. was against official oppression,* and long lists of guilty officials follow from time to time—punished mainly for petty tyranny and thieving Nobles had been land grabbing (on a scale only witnessed in our western United States and the twentieth century); public land for their own private uses, or private land because the other fellow was the weaker. They had done it—and they went on doing it. Some positive regulations were laid down; as to perjury, the status of slaves seeking a softer berth and so running away from tyrannous masters, divorce, marriage "squeezes" (mulcting the newly wedded pair†), human sacrifice,‡ the requirement of unbiassed witnesses in adultery charges, sale of repudiated wives as slaves (an easy way to make money and get even), blackmail levied against the relatives of strangers drowned or otherwise deceased, boiling rice by the wayside when on forced service outside one's own district (a fruitful source of blackmail by the local authorities), and finally against the cabman or livery service. These livery-men furnished and took charge of the peasant's horse, when on his way

* This "in no wise implies that any newly settled opinion thereon is set forth; on the contrary, the original national polity is by no means changed by it, but is more strongly confirmed than ever." (Marquis Itō—adapted for the occasion).

† A common practice among widely separated peoples-ancient and modern: "squeeze" financial, not physical.

‡ Cf Aston's "Nihongi I. p. 281. under Nintoku.

to the Capital with tax rice. They either overcharged him, and turned over a most miserable starved nag for the fat beast he left on relay; or they simply stole his horse, and reported it dead when he came again for it. *Tempora mutantur*? Not much!

All this is a very thin record of change of method, and it is impossible to take "reform" in this sense. And there are equally grave difficulties to take it as a serious constitutional change.* There was no shifting the Tennō into a central position he had lost. Even the strenuous Yuriaku was no more or less of a monarch than his immediate predecessors and successors; as the treatment of Ichinobe shows. The Nihongi itself is positive on that point. The gist of the edict supposed to be issued is that the Tennō "ought not to exercise control alone: he must have Ministers to support him. From generation to generation, therefore, Our Imperial ancestors have governed along with the ancestors of you, My Ministers"; and all the more reason for you to be upright in the administration, it goes on to say. And it emphasizes this by placing the Tennō in the position of an incarnate deity (an expression here first found). This is in an enthusiastic speech of the Taishi, and this giving the shell, and keeping the meat for the bureaucracy, is worth noting. For that is what it is in substance. There is a form of centralisation going on. The tribal chiefs are passing into Government officials, a process all the easier as the members of younger branches of the ruling family had secured the cream of these posts. It was a family movement in the Capital. And the chiefs of the family were in the future not only to say what the Tennō should do, but who he should be. If that is a "reform" from the Tenno's point of view—it is a very optimistic one. Yuriaku would have treated such "reformers" to the sword exercise; and Nintoku would have simply pointed them out to Yamato-take as new candi-

* Cf "Early Institutional Life of Japan." The Kojiki and Nihongi are the only authorities for this period. I confess to being unable to follow Professor Asakawa in the grave tone in which he discusses these changes. As to 604 A.D., I fail to see them at all. The so-called code of Shōtoku Taishi is moral not legal.

dates for the "clutching process," and merrily "sic'ed" him on.

The centralisation dated at least from the days of Matori-no-omi, who *thought* he could dispose of the throne,* Kanamaru, Soga, and Nakatomi no Fujiwara, who did dispose of it. This latter remained in favour and power up to his death in 669 A.D., having in the meantime put Kōgyoku (as Saimei) again on the throne, and lived well into the reign of her successor and son, Tenchi. And here we have a little palace intrigue to unravel. It explodes so thoroughly the idea of a mighty emperor ruling at will an empire through a mere bureaucracy of clerks. That is never the case. There is no such bureaucracy, outside of a celibate institution such as the Church of Rome.† Bureaucracy rules through a class—a Baronage, a Bourgeoisie, or a political machine consisting of "Boss" and "Boys." What Japan was doing now was to pass through the stage lying between chieftainship as found in semi-barbarous tribes, and chieftainship as found in a feudal system. And this border land consisted in the rule of great families centred in a capital. Its distinction as such lies in being a civil rule directing the military. Its end of course is certain. This comes when the military again grasps the civil government. There is not necessarily reversion to tribal government. The relation of the reciprocal units becomes a feudal one—that is, a military dependence.

The personal influence and position of the Tennō in his family council (Soga or Fujiwara)‡ depended on his

* I cannot see the ground for Baron Kikuchi's statement—"Never .....has there been a single instance of a subject presuming to attempt to place himself on the throne." "Japanese Education" p 8. The contemporaries of these aspirants thought differently.

† The Roman Hierarchy wields tremendous power. But even then the rank and file has its well defined right to influence. As for Bureaucracy—Balzac, in fiction has drawn it in "Les Employés." In real action the power of the best example is described in Professor Lowell's "Government of England."

‡ As Hohenzollern rules in Germany, Hanover in Britain, Hapsburg in Austria; so Soga and Fujiwara ruled Japan. The point has important bearing on the interpretation of Japanese history. I only know of its being emphasised by Mr. Aston in his "Shintō" (published 1905), and independently by the writer in Sakurambō (published 1906 : this book, ready in August 1905 was delayed by a printers strike).

personal force. And this was the case with the Prime Minister also. Feuds within the house were the primary cause of any change of power—within the House or to another House. Now the Prince Oho-ama,* later to be known as Temmu, was the brother of Tenchi Tennō. He had early been named Taishi (Crown Prince) and successor, and had married his niece, a daughter of Tenchi. He is described as virile and martial, skilled in astronomy and the art of making himself invisible; which latter shows that he did not despise some of the magical arts of the Shaman to impress himself on his followers. The term virile and martial could also be applied to his wife the Princess. Now although Tenchi had numerous wives and many children, all surviving by his *kōgō* and his concubines were females.† But by *uneme* (palace-waiting girls) two male children are mentioned; and one of these, Ohotomo, by an *uneme* named Yakako was "subsequently" made Taishi. The term "subsequently" is suggestive. Now there is plainly a palace intrigue to put a favourite child on the throne. Prince Oho-ama (afterward Temmu) was summoned to the Tennō's presence to give his views on the subject. When passing within Yasumaro Soga gave him the hint to be careful what he said. Taking this cue he resolutely declined the succession, and suggested that Prince Ohotomo should be selected. We can understand how a "virile and martial" man—and as Tennō, Temmu showed himself to be such—and of whose quality they had had a taste in the preceding reign, would not be popular with those who ruled, and who did not intend to be ruled. Temmu realized his danger. He was a great noble with powerful support and with powerful resources. These wretched little bureaucratic rules he made, not obeyed. With his powerful backing he finessed.

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* I shall use the posthumous names as convenient. The others are interminable.

† Two later were on the throne. Princess Uno (Jitō-Tennō) daughter of the *kōgō* Wochi no Iratsume, and Princess Abe (Gemmei-Tennō) daughter of the *kōgō's* younger sister Mahi no Iratsume. Both were Soga. Takeru was the *kōgō's* son. He died, aged eight, under Saimei. As for marriage with *deceased* wife's sister: there was no such absurd postponement of the issue.

He announced his retirement from the world and his intention to turn priest. Thus he sifted out all lukewarm supporters. On the death of Tenchi, within a few months of the famous interview, he was ready for action. It is more than likely that such a man met his opponent at least half way. Just as plain is it that he made good by force of arms. It is one of those absurd phases, due to the legend of Imperialism, in Japanese historical methods, that Prince Ohotomo was not recognized as one of the Tennō until 1870!* And in this the cue was taken from the Nihongi itself, which blandly refuses to recognize what was undoubtedly the *de facto* and *de jure* Government set up at the Capital. Prince Ohotomo was installed with all his ministers and state on the Tennō's throne. He moves against Oho-ama (Temmu) as against a rebel, and the latter raises his forces in opposition as against those who were threatening his life; his oath of renunciation was entirely too fresh in the minds of men to do otherwise. The inexperienced prince aged twenty-three years, lost the war game against the virile and martial captain, hardened in the strife and palace intrigues of the last generation. Indeed the story would read very much as if "the wicked uncle" had again in the world's history grasped the heritage of the hapless heir. However, Temmu can be excused on this point. Ohotomo's lineage was not of the most elevated, and Temmu had already the right to expect the succession. The civil war was desperately fought out, and plainly Temmu had a hard fight of it in this family disturbance. But finally his captains could deliver the head of Ohotomo to him on a platter, and at last the Tennō's palace was empty. He moved into it in 673 A.D.†

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* As Kōbun Tennō. This belated legitimatisation the western historian can disregard. Japanese history is made in this twentieth century, as it always has been. Here is a sample.

† When Temmu (the Prince Oho-ama) fled from the capital, Afumi in Yamato, he reached Kuramayama in Yamashiro. Here he dismounted and tied his horse, proceeding on foot. It is just outside of Kyōto, and as the early home of Yoshitsune we have much to do with it. The story is apocryphal. He fled in the opposite direction. From Otsu to Nara.

Now Temmu is one of the few instances of a ruling Tennō. Never were personal qualities shown more distinctly. One of his edicts is suggestive. No respect was to be paid to anything but rank; not even to a mother if of mean position. If there is "reform", in the sense of making the Tennō a true monarch, it is to be found with him. His ideas on the point are clear. As rank was to govern, house genealogies had to be completely sifted and maintained. Officials were required to report in person at court, only sickness excusing their absence. This was important to him in connection with his military methods. Temmu established a better method for recruiting his legions. Civil and military officials were required to provide horses and arms. Those with horses were to be enlisted as cavalry; others as infantry; and both were to be trained. The punishment for disobedience was fining and flogging, according to the grade of the offender. With officials required to report to the capital, it was an excellent means of keeping up an armed force and keeping an eye on the units. The population in general had been disarmed in 646 A.D., and Temmu repeated these regulations in requiring all arms to be stored in Government repositories. None were to remain in private hands.*

* "In a government, military matters are the essential thing. All civil and military officials should therefore sedulously practise the use of arms and riding on horseback. Be careful to provide an adequate supply of horses, weapons, and articles of personal costume. Those who have horses shall be made cavalry soldiers, those who have none shall be infantry soldiers. Both shall receive training. Let no obstacle be thrown in the way of their assembling for this purpose." etc. The rest is mere detail (Nihongi II p 363) At the best the edict is decently vague. It might and probably ought to be stretched to the *armed* retainers of the nobles, almost fief-holders now. Japanese writers stretch it into a basis of conscription which has *again* been enforced in these days of Meiji. (Itō—"Commentaries of the Constitution p. 44 cf Nihongi (Aston) II 394, for its limitations 413. under Jitō Tennō. It refers to existing law.) This is merely a sample of the new-born patriotism. It is buncombe for the school-boy and the gaping vulgar. Modern conscription in such a sentimental sense is based on the levy of the host, common to East and West, and an indication of a barbarous or semi-barbarous stage. In Japan it certainly long ante-dated Temmu. Every savage is a Soldier. East and West it passed into the military organization of feudalism. Modern methods and base in the practical sense are entirely different. The savage had nothing to do with the census, public purse, or balance of power. Modern Germany established the methods

§ 8.

How much the Tennō depended on the man is shown by the career of Temmu. Since the days of Yuriaku the sceptre had been slipping from the grasp of the Tennō. Temmu had had a long career in the intrigues of the court. He won his position through intrigue and hard fighting, and with a thorough appreciation of the dangers to the reigning family found in the palace cliques. Thoroughly established on the throne he summoned (679 A.D.) his family together to a council held in the great hall of the palace, and impressed on them the necessity of union. As far as the power of the prime minister existed, it now was held in the person of the Tennō. No great officer over-shadowed the throne. So he had them all swear by the formula—one for all, and all for one. Much good did the oath do, as we shall shortly see. It was not that the case was too far gone as far as the Tennō's power was concerned. It was because it really never had any firm basis. As conditions changed from the semi-barbarous times of Yuriaku to the development of a splendid civilization in the two hundred years following Temmu, there was naturally a centralisation of administration. Between two countries, even of Europe, there is no exact parallelism. In the progress from the domanial regime of the later Roman Empire to a centralized bureaucracy in modern Europe there are slight variations of the stages, according as the history of Germany, France, or Austria be followed; and markedly so in that of England. We have the same ingredients in the

of modern conscription; and modern Japan copied those methods. From contemporary history (in China and Japan) Temmu's edict can only be directed against the party in opposition. Naturally his officials were his appointees from his own adherents. The system worked badly, of course. Civil wars among the barons are as common as measles throughout Japanese history. In this sense the edict is very interesting.

hodge-podge of Japanese history. And it too shows its peculiarities in development. It did not go through such stages as followed the crafty plan of Louis XI to crush both feudalism and the towns in France. Nor did the feudalism crushed by him spring out of a bureaucracy. French feudalism sprang out of the Roman domain, and Charles Martel and the Pepins dealt with a feudal nobility, the one finally crushed by Louis XI and his successors. So likewise there were not two feudalisms in Japan, separated by a centralised bureaucracy. Matori, Kanamura, and Soga were not feudal barons. They held no fief by contract, and what they held they passed on to their heirs. The Tennō was too strong to be replaced by any one of his nobles, and his alliances secured his position. The Tennō was not strong enough to take what a noble possessed, and for this purpose *esprit de corps* made his alliances useless. It was not a rule of Mahmoud, Commander of the Faithful, in primitive Japan. As the Tennō could not be replaced in the ruling clan, and as often he was personally weak and incapable, the administration under him therefore fell into the hands of the Mayors of the Palace, the Oho-omi, faced by conditions alike in some respects, different in others, from those confronting the Pepins. But such conditions implied the development of a strong feudalism. Japan could not shake off its Merovingian Line. Its religious chief represented that line.

We can turn therefore from Temmu's politics—with certain knowledge that the first weakling will undo all he has accomplished—and see how he fared personally. He had a pretty good time of it. Banquets, visits to temples, flute-playing, conundrums with prizes for good guessers, were pastimes sandwiched in with scragging guilty officials, putting house genealogies through a course of hot-water, and devising new titles and styles in caps and court dresses. On at least one occasion "the Emperor took his place in the Great Hall of Audience, summoned to him the Princes and Ministers before the Hall, and made them gamble. As he grew older he became sick and remorseful. His old practices of magic came back to trouble him.

So he compounded with Heaven, at the expense of others. Men and women by hundreds became priests and nuns for the benefit of the sick monarch. At one blow he wiped out all debts in the State; public and private—the first *record* of the Japanese "Private Settlement" orders,* so popular in after times, and which certainly brought him hearty curses as well as blessings. This was issued in 686 A.D. Another was soon after issued (in 687 A.D.) by the Tennō Jitō, for all Temmu's twistings and turnings and vicarious penances did not save his bacon.

Through this daughter of Tenchi, the stock of this monarch again came to its own. Let us look into this matter of the succession, where the Tennō "ruled" and "no subject dared to aspire to the throne." Of twenty-six Tennō—from Jitō to Ichijō—thirteen secured the throne through or in the face of conspiracy. All of them had serious wars to face; either against the Yebisu in the North, or between their turbulent nobles, who when not aiming at the Tennō were cheerfully fighting each other with small regard to the monarch's interests. From the days of Seiwa to those of Ichijō (859-1056 A.D.) the Tennō often were children, always youthful, and abdicated when they reached thirty years—usually long before. Kōkō, an exception, died at sixty-seven years. And Daigo abdicated at the ripe age of forty five. These were hardly Tennō that "ruled" during a "golden age of Imperialism." Who did rule? An answer is easily found. As soon as Temmu's immediate issue were disposed of—in Kōken and Shōtoku, whose *kōgō* were daughters of the Soga house—the *kōgō* was thereafter found in the house of Fujiwara, and the head of its family council ruled. And why not? Any stranger blood was so diluted that properly the Fujiwara sat on the throne of Japan. The Tennō was usually a cadet of this house, and *more Japonico* in the hands of his maternal uncles. Matriarchy in a way held sway in the ruling line.†

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* Later these became a sort of "Statute of Limitation." But often, as in this case, they were plain confiscation.

† Matriarchy—mother descent—as in every other form relates to property, and is usually attached to the communism of the savage. The

Singing, dancing, and eulogies were hardly well started for the obsequies of Temmu, when Prince Ohotsu, of as loud lungs at swearing peace and union as any of the tribe, was laying his plans to secure the succession, instead of Prince Kusahabe. He reckoned without Jitō, mother of Kusahabe. Death was "bestowed" on Prince Ohotsu. "His consort, the Imperial Princess Yamanobu, hastened thither with her hair dishevelled and her feet bare, and joined him in death. All who witnessed sighed and sobbed." Thus disgustingly bare is the reading of the old chronicle. But again we seem to meet the spirit of Saho-hime, of Medori-hime, and of Kagehime. The Japanese woman early took up her rôle and played it well. The prince's followers were "guilty—but pardoned"; a choice piece of hypocrisy "from behind the curtain" which Jitō could have well explained. Her court, however, must have been a pretty sight, with its costumes varied in colour —dark purple, light purple, dark red, dark and light green, dark and light blue, all to keep tab on the various official ranks. However, to return to conspiracies—Jitō had secured peace for her grandson Mommu and her sister Gemmei, although the succession of the latter arouses suspicions of trouble. She had Yebisu (Ainu) on her hands, no light task for they were very stiff fighters, but the record cites nothing else. Genshō, Mommu's sister, also had peace—total twenty-six years of it, and twenty since Jitō died—but Shōmu has his hands full. His minister of the Left, Sadaijin Nagaya revolted and was suppressed by Fujiwara no Nakiahi, the Tennō's brother-in-law. Shōmu, wife and all, were of course in the bosom of the Fujiwara; his grandfather and father-in-law were one and the same person, and Fujiwara no Muchimaro, a brother-in-law was his prime minister. This did not prevent the son of Nakiahi from revolting, and there was a little family execution. Two buds of this promising branch were cut off. With the Tennō Kōken, his successor and a woman, we return to Temmu, but we still

ruling and guiding influence is of course then the maternal uncles Patriarchy is for centuries only nominal in relation to the Japanese ruling house.

cling to Fujiwara. The difficulty here is within the family itself, and the two brothers striving for power cordially hate each other. Both are sons of Mūchimaro. The aspirant, Prince Shioyaki-ō, a son of Shōmu, loses his life. The unsuccessful Fujiwara no Toyonari escapes with exile to Tsukushi, a strong garrison district in north Kyūshū, far removed and fit residence for the obnoxious.

This Kōken was either a very strong character, or very pliable in the hands of strong managers, chief of whom was a priest named Dōkyō. No wonder the Nara Daibutsu winked on the occasion of one of her visits. She had her way in the matter of her successor, and abdicated, in 758 A.D., in favour of Junnin (759-764 A.D.) Fujiwara no Nakamaro, the one she backed, got his reward; and the old dead grand-father and patriarch of power Fujiwara no Fuhito received twelve districts in Ōmi—which was an excellent thing for his living descendants. Kōken continued to rule, and was soon dissatisfied with power out of place. She removed to Nara, and found it necessary to take active measures against Oshikatsu, the younger brother of Toyonari, He and his family ended badly—and were buried. Then she got after Junnin who was behind Oshikatsu (F. no Nakamaro). He was banished to Awaji, where "he died or was put to death"; a capable woman or capable men acting behind her. This latter remark is necessary as she again ascended the throne and had no *further* trouble, although she supplied plenty of occasion for it. This was mainly through the priest, Dōkyō. The Tennō was an enthusiastic Buddhist, and Dōkyō is openly charged with aiming at the throne. The way he went about it was this. He had it reported to the Tennō that Dōkyō should be made Tennō, according to the wishes of the god—Hachiman. Kōken was plainly much impressed with Dōkyō. (He kept his head, in every sense of the expression). But this was too much for her. She replied that she would send to Usa, a famous shrine in Buzen, North Kyūshū, and find out the god's real desire at first hand. Dōkyō summoned the messenger, and threatened him with savage punishment if he did not bring back a

message favourable to his (Dōkyō's) ambitions. Naturally Wake-no-Kiyomaro was between the devil and the deep sea, between Dōkyō and the hostile interests of the Fujiwara. Usa is long way off (and well worth a lengthy visit), and he had plenty of time to mature an answer. The god—at least so said Wake—took the responsibility on himself. "In our empire, since the dynasty of the celestial spirits, and under their descendants, no one not of their stock, has ever been honoured with the imperial dignity. It was useless for you to come here. Retrace your steps; you have nothing to fear from Dōkyō." The god certainly was very confident as to what happened between Jimmu and Sūjin, and was more optimistic about the birth of Chūai, and more confiding as to the three years pregnancy of Jingō kōgō, than any pessimistic historian of the twentieth century (non-Japanese). He also slipped up on Dōkyō. With mistaken confidence Wake trotted back to Dōkyō. This latter relabelled him, Wakebe Kegaremaro (dirty fellow?), had him hamstrung and turned out to graze in exile at Ōsumi. Fujiwara no Momokawa, of the opposition, established him in Bingo. Shōtoku (ex Kōken) fell ill, and Dōkyō rejoiced as hoping to succeed her. Whether he was a mere stalking horse for ambitious interests it is now impossible to tell. On the Tennō's death shortly after, he was promptly banished to a temple in Shimotsuke. A family council of the Fujiwara put Kōnin, grandson of Tenchi, on the throne.*

Kōnin's troubles were of a kind, before and since heard of on this mundane sphere—viz: marital. And he was old enough (62) to experience such and several. He wanted his daughter to succeed him. One of his wives wanted her son, Tada-no-Shinnō, to fill the post. To

* It is anticipating a little to give some of the adventures of the regalia, requiring a very robust faith to guarantee their present identity. Dōkyō secured them, and thought he had thus secured the succession. In 960 the palace in Miyako (Heianjō) was burnt, and the sacred mirror flew of its own accord into a tree, to be found by a servant. In another fire (1040) it was broken into pieces and twisted out of shape. The pieces were detected by their glitter (*sic*) and the mirror deposited in a temple. Dōkyō's priest's robe probably saved his neck in his political imbroglio.

ensure success she tried to poison Kōnin. They were detected and degraded. But old Fujiwara no Momokawa, who now ruled also had different ideas. The rule of legitimate succession had been laid down for Dōkyō, and Momokawa was at least consistent. Yamabe-Shinnō, eldest son of Kōnin, was born of a wife of low degree; but he was the eldest. Momokawa stuck it out. He gnashed his teeth, swore he had not closed his eyes for forty days over the matter, and would plant himself for forty more before the palace, or until Yamabe was appointed *Taishi*. Whether or not it was a matter of the desirability of Momokawa's company for that lengthy period, Kōnin gave way. His troubles with the Yebisu or Ainu would easily persuade him to the same. Indeed up to the tenth century, in Mutsu and Dewa, they put up a very stiff defense, and rolled back the Japanese time and time again. In Kōnin's reign they were said to have the assistance of foreigners—perhaps Korean or Chinese pirates, or an excuse for being beaten. In the reign of his successor, Kwammu (ex Yamabe) 782-805 A.D., they defeated the Tennō's generals on land and sea, and drove the battle line down to Suruga. Their chiefs, Takamaro and Akuro, were killed in battle, and peace was finally secured, a strong fort being built in Mutsu to control them. Saga Tennō (810-823 A.D.) had his Yebisu wars. And under Yōzei Tennō (877-884 A.D.) Fujiwara no Yasunori had to call to his standard all the Tokaidō contingents. It could be said that the military man of that day was much as Uncle Toby describes him of "our armies in Flanders." General Ariwara no Narihira was "skilful in making songs, and much given to libertinage." How different from these days of sober diet and the looting of Peking!*

But to get on with the peaceful succession to the "imperial" palanquin. A good deal had to be gone through to get safely "behind the curtain." Kwammu

* Of Ariwara—: "On croit que ses aventures quelque peu romanesques et, en particulier, ses intrigues amoureuses, ont fourni le théme de l'Ise-monogatari. Papinot—"Dictionnaire D'Histoire et de Geographie."

(782-805 A.D.) only had to suppress a lively conspiracy of Temmu's descendants, (this question between Temmu and Tenchi was long lived) ; and a brother to get rid off. This latter having assassinated the Tennō's favourite minister was banished, and died of "chagrin." The actual murderers were afterwards executed. And as Kwammu was haunted by his brother's angry ghost there seems some ground of justification in the plot which does not appear on the bare surface. Heijō (806-809 A.D.) had a younger brother to deal with. He and his mother were exiled to a temple to starve to death, and poisoned themselves in consequence. So stands the record, although just as likely poison was a part of the starving, mercifully so. But plain starvation sounds better. Fujiwara no Munenari, the prime mover in the affair, was only exiled. There is a good deal of the court of Mahmoud in this Old Japan. But Heijō must have had something in him. He is said to have *ruled*. The chronicler accentuates this exception. He abdicated in favour of his uterine brother, and this gave Saga (810-823 A.D.) his taste of trouble. Heijō quickly tired of power in the background, or else found Saga obstinate on that point. Beside there was a woman in the case. He had a mistress, one Shōshi Kusurigo, sister of Fujiwara no Nakanari,* both his particular confidants. Saga caught wind of something going on, and planned to cut off any escape to the North. At this time here was the favourable refuge for undesirables too hard pressed. Then and afterward it was the base from which to move against Yamato. Saga's quick move put a quietus on Heijō and his plans. He shaved his head and turned priest. Shōshi "feeling the enormity of her crime took poison and died" ; brother escaped with banishment.

Nimmyo, Saga's son, had his experience early enough of this phase of the *Yamato-damashii*. The breath was hardly out of Saga's body, and Nimmyo was not warm in his seat, when he had to face a conspiracy to put the *Taishi* (Crown Prince), his nephew, on the throne.

* Daughter of Fujiwara Tanetsugu, and wife of Fujiwara Tadanushi —(he died, perhaps).

This too, of course, was a family fend, the different branches of the Fujiwara being badly mixed up in factions. The *Taishi* knew nothing of the matter, and so escaped with degradation. His adherents were exiled. Only a year later another plot has to be put down. Montoku (851-858 A.D.) was a sickly man, and probably they expected him to die. Which he obligingly did at the age of thirty-one. Seiwa was a child of nine years; and for the first time there was a genuine minority (of a child Tennō) under the grandfather and regent, Fujiwara no Yoshifusa. The grandmother was a Minamoto, in turn daughter of a Soga. The minority experience was attractive, and in subsequent years the succession of mature men becomes more and more rare. Of course the Japanese custom of substitution grew; so much so that later under the Hōjō, in the thirteenth century, there was a succession of child rulers—child Tennō, child Shōgun, child Shikken or regent, and ruling over all an ambitious clique through its family strong man. Seiwa's palace was set on fire (Kwammu had once and for all settled the capital at Miyako), and accusations were freely bandied about, the crime finally being fastened on the one who made the most talk against others. After several such fires the Tennō decided that the pace was too hot for him, and gave his son a chance. As to this Yozei (877-884 A.D.) he is hard to class. The Japanese chronicler charitably calls him crazy. He was put on the throne at eight years of age. That is he grew up with no restriction on indulgence of personal tastes, and with every pleasure at command. His mother's family ruled, through Fujiwara no Mototsune, son of old Yoshifusa (by adoption). If Yozei was crazy he was not so much so as Muretsu, who (as far as we know) was allowed to die in the Tennō's chair. Yozei was much given to horses and racing, was very free in his conduct toward his attendants, and thus acquired the horsey habits of his surroundings. When Mototsune, the Regent, drove these people from the palace, Yozei sulked and turned to biology. He fed frogs and snakes, and got up fights between dogs and monkeys. A more serious business was executing criminals

with his own hand. Still more serious was making people climb trees, and then making them a target for his lance. Still more serious (for him) was to turn a deaf ear to the expostulations of Mototsune. The regent took advantage of his penchant for horse racing, and thus got him away from the sacred precincts of the palace; and he never got back again. Kōkō, a mature man of fifty-five, the Isaac Walton of Japanese Tennō, took his place. Only a few years later (in 889 under Uda) Yozei showed more positive signs of madness; garotting his women with the cords of their musical instruments and throwing them bound into the palace pond. Mounting on horse back he would ride furiously amuck over any he chanced to meet. Anything but a crazy freak was it for him to enter the houses of the nobles, and behave in the rudest and roughest manner. Seeing that he spent much of his time buried in the mountains, chasing deer and the dangerous boar, the refined manners required in the Tennō's court were not to be expected of this wilful unbridled youth In fact he was probably just an untrained cub with unlimited license, who degenerated into a bad and wild man. He lived until 949 A D. (under Murakami Tennō), and there is no reason to think he was put under any restraint. He came honestly by his looseness. Under Uda Tennō his mother, Nishō no Kisaki, widow of Seiwa, was found to be living in adultery with a priest called Zengū. She was banished.

To the minds of men politics were a much more straight forward matter in those days than now. They thought they could adjust them to taste, not merely guide them. From the days of Kwammu the Sugawara were known for learning and uprightness; and such was the reputation of the grand-father of Sugawara Michizane.* This distinguished representative of early Japanese letters and calligraphy—his skill with the *fudé* (brush pen) was notable—really did believe in the Tennō as distinct from his family the Fujiwara. He separated place and man,

* A Sugawara was among the compilers of the Nihongi.

and furthermore and foolishly put the idea in practice. Under Uda he exercised great influence, and when the latter abdicated, Michizane and Fujiwara no Tokihira were left in administrative control. This Fujiwara did not have the best of reputations. He was said to be the lover of his uncle's wife; which was salved by his being son of Mototsune and hence in political control. Michizane's course was short. The Fujiwara council at once moved against him. He was weighed in their balance and found wanting. Then he was charged before Daigo Tennō with conspiracy. Uda had turned priest and taken the title of Hōō, that is priest-Tennō. Getting wind of this movement of the Fujiwara he hastened to the Gōshō (palace) by night, but was kept standing outside, unable to gain admittance. At dawn he had to return to Nara. Michizane and his four sons were already on their way to exile at Dazaifu in Tsukushi (Kyūshū). And in exile he at least died. The Fujiwara had a family *fête*—perhaps over the success of this little business. Michizane had his revenge in repeated pestilences and other unpleasantness, supposed to be due to his angry ghost, which Daigo proceeded to appease.* But his troubles were nothing to those of Shujaku (931-946 A.D.). In 938 the people, (not Yebisu) revolted in Dewa, and in 939 A.D. Taira no Masakado, with small regard for later theorists, set himself up as Tennō, and drove out the Southerners from the North, with the early intention of following after them. As an undutiful nephew he made his uncle Kunika a head shorter than normal. Masakado had the whole outfit of a Tennō's court. And his Kwampaku, Fujiwara no Sumitomo, started a simultaneous and dangerous war in Iyo and the Sankaido. Miyako was caught between two fires. It was the hardest kind of fighting that put down this rebellion. Masakado was brought down in battle by a chance arrow. Sumitomo was defeated, and captured in trying to escape to Shikoku. He was promptly beheaded. The rest of our list is more easily disposed of.

* He was deified as Tenjin-sama: his worship is very popular, and the story of his life is far more popular in the 20th century than in his own day or the 12th century.

Murakami had peace—to make up for the liveliness of Shujaku's experience. They were all tired. He was burnt out, but that was a trifling matter. Reizei (968-969 A.D.) has merely to look on (not for long) at his nobles cheerfully fighting it out with each other. Enyū (970-984 A.D.) issued an edict to disarm all vagrants, which is suggestive enough of the condition of the country side. Kwasan (985-6 A.D.) turned monk, and incidentally established that pleasant little jaunt from shrine to shrine, known as the Ō-mairi to the thirty three holy places. As monk he had a much pleasanter time than Tennō. Ichijō (987-1011 A.D.) was helpless before a little Taira civil war. Sanjō (1012-1016 A.D.) went blind, and ought to have been glad of it. Go-Ichijō had wars with the Taira, and wars between the Taira; and thieves broke into the palace and were killed within the sacred precincts. Fujiwara no Michinaga, the head of the Administration was plundered in broad daylight of thirteen hundred ounces of gold.

There has been enough said perhaps to show that the *Yamato-damashii*, one side of it as found in Yamato-take and Yuriaku, here shows no sign of dying out. Old Susa-no-wo could have approvingly slapped these worthy descendants on the back. It can be admitted that life is infinitely more complex, but the change is in details, not in method—in operation of things spiritual. These latter show an almost monotonous sameness. The question is, how far material civilisation influenced spirit; for such civilisation came from China. It is to be remembered that we are in the full flood of the "Golden Age" of Old Japan. It is a period during which art and literature furnish its best examples. For at least one hundred and fifty years-from 580 to 730 A.D. the Japanese were eagerly learning under Korean and Chinese instruction.* Then it burst into flower and the period know as Heian (794-858 A.D). The mainspring

* The story of Wani is decidedly apocryphal in details. Thus it is pointed out (cf Papinot p. 869) that the Sen-ji-mon was not composed until 525 A.D. Wani is supposed to bring it to Japan in 285 A.D. or 405 A.D.

and the *motif* was religion.* It certainly had its modest beginnings, but by the time of Kwammu it was ready for work; and the great masterpieces of the ninth and tenth centuries owe their foundation to the conscientious labour of the seventh and eighth centuries—the native element coming more and more prominently into view. The environment, therefore, ought to turn some of this fierce *Yamato-damashii*—this Cyrano the brawler—into more aesthetic channels. And it did so, but without modifying it; because its art was purely material, its literature was the dogmatic theology of Buddhism, its equally dogmatic political philosophy was Chinese. In none is there any true spirit of inquiry.†

The first exhibition, of course, is childish imitation. The old Shintō deals with magic, ceremonial purification, and omens. Plenty of such stuff it had in its own furniture. And it took kindly to what it could get from China. Hence we hear of crows and sparrows—red, white, and blue: and pebbles *ditto*. We will here more particularly discuss the white pheasant presented with all due ceremony to Kōtoku. In a gorgeous palanquin, shouldered by five of the greatest nobles of the court, this bird is 'toted' through the serried ranks of ministers and court attendants, respectfully lined up to form a passage to the presence of the Tennō. As to how the bird itself behaved we can only surmise. The parrot is the most precise, if at times the most profane, of the family. And even Robinson Crusoe shook his unseemly pet as soon as he got hold of Friday. However Kōtoku did his part. He received the feathered visitor, and proclaimed a general amnesty, probably excepting thieves (excluding magpies), and including the pheasant; and he specifically prohibited the flying of falcons—any how within range of the white pheasant. Then, let us hope, like Sergeant Snubbin he waved off the whole business—"take it away, somewhere."

* There is a kindred stage in every art development. The archaeologist's spade has shown that the sudden flowering of the Greece of Pericles was preceded by an art slowly learned and developed from Crete, Asia Minor, and Egypt.

† The Japanese received Buddhism in its Mahayana form. The Ceylonese Hiyana is equally dogmatic but with less mythology.

Such marvels long had their day, with more or less ceremony. In secret they have to-day, and there are none more given to omens and such superstitions—in plain terms, magic and the dream book,—than the lower and peasant classes of Japan. They do nothing without them. The amusements of this early Japanese court became more and more refined. Some of the Tennō were given to the horse and the chase, to archery and manly sports. The extremely mechanical structure of the Japanese poem, and the delicate thought and keen wits seeking expression within such structure, early had vogue. This practice of such poetry has had a curious influence on Japanese thought. It has resulted in a conventionalism of theme and expression which reduces it to a highly skilled mechanical art. Perhaps for this very reason they have never developed a great poet.

Art in painting or sculpture, art in gardening requires lengthy development and permanent situation. Temmu we have seen encouraging gambling. Shōmu indulged in card tricks and lotteries, and only sought the temples when he was beset with his troubles (frequent enough). But under Kōken Tennō (a woman) building began to be a nuisance. Trouble enough had been given in this line, especially in heaping up the *misasagi* of the Tennō and great nobles. These *misasagi* were grave mounds, huge hills of Egyptian proportions, and some of them of pre-historic antiquity. They were the fashion down to the ninth century. One of the difficulties with Kōgyoku was her extravagance; and as Saimei she showed no reformation on this line. Kōken also is charged with extravagance, and perhaps it was for this reason that the Daibutsu slyly winked, when she paid him a visit to thank the gods that she was not as other women (or men) are. But the extravagance was not confined to women. Kwammu in 789 A.D. built at his new capital—"Taira no Miyako"—a palace to suit his tastes as huntsman. It was surrounded by a fine park, with running water amid its hills. It was a vast establishment, and was given the name of Heianjō—City of Peace and Tranquillity. A statue of clay was erected, eight feet in height, armed cap-a-pie, with bow in hand

and iron arrows in the quiver. This was the protecting deity of the capital. The image was in existence in the 17th century, and when a political change was impending it was said to sing and make motions—and it must have been kept pretty busy.* Junwa too built one of these costly little rural extravagances—"The Palace in the Wood;" and altogether this palace building was both a nuisance and a heavy tax on the slender resources of the people.

But a most usual outing was to the various temples—to make poetry, and to see the cherry blossoms and other seasonal flowers. Dancing was an ancient accomplishment, an inheritance from pre-historic times. Nimmyō (835-850 A.D.) thus witnessed an old ancient caper. This was a nimble old man of one hundred and thirty three years of age, and in high pleasure the Tennō as reward gave him a suit of old clothes, not so ancient let us hope. It is from Saga Tennō, the father of Nimmyō, that the Japanese date the taste for flowers and scientific gardens. The present day art be it said has its roots in much later times, and is owing to the Ashikaga Shōguns of the fifteenth century; as was the case with the fine pottery and other fine mechanical arts. But it was in the time of Uda that Minamoto no Motomura devoted himself to landscape gardening, and went into practical land development on a large scale. Artificial salines were established in imitation of those of Mutsu. He planted trees and shrubs, and bred fish, birds, and insects (for singing?). But he could do nothing for the morals of Seiwa's widow. Under Seiwa, and curiously enough under such an indifferent monarch as Yozei, the art adornment of the Tennō's palace is mentioned. This latter, however, is a tribute to the taste of the minister. Again under Daigo this devotion to high art finds most liberal encouragement. This is not merely in the hands of professionals. Or rather, the professionals were to be found among the highest in the land. In the reign of Murakami poetry and painting on screens were the distractions of the nobility.

* On Shōgunzaka, a hill 570 feet in height near Kyōto. There is nothing artificial about it.

Also piracy was rampant on the high seas—Koreans, Chinese, and Japanese, all figured—and cock-fighting was the amusement on land. The greatest noble in the land could turn from glowering on the severed head of an enemy, or from the cockpit, to the pleasing work of the brush. So they did, centuries later, in Ashikaga times. And to tell the truth, in this forty-third year of Meiji the veneering is still pretty thin. Go-Ichijō (1017-1036 A.D.), our last monarch for this present period, shows the same incongruity of politics, poetry, and flowers. But it was a gay and gaudy surface. Its plumage was anything but sober under Jitō, and became still more brightly coloured under her successors. The people at large were not exactly happy. They were hungry, and pestilence sadly wasted them Vagabonds roamed at will. Vagabond girls (street-walkers) became a nuisance under this very reign. Thieves and pirates swarmed. And Fujiyama added to the distress by frequent and distressing eruptions, casting huge rocks far into the sea, and devastating the country around it. "Skin diseases" seemed to be a frequent and disastrous cause of suffering. This is probably an euphonious term for *raibyo*—leprosy. These diseases are mentioned under Murakami. The *Taishi*, Atsu-akira-shinnō. son of Sanjō Tennō (1012-1016 A.D.), withdraws for this reason, and his brother is substituted in his place.

Both a light and sombre touch is given by the career of Kwasan (985-986 A.D.). This young monarch had several wives, but his favourite died—Fujiwara no Tsuneko. Kwasan became melancholy, and one night disappeared from the palace. They sought everywhere, to find him at last a shaven headed monk in one of the monasteries of the neighbouring Hieisan. But under Ichijō he recovered, and proves for us what a Thelemite existence the Japanese monk could lead. He was courting (by the light of the moon) a Princess Taka-tsukasa-no-shi-no-kuni. Now her elder sister had an intrigue with a certain Koremasa, a noble high at court and in favour. All cats are grey in the dark. Koremasa was very jealous, and he too had pretty good eyes by moon-light; good enough to see Kwasan ascend-

ing and descending, and to let fly an arrow which wounded him. Kwasan was afraid to complain, but "it soon got out" says the chronicler, and Koremasa and his brother were banished, of course to Tsukushi, and mad enough were they.* Now the *kōgō* was the sister of the twain, and as she soon gave birth to a son they were summoned back. Kwasan died, and at that time Koremasa was again basking in court favour. Of chroniclers for these intrigues there is no lack. Fujiwara no Michinaga was the third son of Fujiwara no Kaneya. In 999 A.D. his daughter Akiko was brought to court, and the former *kōgō* being dead the Tennō married her. Now her chief lady in waiting was Murasaki Shikibu, who wrote the Genji Monogatari (Tales of the Minamoto). The Priestess of the Kamo temple, Senshi Naijun, asked the Tennō for a book on ancient matters, and it was Shikibu who was ordered to prepare it. But the evidence for the high position of women, and their careful culture during this period is ample and conclusive.

Incidentally it has already been necessary to speak of the importance of the temple in the web of life of that day. And this gained weight with time. Buddhism, introduced in 552 A.D., really did not make its footing good until the end of the century, and it was not until the close of old Mumayko's long and combative premiership that it could be said to be thoroughly established. Bidatsu, for instance, was one of several unbelieving monarchs, and others were at least lukewarm. But in Kōtoku and the regent Shōtoku Taishi the House of Soga found rigorous supporters of the propaganda. The *Taishi* doubtless gets all the credit he deserves in this respect. But it is worth noting that it was the House of Soga which bore the brunt of the battle, of which he

* Now compare to this the touching description of his early grief and flight by moon-light—at the monastery "there they discovered him (Kwasan) clothed as a dear little priest. They fell down before him with exclamations of grief and concern, and both followed his example and entered the priesthood." (Yeigwa Monogatari, translated by Mr. Aston—"Japanese Literature" p. 125. And this "dear little priest" is said also to have started the pleasant idea of jaunting from shrine to shrine of the "Thirty Three Holy Places" of the Go-Kinai provinces.

has, in the historical sense, so largely reaped the spoils. Thereafter the rise of Buddhism was rapid. But for nearly a century more instruction in doctrine was sought in Korea, and thereafter at the fountain source in China. However, even under such a rough customer as Temmu, priests and nuns literally swarmed. Under Jitō 3363 are mentioned in one "retreat."* Buddhism had become the religion of the court, and the centre of social life—festive and ceremonial. The Tennō and his nobles visit the temples to pray, to discuss theological points, to make pœms, and to see the flowers. And although the Records and Chronicles are confined to the doings of the Tennō's court, it is safe to say that the temples became equally important in the lives of all classes. Indeed they weighed heavily on the forced labour which had to build them. As for the Buddhism of the court, it can be regarded as orthodox, according to the light of the Mahayana.† That of the populace was very near to the original Shintō—ancestor worship degenerated into a Nature worship in which the gods were extremely local and concrete; as is the case in this twentieth century. Behind the fifty millions of Japanese contending with Russia were the countless millions of the dead, aiding the living. Such were the legions supporting Hachiman-Daibosatsu, the Japanese God of War. Then or now little have the Japanese populace been impressed by Kwannon (Avalokitesvâra), Fudō (Achala), Bishamon (Vâisramana); what they worship in these are their old Shintō gods. Dainichi Nyorai (Vâirotchana Tathâgata)‡ and Amida (Amitâbha) get a

* A sort of Buddhist hibernation. In India, to get through the season of rains, during which travel (and begging) was difficult.

† Very different from the Hiyâna, or "Lesser Vehicle," which far from being "Lesser" presents a purer ethical code. The Mahayâna is a mass of superstition and often beautiful symbolism, out of which modern Buddhism weaves fancies. Even in the face of Professor Rhys Davids great authority one must feel convinced that there is an esoteric and exoteric teaching (not doctrine) of Buddhism. The attitude of the learned to the peasant in Japan is exactly that of the courteous, polished, and equally learned Roman prelate. Casuistry: that is all.

‡ Visitors to Nikko may remember the beautiful garden of Dainichi-dō. It was destroyed by a flood of the Daiya-gawa in 1902.

very cold reception. In 700 A.D. Dōshō, a Buddhist priest, was cremated, and in 703 Jitō Tennō died and the same disposition was made of her. These are the two first instances of this sane and sanitary disposition of the dead—i.e. on record.

How much influence the priest had acquired we see under Kōken, when Dōkyō secured such a commanding position. But in a political sense the foundation for trouble—a third power in the land, apart from the contending factions of "ins" and "outs", found in all history—was laid when the monk Saichō returned from China in 805 A.D. He had founded the Enryaku-ji on Hieisan (near Kyōto) in 788 A.D. In 866 A.D. the posthumous title of Dengyō-Daishi was granted to his ashes. More trouble reached the good island of Hondo when Kūkai also returned from China in 806 A.D. He too had been filled up with Buddhistic lore, to the brim, like unto Mark Twain's "leaping frog", and established himself on Kōyasan* on which he founded (916 A.D.) that great monastery (and cemetery) Kongōbuji. It was Shingon *versus* Tendai, but the two were far enough apart (physically) to prevent active clapper-clawing at too short intervals. Not so with the Onjōji (858 A.D.) better known as Miidera of Otsu. This belonged to the Jimon, a sect of the Tendai; and its wars with Hieisan were fast and furious. Under Murakami and Enyū the Tennō constantly had to interfere to compose the quarrels of the priests. Thus Fujiwara no Yoshinitsu, prime minister of Go-Ryaku (1037-1045 A.D.) bestowed the headship of the Tendai on the rector of Miidera. Hieisan was at once up in arms. Yoshinitsu answered that his man was learned in law and theology, and that it was not the place but the man that was wanted to fill the post. At this Hieisan was so pleased that they tried to pull down his palace gates (as an incidental move to get at him). By force of arms and Taira Naohata he dispersed the irate monks; and the *sōhei*, or armed retainers of the monasteries, were no carpetknights, although always classed by the *bushi* as

* He is also responsible for Kompira-san in Shikoku. Kūkai was canonized as Kōbō-Daishi.

amateurs at the business of fighting. Miidera looks very peaceful and beautiful to-day, from its lofty position above Biwa-ko, but it is a new creation. Half a dozen times it was burnt to the ground in its wars with Hieisan. With this in view, and on its classic ground, we can understand and sympathize much better with Saitō Musashi-bō Benkei, of whom we have at least reached the *praenomen* Saitō, from the Saitō hall of the *alma mater* of his priestly studies. In Benkei's day the power of the monasteries had reached flood tide, and for long it was maintained. It was not until 1571 A.D., when Nobunaga sword in hand stormed the ridge crowned with temples and swarming with armed monks, destroyed the temples by fire, and drowned the monks in a sea of blood, that the religious question reached a settlement in Japan as far as politics were concerned. Miidera remain: Hieisan has disappeared.

As we have reached the period of the so-called "Wars of the Roses" of Japan it might be well to puncture once for all this myth. It is hardly necessary to do more than glance back to see that the "Wars of the Roses" have been long in progress, have never ceased. Japanese history is a chronicle of a struggle between and within a few great houses. From the time of Ankan, the Tennō who reigned could be counted on the fingers of one hand —Temmu and Shirakawa are the only names to stand out with clear individuality. In other words the Tennō never was "Emperor" in the Roman sense of the word; the fine old Latin word "Imperator" is completely out of place. As centralisation took place in Miyako it was a family bureaucracy that sent out men to take command of what quickly drifts from the "free hold" property of an allied chief to the fief held on contract, the holder of which is paid from what he gets from the soil and its inhabitants—his tribute he remits to Miyako. He is granted official lands to administer the brief. As soon as the sceptre falls from the vigorous hands of Temmu, the centralisation is just as much as the weak hands of the bureaucracy can make it. In fact this division of power in a family was too much of a good thing. The family itself branched, and the Fujiwara were destroyed in the

struggles between its different branches. They did much better than any of their successors, until Tokugawa appeared on the scene. But their conditions were favourable, and it was owing to good luck not good management. In their day northern Japan was largely to be won. The frontier was a battle ground, and the turbulent nobles were kept very busy—by the aborigines and by each other. Against this was the advanced and refined civilisation of which Miyako was the centre. The Go-Kinai (home provinces) and their holders still possessed resources which enabled them to show front against the fiefs. But it was a matter of time when this advantage would disappear—as it did in the course of the next hundred years, which subordinated other fief-holders and left Taira and Minamoto face to face. Thereafter the end was certain. The victor could simply turn on the Fujiwara—now a mere band of carpetknights—and turn them out.

But in any case the organization to be inherited was very effective. Every little fief possessed it down to the smallest farm holding. The people were marshalled, registered, and taxed in a most complete manner. The slipshod organization of pre-Temmu days had disappeared, methods were the same. Details had changed, and were much better known and controlled. And to what they possessed from their own customs were added the only ethics and morality they ever heard preached—that of the Chinese classics, in which subordination is the key-note. This was the education given to those who held the units of local power. They applied it most strenuously to those under them, and to those opposed to them; and in that very opposition forgot to apply it to themselves. The family organisation in this way was tolerably complete. The only provision made for bad luck by any body and for any body was by and for the Fujiwara. In Seiwa's reign (859-876 A.D.) the regent, Fujiwara no Yoshifusa, built an almshouse and a hospital for the broken-down and sick—of the family. The subject was never touched again, until a dozen years ago.*

* This suggestion also is freely offered to such Japanese writers as have heretofore been obliged to refer public charity to foreign sources.

The far reaching effect of the principle of substitution in Japanese life has been noted. In a political sense this usually resulted in a nominal subordinate doing the work. In a short time this subordinate usually appropriated the emolument (and therefore the power), and left the empty title to the holder.* The most complete example of such condition was only reached after Yoritomo, when whole sets of administrative titles, representing active duties, thus went by inheritance with no duties or privileges attached. But the process had been in evolution for centuries. Yoritomo merely codified it for the benefit of the military bureaucracy, as Temmu had done in his day. The disorders of the time therefore gave ample field to the energetic man. There were not rumours of wars. There were wars, and hard blows; and the opportunity was for the strongest, the shrewdest, the bravest, the most unscrupulous within the ruling caste. But this very principle of substitution implied that the beneficiary must work under the system. The effect on the individual character is most interesting. He has all the qualities listed above. He is quick-witted, keen in detail and thorough, and superficial. Such a conclusion may be surprising, but it is a necessary one under the conditions. Starting with a given system, fighting their battle out in that system, and without hope of changing it, the struggle was purely for the flesh-pots. The Japanese then (as now) in aspirations were bound down by the grossest of materialisms. The ideal was an extremely low one. This is shown in the basis of the code evolved during these centuries—the so-

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It is a matter of smug congratulation by the native that his family system replaces public charity. It often means the privilege of starving together. It likewise often means the paralysing of the efforts of a man, who otherwise would have been useful to the community (as is noted by a *few* Japanese writers). The same system is in practice in the West, within reasonable limits, which is not the case in Japan; and the community takes its due share in the incapables—as it ought.

* The political change of 1867 was brought about by the *samurai* leaders, who then (as now) directed the politics of the country. *They* did not suffer by the change, although the rank and file did; and such suffering, and the discontent aroused, added no small strength to the different rebellions—notably that of General Saigō in 1877.

called Bushidō. The basis of this code is "loyalty"—to a chief. The aims and objects of the chieftain of a petty fief tread oftener than not on very questionable ground; and the wider the area of the fief, the more boggy the foundation of its political morals. It cannot be denied that the principles of Machiavelli are widely applied to-day. Naturally they had still wider application nearly a thousand years ago; and unfortunately for Japan they found application in internal politics until 1867 opened up the vista of the Western world and unified the country. Not that they could have done better than they did. But their very error sprang from their maltreatment of the fine code of morals found in the Chinese classics, and in which there is no such distortion of the principle of "loyalty." And the same distortion is found to-day in Japan.* Morality is based on the relation of the subject to the Imperial House. "Patriotism" governs morals, not *vice versa*. This is pragmatism with a vengeance, a shifting of the basis of ethics according to the exigencies and opportunities of politics. "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men (*sic*), and I do not let my right hand know what my left hand doeth." The Japanese are said to be particularly proud of three such official promulgations—1. The Rescript on Education. This is a redaction of Confucian ethics, and as such is not new. Its defect lies in being cast in the positive form. It tells men what to *do*. Prohibition can cover an enormously wide scale. The positive form is necessarily very limited in scope. 2. The Rescript on Saving and Economy. This is suspected to have had a very bad effect on the business world of 1909. Japanese writers have denounced it, and public officials vigorously preach it. 3. The Constitution of 1890. As to this there can be difference of opinion. Many Japanese writers are by no means enamoured of it. Its author, the late Prince Itō, had for it all the affection of a father for a favoured child and his own production. It "in no wise implies that any newly settled opinion (as to sovereign power) thereon is set forth.....on the contrary

* Notably in Baron Kikuchi's lectures on "Japanese Education" (Murray-London). The book is permeated with this false basis of morals.

the original national polity is by no means changed by it, but is more strongly confirmed than ever." He was certainly well qualified to judge: which is no recommendation—for the Constitution.

Art under any conditions becomes highly conventional. Naturally Japanese art suffered in the same way. But it is so dependent on immediate natural surroundings that it has a fairer field. Even here, however, elaboration was given to detail, not in the way of overloading the subject, but in the way of finding a method of condensation. This was carried to the extreme of Japanese impressionism. It is the source of such impressionism, whether found in the structure of a poem, a painting, in music, or a garden. Not so much originality in method, as economy in treatment, which has the effect of originality. Everything which affected the individual therefore, from hard whacks to High Art, came from the outside. On such a gelatinous mass, in which every particle as colloid is closely interlocked with the others, the intruder can find place, to modify its nature by absorption, or remain forever foreign and extraneous. This is the explanation of there being change in detail; but through the wide gamut of life, from politics to the most intimate domestic arrangements there is no change in method. Details are adapted to methods, not methods to details.*

## § 9.

With Go-Reizei (1046-1069 A.D.) we enter on the hundred years which steadily lead up to the struggle for mastery between Taira and Minamoto. In one sense of

* Sir F. T. Piggott in his "Music and Musical Instruments of Japan" brings out the impressionist feature of the music very clearly. It is scientific, but sketchy; mere outline filled in mentally by the hearer. This is a very conspicuous feature of the *tanka* and *hokka* in poetry. Japanese gardening is notoriously sketchy.

the word it was a struggle which delayed, and at one time almost wrecked, the hopes of the latter house to replace Fujiwara as the governing family. Both families were qualified to aspire to this lofty position; and both were natural rivals in so doing. In 794 A.D. Kwammu Tennō had founded the city of Taira no Miyako (later also called Heian-jo, a Chinese reading of the same ideographs). His son Junwa, younger brother of Saga Tennō, occupied the throne from 824-833, and to Shimo-take-mi-no-o, grandson of Kwammu and son of his brother Katsurabara-Shinnō, in 825 A.D. he granted the family name of Hei (平). This was following the example of his elder brother and predecessor, Saga Tennō (810-823 A.D.), who in 814 A.D. gave to his daughters Nobu, Hiron, Tsune, and Akira, and their descendants, the family name of Gen (源). Succeeding Tennō (in the Saga family line) were as generous with their own children and their issue. In the course of centuries therefore a powerful family clan was established, the best known of the branches (to foreigners) being the Kamakura, Ashikaga, and Tokugawa. Saga, Seiwa, Uda, and Murakami furnished the principle stocks.* It is something of an act of generosity therefore for Uda, in 888 A.D., to grant to the great grandson of Kwammu, Taka-mutsu-no-o, his family patronymic of Hei.† Perhaps a reason for it can be found in its possibilities for mischief. This was certainly the case with the Minamoto, the ripening of whose time was postponed by the warring of the branches; and with the Taira whose destruction was certainly so caused. The Taira were a powerful clan. Widely scattered the bulk of their power lay if any where in the North, where all the great military clans in the first place carved out their fortunes away from the Court, to afterward rise as something more than spectres to frighten the *faineants* of Miyako. But with time the bulk

* Rev. Papinot (Dictionnaire) gives a list of thirty eight princes to whom were granted this name, and "a great number of princesses." Most of the branches "died out after some generations."

† Heike and Genji, ke is for iye (家), ji for (氏). Both mean much the same. The little softening is obvious in compounds: as in Gempei. The Japanese thus run together the halves of place names in speaking of their railways.

of the lands held by the leading Taira family—the Ise-Heishi—came to lie in the West, in the Saikaido (Kyūshū), Chūgoku (along the Inland Sea), and Shikoku, an appropriation particularly formidable in Taira Kyomori, but the powerful Jō held Echigo for them, and Etchu and Echizen were also theirs. Even here, however, they were surrounded by Minamoto tributaries. The bulk of Minamoto power also lay in the North, and was gradually concentrated in the Kwantō. As a matter of fact however, when the two clans came to grips for the spoils in 1180 A.D. on the side of Minamoto is found such important Taira families as Hōjō and Doi in Izu, Miura in Sagami, Chiba in Shimosa, Hatakeyama and Kumagaye in Musashi, and these follow Yoritomo's standard after more or less preliminary wavering. Yoritomo's movement, from their point of view, was strictly one of North against South. But even if they had in any way fathomed his ultimate intentions it is doubtful whether they would have acted differently. They gave throughout loyal support; as did Wada of the great Tachibana family, Satake Hideyoshi of the Minamoto (most unwillingly), and Taira Hirotsune, done to death as reward by the hands of Kajiwara Kagetoki another Taira recreant retainer. However at best the battle between the two was not an even one. Which makes the impression all the stronger that in Taira Kiyomori we are dealing with an exceptionally strong man. Through him the rise of the Taira was sudden and spectacular. And with his death its disappearance is just as sudden and complete. The name does not reappear again in Japanese history until Oda Nobunaga; such was the ban placed upon it. Actually it was almost immediately in the saddle again in the Hōjō regents, but they acted in the name of Minamoto. Hideyoshi and Iyeyasu gave it a final quietus.*

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* See Papinot's Dictionary—under Heishi and Taira—as to distribution.

This respect of the Hōjō regents for the *titutar* Minamoto privileges is a curious instance of the importance the Japanese attach to *formulae*. Thus *Kwampaku* and *Sesshō* (Fujiwara) were established in the Court; *Shōgun* (Minamoto) in the *Buke*:

At the beginning of the period the most important thing to note is the decline of the Fujiwara. They hold all the important posts. They figure in silk, with gay caps and colours, and pretty scabbards to the noble weapon they no longer knew how to wield. As far as the Miyako *faineants* were concerned these might as well have been the wooden sword fatal to the Bravo of Idzumo. It is no longer Fujiwara captains who go forth from the gay and luxurious capital to put down rebellion in the outer provinces. This task is now entrusted to hard fighting warriors in the outer provinces.* One or two instances will suffice.

One of the great houses of the North was the Abe. In the days of Sammei (655-661 A.D.) it was an Abe no Hirafu who headed an expedition by land and sea against northern Korea, and north Japan and Yezo. (The geography is doubtful and apocryphal) ; and his brilliant success was compared to that of the legendary Yamato-take in the same district. It is not four hundred years later that Abe no Yoritoki shook off all nominal allegiance to the weak power at Miyako, and took possession of Oshū. Minamoto Yoriyoshi of the Seiwa Genji was sent against him. He had already made his reputation in a little war conducted in Shimosa by his father Yorinobu against Taira Tadatsune. Yoriyoshi's first movement was directed against the son Sadatō, soon joined by his father Yoritoki. Concentrated behind the Komorigawa in Mutsu they set Yoriyoshi at defiance. At first the latter was anything but successful. Yoritoki was killed in battle, but this piece of luck was merely out of the frying pan into the fire of Sadatō. Aided by all his clan, and no mean warrior himself, Sadatō drove Yoriyoshi headlong out of Oshū (Mutsu and Dewa), and the few who escaped had a tale to tell. At least it frightened Fujiwara no Tsunehige, send to aid Yoriyoshi, and who fled without sighting the enemy. Yoriyoshi found a better captain and assistance in Kiyowara no Takenari. This captain raised the cowed sub-fiefs of the Minamoto and came to

* No matter what the lineage—Minamoto or Taira—at the Miyako court rank was everything. And the cream always has been monopolised by Fujiwara.

his chief's assistance. Then followed a desperate battle from castle to castle, from river to river, from one palisaded camp to another. In 1062 A.D. Sadatō was killed in battle. He was then only thirty four years old, was more than six feet in heighth with a body circumference of seven feet, and required six men to carry his body. It was with quiet satisfaction that Yoriyoshi viewed his head. His eldest son, Tsuyodōji, aged thirteen, sallied out of the camp to continue the battle. Yoriyoshi was no devourer of little children. He admired the brave boy and wanted to spare him. Kiyowara, however, had a reputation to make, and heads counted by the tale as well as by quality; so the boy too was promptly speared. Shigetō and Yetō were also killed in battle. The Fujiwara were badly mixed up in this revolt; Fujiwara no Tsunekiyo suffered the same fate.

This little war had taken twelve years for settlement. And it had its aftermath. The Kiyowara were likewise a great family, and of the Témmu clique (through a son of that Tennō, Toneri Shinnō). They too felt quite able to go it alone. He who sows shall reap. At least so thought Kiyowara no Takehira, son of Takenori. His brother Kiyowara no Iehira resented the loss of his title of Chinjufu-Shōgun. Properly speaking titles should be hereditary in Japan to the fourth and fifth and fiftieth generation of substitutes (by adoption, if no other way). What applied to Miyako, the clique of kugé (court nobles) were not so ready to apply out of it. Minamoto no Yoshiiye, son of Yoriyoshi, had begged the perquisites and the job. Besides the Minamoto were now inclined to look into these Kiyowara of Dewa:

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
"That he is grown so great?

There is a beautiful little mix up in the genealogy.* We have seen Fujiwara no Tsunekiyo mixed up in the affairs of Sadatō, to whom he was related. Now this Fujiwara left a son Kiyohira, and a widow who afterwards married Takesada Arakawa. Kiyohira became the son of Take-

* Thus the chronicles differ. Iehira is made the brother of Takehira. Again, Takesada is interposed as his father.

sada and the heir to his estates. But scandal said that Takenori had carried off the widow after the consummation of her marriage with Tsunekiyo. During her stay with Takenori she gave birth to Iehira who hence properly was a half-brother of Kiyohira. At the death of Takenori this Iehira quarrelled with both his reputed brothers, Takehira and Kiyohira (Fujiwara or Takesada). The split was at the start very deep. What they did was a good reason for Iehira to do the opposite, and he refused to acknowledge any authority as resting in Yoshiiye as Prince of Mutsu. Now Yoshiiye was *the* fighting man of his time. He had performed *gembuku* (assumed the *toga* virilis) at the temple of Hachiman in Iwashimizu (or Yamashiro), was known therefore as Hachiman-Taro,* and upheld the war-god's reputation throughout his stormy life. This time, however, Iehira at start had the best of it. Yoshiiye had to run for it. To the short-sighted Takehira this was an invitation to reconcile himself with the rising sun of his brother. Not so Kiyohira, who thus stood pat on genealogy. Besides, he lost little if they were successful, and stood to gain much by falling heir to something more than ashes and hard blows. And the blows were hard indeed. After a stiff campaign, Takehira and Iehira were cornered in the castle of Kanagawa in Mutsu. Doughty were the deeds performed. Kagamasa (he was only sixteen) a captain of Yoshiiye was struck in the eye with an arrow. Allowing it to remain in the wound he used it to sight his own missile, and killed the man who sent it. Other captains of great courage performed equal prodigies of valour. And to set the standard decently high, Yoshiiye separated the sheep from the goats, the brave from the "retiring" in disposition.

The castle was too strong to be taken by assault, and at this game Yoshiiye lost a plentiful sufficiency of men, material, and time. The besieged were ingenious in their sallies and ambuscades. Equally keen were the besiegers to detect these untoward tricks. The wild geese driven out of the marshes invaded the camp of Yoshiiye. One

* Or for his great deeds in the campaign against the Abe say others.

HACHIMAN-TARŌ MINAMOTO YOSHIIYE.

Masafusa suspected then the presence of an ambuscade. The reeds were surrounded and beaten out, and a band of thirty of the enemy were thus cornered and slain. Kiyohira was on pins and needles, witnessing the destruction of his prospective property—men and materials: (he had a pretty shrewd idea where *he* was going to land). He counselled starving out the besieged. Yoshiiye adopted the advice, and it went hard with them in the castle. Their provisions daily diminished, and they were reduced to great extremities. Finally on December 27th (14 day of the 11 month) Takehira and Iehira set fire to the castle, and sought to escape by flight in the confusion. Yoshiiye at once sent out his storming parties, and every human creature in the castle was put to death. Takehira sought refuge in the marsh, but was found, and his head was promptly struck off. Iehira, who sought to escape disguised as a slave, suffered the same fate. From the blood-stained hands of the victor Kiyohira received his dismantled property, and the government of the province of Oshū, over which he and his descendants ruled for some generations. Thus with 1091 A.D. ended the second war, which had lasted ten years.

These are specimens of the inter-fief wars in which these great nobles were fighting for their own hand. And yet at this very time there was reigning at Miyako the one strong man since Temmu's days. But was he really reigning? There is not a sign of any well directed royal policy, even toward these unruly feudal nobles. The Tennō was always on the defensive, with but one resort—to play one fief against another. All that a great prince like Shirakawa did, was to secure the headship of the family council of the Fujiwara to its proper head—the Tennō. And he adopted the old methods. After thirteen years on the throne himself he abdicated, to hold as Hōō the reins of government for his son Horikawa aged eight years, and later for his grandson Toba,* aged five years. As soon as Toba reaches the age of twenty years he abdicates, the old Hōō remaining still the power ruling the court—*not* the

* Not to be confused with Go-Toba: *ditto*, Go-Shirakawa, Go-Ichijō, etc.

country; Minamoto, Taira, Abe, Kiyowara do that. When Shirakawa died in 1129 A.D. it becomes plain that the influence he exercised is due to personal qualities. Toba is a *fainéant*, amorous of his wives and neglectful of even the titular duties of the Tennō, as regent he merely meddles and muddles in court intrigue. This he did so effectually that Sutoku his son, as soon as old enough to understand, (twenty two years) abdicates, in order to fight him on more even ground. The favourite concubine of Toba had at last given him a son, and for the succession of this infant Toba was intriguing. And he was successful. In 1142 A.D. Konoe, son of Toba by Fujiwara no Tokushi,[1] was installed on the throne.

It is plain enough that the Fujiwara have lost their grip on affairs. Let us turn to a Japanese writer for some description of their lives.[2] "Kyōto, the 'flowery capital,' is gay at times with cherry-blossoms, at times with the red leaf of the maple. In ancient days its court nobles were skilled in the arts of making *shiika*,[3] or *kwangen*.[4] Their refinement of feeling is found in poets whose poems show the influence exercised upon them by flowers and the songs of birds. At the end of the flourishing period of the Fujiwara, dress was appropriate and plain. It was at that time they began to dye the teeth black. In the time of Shirakawa Hōō,[5] who had become priest, Nagamasa, great grandson of Minamoto Tokinaka[6] gave to the Tennō Horikawa an eikyoku,[7] a *koto*,[8] a *fuye*,[9] and a *biwa*.[10] Music known as *ayakōji*[11] came in fashion. In the nengo

[1] or Tokuko. Better known as Bifuku-mon-in. Kenrei-mon-in was also a Tokuko (Taira.)

[2] Saito Kozu—Life of Shizuka Gozen in the Me-Enshu (Nadaiki): admirably written in story and description, which cannot be said of all the collection.

[3] A kind of poem.

[4] A kind of music.

[5] Priest Tennō, retired.

[6] Great grandson of Uda Tennō; The Shōguns, Minamoto, Ashikaga, Tokugawa, came from Seiwa Tennō.

[7] A kind of piano (harp?).

[8] Ditto.

[9] Flute.

[10] A kind of guitar.

[11] Ayakōji? 綾小路の音樂

(period) of Engi (901-922 A.D.) a kind of operatic performance consisting of music and dancing sprang up, known as *Sangaku*, the name being changed later to *Sarugaku*.[1] It be came popular with the noble class, being in fact the original of the *Nō*.[2] *Shirabyoshi*, or dancing girls, came in fashion at the same period. These girls were often attached to the households of noble families. When Toba Jōkō,[3] following the example set by Shirakawa Hōō, visited the temple of Hōshōji[4] to view the cherry blossoms, the women of the court all drove there in decorated cars. They were dressed very extravagantly. This Tennō also drove in the same car with the Hōō to view the snow landscape. They frequently visited Kōyasan and Kumano. The Tennō Toba was especially fond of pompous display. To Minamoto Aritomo, the Sadaijin,[5] was due the idea of embellishing the face. Since that time, it is said, the *kuge*,[6] high and low, adopted the practice of using cosmetics and dyeing the teeth black in order to decorate the face."

"With the habits of debauchery distinctions of rank and sex were confused. The result of which was that in contracting marriage, examination of family lineage was gradually given up. *Yukimi*[7] and *shirabyoshi*[8] lived with the nobles. In the conduct of the Government the officials made no effort to govern during this wicked period; but day by day they gave themselves up to pleasure. The nobles were more absorbed in making poems on the moon and flowers, than in attending to their duties. As a consequence the provinces were in as much confusion as the tangled fibres of hempen thread,[9] and *soyen*[10] were gradually increasing throughout the country. Wandering

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[1] "A comic dance" (Brinkley Dict.).

[2] Cf Piggott (*loc. cit* pp 16,17), a safer authority than the native romancer.

[3] Retired Tennō (not priest); they took a variety of titles.

[4] In the suburbs of Miyako.

[5] Minister of the Left.

[6] Court nobles.

[7] Kind of prostitute.

[8] Dancing girls.

[9] "Asa no gotoku" 麻の如く.

[10] Independent feudal chiefs.

*bushi** and fighting monks (*sohei*), rough in manner and action, spread themselves everywhere, and wherever they went in the land disturbance was sure to rise."

"Drama, however, in Kyōto had reached its culminating point. The disturbances of Hōgen (1156-1159) rose before long from the neglect of manners and discipline. Morality in men became much confused. Father and child, brother and brother, fought against each other. The tie of blood relationship was broken, and they thought nothing of carrying their quarrels to death itself.† After a series of struggles the Genji and Heike, two opposing clans, had met in battle. The result was the disturbed period of Heiji (1159-1160),‡ from which the Heike emerged successful. This family became noted for its extravagance. The palace of the Tennō, during these struggles temporarily a battle field, became as it was before; that is in the dramatic period. After Taira Kiyomori became prime minister, the Heike did as the *kuge* had done before them. First paying more attention to dyeing their teeth and adorning their faces, luxury quickly spread to dress, which became as gaudy as in the earlier times. The *shirabyoshi*, girls of low extraction, found their place again at the side of the nobles, to the confusion of all good morals. It was said that the good customs of olden times were still more impaired than before the disturbances of Hōgen and Heiji."

And at this period of Heiji (1159-60 A.D.) we take up our story. Minamoto and Taira at last come to grips over the heritage of the worn-out Fujiwara, no longer able even to make a pretence of resistance. The struggle at last was to centre around Miyako itself, not in desultory strife in the provinces. First honours were to go to the Taira. The huge unwieldy clan of the Minamoto were badly split over the prize they already half had in their grasp. Badly split even within the dominant branch—the Seiwa Genji. Moreover their hour, or rather the man, had not yet come.

* Knights—better rōnin.

† A bit out of the chronicles. cf Klaproth's trans. of O. Dai-Ichi-ran. p. 190 Tameyoshi and Yoshitomo (Minamoto) are an instance.

‡ They have been actively at it during Hōgen.

Taira Kiyomori appears on the political horizon like some brilliant meteor. The family to which he nominally belonged was powerful, but hardly seemed a match for its opponents I say "nominally" for the chronicles repeat the strange rumour of the time. This said that the Tennō, Shirakawa, had given to Taira Tadamori, the reputed father of Kiyomori, one of his favourite concubines as wife. But she was already pregnant when she passed into the hands of Tadamori, and Kiyomori hence properly was the son of Shirakawa, of the blood royal of Japan.

The crisis was precipitated by strife in the Tennō's palace. The clashing between Toba and his son Sutoku was incessant. With a *naïveté* showing absolute ignorance of the meaning of his words, the Japanese writer nonchalantly tells us that the "warring of the Fujiwara within their own clan made even the throne a scene of strife." Behind the scenes, urging on the willing Toba, was his spouse, the Princess Fujiwara no Tokushi, Bifuku-mon-in. As to her—Sutoku lived in constant fear of poison. Old Japan of the eleventh and twelfth centuries had many of the ways and means of the Byzantine court of the same period. Konoe Tennō never reached manhood. He died, aged seventeen years. Toba's own choice for successor was his daughter by Princess Tokushi. Sutoku had changed. Originally he himself, or rather his governors, had chosen his uterine brother as successor—Go-Shirakawa. Since that time he had grown to manhood, and now himself had a son, and his choice fell on Shigehito to fill the vacant throne. But Princess Tokushi charged Sutoku with poisoning Konoe, and Toba's whole influence was thrown towards securing the succession of Go-Shirakawa. This was the last thing he did. Sutoku fled the palace. The Fujiwara were split into two camps, and under Fujiwara no Tadamichi and Fujiwara no Yorinaga faced each other in open war.*

* The early choice of a Taishi (crown-prince) undoubtedly was to prevent an interregnum and probable fight over the succession in this oriental and polygamous court. Thus brothers succeeded, often to the exclusion of sons. It is no argument for or against matriarchy or patriarchy. Its retention, however, in stabler times might be claimed as an influence of old matriarchal ideas in decay: i.e. *versus* primogeniture.

It was in some ways a similar condition to when Temmu and Prince Ohotomo grappled for the succession. The result was different. Technically Go-Shirakawa had the right. He had been regularly inducted as Tennō (so had Ohotomo) with all the insignia of office. His opponents, legally speaking, were rebels. His whole position lay in the efficiency of his captains. As recently as the last years of Konoe-Tennō, (in 1153 A.D.), Taira no Kiyomori had succeeded his deceased father, Tadamori, in the position of president of the criminal court—Kebiishi-bettō—who as head of the administration of justice wielded a very practical and much desired power. Men did not look for much beyond one of the ordinary palace squabbles to which centuries of experience, and recent practice, had accustomed them. As a whole the Minamoto ranged themselves behind Sutoku. And not very willingly among his kinsman, was the famous archer and poetaster Minamoto Yorimasa. It was only a few years before that this captain had slain the fearful Nouyé, described as with "the head of an ape, the body and claws of a tiger, and the tail of a serpent." At the time its size was enhanced by fear; and in later days by time. Western readers will recognize "the teeth that bite, the claws that scratch" of this Japanese Jabberwock. The Tennō, growing paler and more wan from day to day, confessed that a most unpleasant scratching in the space above his head prevented his sleeping at night. Most people would have said "rats!" Probably they did. But the Tennō's complaints are taken seriously in Japan, and Yorimasa was placed on guard to slay the intruder. In the small hours of the night a heavy black cloud settled over the palace and the sleeping chamber of the Tennō, and within appeared this frightful apparition which began to tear at the roof tiling to effect entrance. Yorimasa in his good cause had a decidedly easy time with the beast. Whether they took his word for it, or whether he produced the *corpus delicti*, is left to the weavers of the wonderful, and not to the more prosaic chronicles which we must follow. These are disgustingly prosaic—: "having killed it, the Tennō gave him as reward his sword; and further-

more presented to him one of the ladies in waiting, Ayamé no Maé." Behind this dry detail is a pretty romance. For the young knight was much in love with Ayamé (apparently by mere reputation), who was the acknowledged beauty of the palace. He had never dared to raise his eyes to hers, and did not know just what she looked like. The Tennō, who knew of this little love affair, had Ayamé and several other ladies of the court dressed in identical costumes, and then summoned Yorimasa to pick out his chosen wife. The situation was embarassing, and the possibility of a ridiculous blunder was enormous to this weaver of poems to the moon and his lady's various charms. All the candidates presented were entrancing, and worship at a distance is no aid to reflection or selection at closest quarters. Yorimasa confessed his obliquity and chronic bad luck as a guesser, and the Tennō himself took the lady by the hand and delivered her to her spouse. It was a graceful thing for him to do, for Yorimasa as a physician was a rank failure. In little more than two years the Tennō died. Yorimasa lived to see the Minamoto raise their head from defeat, and died fighting at an advanced age—surrounded and accompanied in death by his sons by Ayamé-gozen (The Lady Iris).*

Much hard fighting and little other romance is to be got out of the events of Hōgen. It was a most open fight for the spoils. The hope that the two old political foes, now strangely in company, Minamoto Tameyoshi and Taira Tadamasa (uncle of Kiyomori), would find an outlet in intrigue was disappointed. However, Minamoto no Yoshitomo, the greatest captain of the Minamoto and the most important of the Seiwa Genji, took sides with Go-Shirakawa and joined Kiyomori in the defence of the palace. Tadamasa carried but little Taira aid to Sutoku, and Yoshitomo was a host for Go-Shirakawa, who thus had the two greatest captains in Japan to conduct his military operations. Kiyomori was the life of the campaign. Only

* His story is told in some detail by Madame Ozaki Yei, in her charming little collection of stories—"Warriors of Old Japan." If, as said, he died at nearly eighty he was a most prosaic middle aged lover at this time.

eleven days after Toba's death a battle was fought at the Shirokawa no Goshō. After some shifting and moving Sutoku had finally taken refuge here with Fujiwara Yorinaga, who had dodged Taira Nobukane despatched by the Tennō Go-Shirakawa to arrest him. To assist in the defence a soldier was of course necessary, and he was only to be found in Minamoto or Taira ranks, both in fact and custom the professional bull-dogs and bruisers. The one to be summoned was Tameyoshi. He demurred, and when he did come advised retreat to his family stronghold in the Kwantō. "I am old, and for long have not worn armour. Such work I have left to my sons. But Yoshitomo heads the forces of the Tennō. Tametomo, however, who has made a great reputation in Kyūshū, although young is best fitted to command. But lately I dreamed that my favourite helmet was carried off by the wind. The omen is of the worst." Thus he croaked to Yorinaga. The latter's reply was brief. "Come yourself and make your own excuses." But coming meant the dangling of court favours before the eyes, and easy consent. The upshot was that Tameyoshi and his sons—with the exception of Yoshitomo—guarded two of the gates of the palace with one hundred and twenty eight men, and Taira Tadamasa and Iehiro with Minamoto Yorinori with as many more took the other two gates.

Tametomo's youth was all against his advice being taken. He wished to make an immediate night attack on the Takamatsu palace in which the Tennō was lodged. "They have no real captain but Yoshitomo;" for he had a fine scorn of Kiyomori, "a weak stripling." Thus he proposed to fire the place and seize the Tennō. Yorinaga refused to listen to him "as too young to conduct a serious battle." No: they must await the reinforcement expected from the South Capital (Nara), the monks of which had been ordered to march. Tametomo became silent, to turn to his next neighbour after the council:—"war is not conducted according to court ceremony. The chances are that my brother will do what we do not do, and attack us to-night." And he was right. Fujiwara Michinori Shōnagon (Shinsei Nyūdō) had objected to Yoshitomo's

promotion and admission to court rank. Yoshitomo would thus out-rank his father Tameyoshi. Yoshitomo put it:—"a soldier does not expect to return alive from the battle." He preferred his reward before the fight. Go-Shirakawa thought this entirely reasonable. To stand on ceremony before a crisis was absurd in the face of the practical advantages to be gained by breaking it. He put aside Michinori's objection equally without ceremony. That night Yoritomo with seven hundred men led by himself and Kiyomori attacked the Shirokawa palace. The emergency put Tametomo at once in command, with increased rank. As he received the promotion he jeered at it. "With the enemy at hand we can dispense with any ceremony as to my new grade." Against Kiyomori who lead the van he was all powerful. With the same arrow from his bow he killed Itō Tadakiyo and wounded the brother. Tametomo and twenty eight men held his position against all comers. Then Yoshitomo coming up, Kiyomori left this family affair to him, and departed to deal with his own. Yoshitomo took the matter in hand. His presence paralysed the efforts of Tametomo. To warn the captain, however, Tametomo shot the knobs off his helmet. Yoshitomo scolded him, and commanded him to surrender. Tametomo said he preferred to obey a father rather than an elder brother. Yoritomo pressed the Tennō's commission. Tametomo warmed up enough to send a second shaft, but Fukasu Kiyokuni sprang forward, and death was his portion. Yoshitomo's life was saved. The parley had gained much for Yoshitomo. In the fierce assault which ensued Tametomo played a great part. If the mighty archer was handicapped and could not direct his bow against his brother it was different with the Taira. These he marked out and killed them in shoals (they had a distinctly naval penchant). But Tameyoshi and his sons were over-weighted in this conflict, so suddenly precipitated. Kiyomori was ready, and had skilfully brought over their own great captain to his side. Tadamasa was of but little assistance in comparison. The defence was broken down. Yoshitomo succeeded in forcing an entrance and firing the palace. Tameyoshi

and his sons, with the Jōkō and a few of his train, only escaped with difficulty.

Unskilled in riding a horse, still more so when it became necessary to take to his feet in climbing the steep path of Hieisan, Sutoku gave out altogether. At his positive orders Tameyoshi and the others left him with Fujiwara Mitsuhiro, who squatted down and flatly refused to budge. Thus they spent the night in a little valley, and the next day reached the Choindera, to be promptly turned over to Go-Shirakawa. Sutoku and his son Shigehito, also a prisoner, were made priests and exiled to Shikoku. Tameyoshi and his sons might have escaped had it not been for the father's sickness, and the confidence of all (but Tametomo) in Yoshitomo. Having taken refuge in Kurodani Tametomo urged that they should make their way to the Kwantō, where he had confidence in facing Yoshitomo with the whole country behind him. "Miura, Hatakeyama, Oyamada will support us", he said.* Tameyoshi ordered them all off; himself he sent a message to Yoshitomo, to urge him to secure their pardon. It was needed. Yoshitomo at once took Tameyoshi into his own house, and in the course of some days he had all his brothers in bail, trapped one by one. Then began the little game of politics with Taira Kiyomori at the bottom and stirring the depths. On demand Kiyomori cheerfully sacrificed his uncle Tadamasa and such small fry of his tribe. Off went their heads. Then the demand came to Yoshitomo, the bloody order inspired by Fujiwara Michinori, "for such a thing had not been heard of for three hundred and forty years." The death penalty for titular treason had dropped out of sight. Taira Iesada, on campaign in the West, returning to Miyako protested against such action. Kiyomori, put out, did not know how to answer. The game was not so played among soldiers. Death on the battlefield, yes; at the hands of the executioner, no.

* All good Taira names; and so these men stood loyally by Yoshitomo in the battle of Heiji, four years later. The Minamoto were titular captains of the Kwantō since the days of Yoriyoshi and Yoshiiye. Most of these men owed their estates to those captains, and so we find them loyal in support. After a little wavering they also sided with Yoritomo

Michinori was no soldier. He was deeply learned in legal lore and ancient custom. The cold-blooded lawyer made answer for his running mate. "Those who take arms against the Tennō deserve death. The Tennō's orders admit of no reply." It was a new rule, to grow a fearful harvest of heads in the next four centuries.

The conspicuous example of good-will displayed by Kiyomori in the sacrifice of Tadamasa was pointed out by Fujiwara Michinori, the Tennō's eye and ear. Now Yoshitomo was gunning to be groom of the stables—Sama-no-kami—and had a bagful of his relatives. He demurred. Then there was pouting, threats of turning the butcher's knife over to Kiyomori. Instead of releasing his father and brothers, to fight out his blunder if necessary, Yoshitomo cut their bonds and thread of life at the same time. He did not actually cut off Tameyoshi's head himself, as he did later that of his son Tomonaga. Kamada Masakiyo, his right hand man, advised him that if he did not perform the job, Kiyomori would; and that he could pray for father and brothers after their death! So Kamada was sent to do the actual work of decapitation. Yorinaka as he knelt for the executioner's stroke said:—"cruel as my brother Yoshitomo is, the time will come when he will regret his action." Yoshitomo made an extremely clean sweep. The four youngest children shared the fates of the rest—their ages ranging from thirteen to seven years. Little Tsuruwaka, nine years of age, said:—"our brother is making a great mistake"; and Otowaka, the aged member of this children's party (thirteen years) still more wisely said:—"He did not spare our father. Why should he spare us?" An uncle is a poor makeweight for a father and a bunch of fighting brothers, and this great house of the Seiwa Genji was hit hard through the court ambitions of Yoshitomo. Of the sons of Hangan Rokujo Tameyoshi, the archer Tametomo was spared. The sinews of Tametomo's powerful arms were cut, in order to destroy his phenomenal strength and skill with the bow (like Tartarin of Tarascon he had "double muscles"); but perhaps intentionally the executioner made a bad job of it. He was exiled to Ōshima (Vries

Island), and was destined to trouble the Taira in the future, and to pass into legend as king of Ryūchū—or Loo-Choo, as we know it.* The Japanese chronicles obligingly leave it to their readers to choose either ending. Whether he really fled to Oni-ga-shima (isle of demons) or Loo-Choo in 1156 A.D., conquered the islands and married the king's daughter, to be later transported to Heaven on a cloud; or whether he remained "peacefully" (*sic*) at Oshima weaving plots against the Taira; at all events in 1170 A.D. they heard strange tales at Miyako, strangely mixed with the reports of his island conquests. A reconaissance in force was sent against him, and unwilling to bring on the willing natives the vengeance they were ill-fitted to resist, the brave captain withdrew to his apartment and committed *harakiri*—to be later worshipped in Hachijō and Oshima as Tametomo-daijin.

From all accounts Yoshitomo was a stupid enough man, even if a master hand at dealing hard whacks. He secured his court appointments, to find that the Tennō was very poor timber for a walking stick. Kiyomori came out of the contest supreme. He was made Prince of Harima, and secured both plums and the power he was to wield for the next twenty five years. But he was not as great a man as the youth Yoritomo, who at this time had not received the manly tonsure. The result would have been the same even if Kiyomori, instead of the superlatively inefficient Munemori, had directed the last efforts of the Taira. But the man's political ability as a wire puller, and his immense prestige, would have made the issue far more

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* Tametomo was one of those infant prodigies in the military line. A Napoleon full blown (embryonic) at thirteen (*sic*). In these youthful captains we have cases of little John Grenvile, mounted on his father's (Sir Bevil) horse, and charging in the company of the giant Anthony Payne urging on Sir Bevil's retainers at the battle of Lansdown Hill in 1643 A.D.

It would be hard to find, in and out of Japanese history, a more infamous character than this Yoshitomo; the cup of his iniquity not yet being full at the date we have reached. The Japanese do not regard him in that light. He is one of their heroes, over-reached by the astuter Kiyomori. So he was regarded by the men of his time, and so his story is regarded to day. This is *Bushidō*—of the twelfth and twentieth century.

KURANDO MINAMOTO TAMETÔMO.

doubtful. But Kiyomori made no real change in the political life of Old Japan. He substituted Taira for Fujiwara, and continued in the old way. In 1166 A.D. the *kōgō* was chosen from the Taira clan, Kiyomori having previously governed through a child Tennō. In 1158 A.D. Go-Shirakawa abdicated. He never was anything but a shadow and a puppet in Kiyomori's hands. Nijō succeeded at the age of sixteen years, and abdicated at twenty-two; Rokujō (1166-1168 A.D.) succeeded at the ripe age of three years, and abdicated at the riper (relatively) age of six; Takakura succeeded at the age of eight, married Taira no Tokuko (Kiyomori's daughter) at eleven, and at nineteen was forced to abdicate in favour of her two year old son, grand-son of Kiyomori, —Antoku. But this is merely doing things in the good old style. And Kiyomori had behind him neither the prestige or the conditions of the period from Kōgyoku to Temmu. The man gone, the system again collapsed. Yoritomo, the coming man of the Minamoto, cut to the root. He separated things civil and military from things courtly, the goats from the sheep, and removed the former to the distant sphere of Kamakura. He could clip the wool just as well, and the squealing was only heard within the pen. Not that Yoritomo could deal radically with his times, or beyond his own light. That was reserved to Iyeyasu —to effect such centralisation as a feudal system would allow, by concentrating the Tokugawa fiefs, and scattering and over-looking the others with their *hatamoto* or spies.* The comparison cannot be carried too close, but in their way Yoritomo and Iyeyasu, in the twelfth and seventeenth century of Japan, represent Louis XI and Louis XIV in France. Reverse these two last named kings, and probably under the conditions they would have played the same rôle, and used the same methods according to the time in which they lived. But what Yoritomo did was to accentuate the necessity of

* Daimyō directly dependent on the Tokugawa House. Practically they were in many cases nothing but salaried officials, the distinction being very shadowy.

separating the Court of Miyako from the Administration of the Shōgun. Iyeyasu profited by this experience, and particularly by that of the Ashikaga Shōguns who neglected to follow it. The Court at Miyako was kept in a decent poverty, and hence was without influence. It was sharply cut off, politically and socially, and left to play with titles and precedence for toys—and very shabby did its gay caps and costumes get as time passed; but the armour of the *bushi* was kept bright, and their swords sharp, and luxury ran riot among the favoured few at the top. Marriage and giving in marriage thus became of less importance, and the *kōgō* as a rule was a Fujiwara.

# PART I.

## YOSHITSUNE AND BENKEI: BENKEI AND YOSHITSUNE.

"Nothing can possibly be conceived in the world, or even out "of it, which can be called good, without qualification, except a "Good Will..... The sight of a being who is not adorned with "a single feature of a pure and good will, enjoying unbroken "prosperity, can never give pleasure to an impartial rational "spectator."

Kant's—"Metaphysics of Morals"—(Trans. by T. K. Abbott)

# PROLOGUE.

The Gempei in the period of Heiji (1159-1160 A.D.): Tokiwa-Gozen:* The vision of Saigyō on Shiraminesan.

"It is a worshipful knight's deed to help another worshipful "knight when he seeth him in a great danger; for ever a "worshipful man will be loath to see a worshipful man shamed; "and he that is of no worship, and fareth with cowardice, never "shall he show gentleness, nor no manner of goodness where he "seeth a man in any danger, for then ever will a coward show "no mercy; and always a good man will do ever to another man "as he would be done to himself."— (Le Morte d'Arthur)
"The thick snow fell fast, on her tresses tossed by the wind;
"And her little ones, flying with their mother, sought to "grasp her hand"— Yanagawa Seigan.

## § 1.

Discontent, uneasiness, smouldering wrath were the spirits which brooded over Miyako, so recently the scene of the battles of Hōgen. In no quarter was there any feeling of permanency. The people, sunk in misery, their fields trampled down by the daily strife of the *bushi*; their villages fired and left in desolate ruins according as one side or the other charged them with complicity and granting shelter to the enemy; the bodies of their dead lying mouldering by the wayside; viewed with hapless terror the

* Gozen=lady: "The Lady Tokiwa."

certain renewal of the strife. In the palace a youth of sixteen years was seated on the throne, under the guidance of his father, the former Tennō Go-Shirakawa, who had abdicated to rule, and still found himself tied hard and fast by the etiquette of the Japanese court and the influence of Fujiwara no Michinori. Although ancient ties united him to this his foster-brother, it was with a bilious eye that Go-Shirakawa saw himself thus helpless before ceremony; and even Michinori, the favoured counsellor, stood as an impediment to the exercise of direct power. And Michinori's position was no bed of roses. Closer to the conduct of affairs he knew that the power of the throne was a mere pretence. The appearance even could only be maintained by a careful balancing and calculation of the contending interests and factions in which lay the real power. And apart from the condition of affairs a personal interest influenced his choice until he fell out of favour with the Jōkō, Go-Shirakawa. Fujiwara no Tadazane had swayed the court, first as dajō-daijin later as *kwampaku*. Of his two sons, Yorinaga and Tadamichi, he loved the younger and bitterly hated Tadamichi; using every influence to prevent his rise to power. In the times of Hōgen (1156-1159 A.D.) Nyūdo* Tadazane had chosen badly, and all that Tadamichi, himself once Dajō-Daijin and now *kwampaku* under Go-shirakawa, had to do was to stand aside, and let Kiyomori work his will. However, he returned good for evil, and using all his influence with Michinori, through him had succeeded in saving the hoary head of the notable rebel. This, however, had brought down on Michinori the wrath of Minamoto Yoshitomo, who probably did not like the contrast with his own behaviour; and of Fujiwara Nobuyori, who scented fine pickings from the court spoil of Tadazane. These were two powerful enemies, against whom Michinori did well to look for allies.

And indeed the only one to be well satisfied was Taira Kiyomori, prince of Aki; now with Harima added to his fiefs; the hosts of the Taira enthusiastically and solidly

* A title—"shaven-head."

lined up behind him, their leader; and his opponents, the Minamoto, scattered far and wide, bitterly rent by intestine hatreds springing from the late war, and the heads of their leaders rotting before the Rokuhara justice hall. And it was the bitterness of Minamoto Yoshitomo that through him the balance had been so thrown out of gear. If he did not at once appreciate the situation he was quick to learn it from Michinori. Now this latter was a man of no mean political ability. The scenes of his life were passed in the luxury of the court, not clad in armour or on horseback. But he was a master hand in intrigue, and could readily estimate the two opposing factions. When therefore both Yoshitomo and Kiyomori, recognizing his value and influence in governing the court, sought to marry a daughter to Michinori's son, he put aside, almost contemptuously, the proposition of the first, accepting that of Kiyomori, and thus definitely declaring his position between the factions.

Yoshitomo's position therefore was unflattering and dangerous. It was all very well to draw fine distinctions between the two contending factions of Fujiwara in their struggle for the throne. All he had gained from it was to secure an already comparatively low position at the Tenno's court, and the uncertain favour of the Jōkō, Go-Shirakawa; this latter certain to be lost if any movement should be made against Michinori, and equally certain to be lost if Michinori should retain his predominant position at court. Kiyomori, governing with a strong hand, would have laughed at such a position. But Yoshitomo was not Kiyomori, and for a mess of pottage had thrown away the support he would have found behind him. Indeed he was not the brightest of men, and the chroniclers seem very safe in regarding him as a great military leader, a crack bruiser in the battle field, and a stupid fellow. It was the more congenial and easy for Yoshitomo therefore "to cultivate more and more that courage which was the feature of the character of his grand-father and father,* and to regret that he himself lacked the wisdom which

* Yoshiiye and Tameyoshi.

was such a feature in their career.....But when peace prevails the art of the politician is more useful, and in this Kiyomori delighted, undignified and lowering though it be." But possibly Kiyomori knew even more of statesmanship than our chronicler.

It would be unjust to set Yoshitomo down as an ass. Besides, the stupidity of the ass has been much misjudged, and in the East it is regarded as wise among beasts. That union of force and wicked intelligence—the mule—will never be taken for a fool. Such a mistake would lead to grievous results, and be bitterly repented—probably in the next world. Our western comparisons are not always well drawn. The cackling "geese" are said to have saved Rome, and in these latter days a goose is yet regarded as something more than a match for any pretty well grown small and mischievous boy whose appetising calves are within its reach. But in the opening drama of Heiji (1159-1160 A.D.) the role of clown was to be filled, and the man to play it was Fujiwara Nobuyori. Physically, "he was enormously fat, leading one to believe that a big belly and a treacherous mind go together." Mentally, he was stupid and greedy, and lamentably short-sighted in the political sense,* without learning, with a strong scent for political carrion, and with little idea how to secure it by any reasonably safe method. He wanted the position of Dajō-daijin, which politically would have given him control of the court as prime-minister; and, in Nobuyori's eyes, of the country, for he forgot the existence of Kiyomori. When, however, Go-Shirakawa consulted Michinori as to this modest request of Nobuyori, the latter at once pointed out that this position could only be held by a man of high position and talents, and of approved courage; and that Nobuyori possessed none of these, and was notably lacking in the last. This reached Nobuyori's ears, and as far as he had any influence sealed the fate of Michinori.

Beggars cannot be choosers, otherwise Yoshitomo would probably never have picked out Nobuyori, this "very tun of man," as co-conspirator; a man, who if he possessed

* It is of interest to find a Japanese speak of the Tennō—Konoe and Go-Shirakawa—"whose political strength he much over-rated."

"guts" in one sense, notably lacked them in another. And as the brains of the venture he was equally a failure. However, Michinori was the connecting link; and to get at him, and pluck the ripe fruit of court favour and power, it only seemed necessary to get rid of Kiyomori. This was done in a very superficial sense, and confined to his physical absence. Kiyomori announced his early departure to worship at the shrines of Kumano, a province not even in those days so far removed from Miyako. Certainly there was nothing in the situation to imperil his interests, and if his opponents chose to think so, and to break the peace, so much the worse for them. However, once on his way the conspirators prepared to act. On Jaunary 20th, 1160 A.D., a movement was evidently on foot. The hare is quite as much interested in the hunt as the hounds. Michinori at once sought safety in the palace of the Sandōden. But here he could get no warning to the Jōkō*—Go-Shirakawa—who was perhaps not unwilling in these days that Michinori should shake a little in his shoes. Besides, there was a feast and dancing in progress, and Michinori could hardly expect to interrupt him simply to secure his head on his shoulders, even if the Prince thought it was really in danger. Entrusting his message to one of the court ladies, Michinori did the next best thing. He bolted, and sought safety at Tawara and at the bottom of a hole he had dug on the wilder hill-side, covering it over and supplying himself with air through a bamboo,† a sort of under ground pit with hidden entrance, and which served for concealment. Yoshitomo and Nobuyori did not long delay the attack. The festivites were roughly terminated by the savage *bushi* of

* Retired Tennō. Hōō is Priest-Retired-Emperor.

† "Tawara (田原) no oku Michinori mizukara iki (生) nagara tochū (土中) ni uzumerarete, take tsutsu wo kuchi ni atete iki (息) bakari hanashi itari, bushi naranu.....etc." Saito Kozu p. 12. "Me-enshu." Tawara is in Yamato, the Shiki district.

The quotations, here and elsewhere, from Japanese text are merely to elucidate doubtful points—to the writer as much at least as to anyone. Michinori's (Seishin Nyūdo) refuge is also described as a cave. As above from Saito and Ariga it is a sort of "Cock Robin" business. "Who dug his grave?" etc. Nobuyori would deserve great credit if he had not adopted such a primitive method of discovery.

Yoshitomo. Many of the *kugé* and *unemé* were killed, the palace fired, and Go-Shirakawa and Nijō-Tennō were carted off to the Ippon Gōshō-dokoro as more conveniently under the control of Nobuyori and Yoshitomo.

This more energetic part of the affair had been left to Yoshitomo. Sure of the result Nobuyori was awaiting the royal pair at the Gōshō. He assumed the position of dajō-daijin, and if short-sighted as to the future was probably not at all so as to Yoshitomo. He anticipated far more trouble from Michinori than from anyone else. Hot was the pursuit. Michinori was soon tracked to his hiding place. He was a *kugé*, not a *bushi*, and where the proper thing for him to do was to "cut belly" (*harakiri*) he waited to be dug out of his warren like any rabbit. Nobuyori was good on scenting hidden treasure, and with the aid of Michinori's servants a little torture soon found Michinori, whose head was struck off and placed in equally good company over the gate of the jail for felons and misdemeanants, perhaps with that of Yoshitomo's father and brothers, not to mention more removed relatives. Scent, however, is notably a deficient sense. Nobuyori's trouble was short-sightedness; and he could not see Nemesis, or rather Kiyomori, advancing with giant strides on Miyako where his presence was so needed. The Rokuharatei (seat of administration) held its own, but no more. They awaited the coming of their chief. Akugenda Yoshihira, the young but capable son of Yoshitomo, who had at once hastened down from the Kwantō, urged preparation to meet the crisis, to let Michinori go for the present and bag Kiyomori at Abeno, but Nobuyori was too busy hare hunting and gorging the spoil, his appetite too keen, to imagine the possible results of a surfeit. Besides, was he not dajō-daijin?

As to the efficacy of his induction Kiyomori had his own opinion. And Kiyomori's opinion carried vast weight with others. So on February 6th Go-Shirakawa "fled the court and came to the holy house" of Rokuhara, where the chief officials of the court had already sought refuge. The Tennō sought seclusion in the same unobtrusive manner at the Ninnaji temple. Kiyomori, recently returned to Rokuhara,

found not only all his resources safely at hand, but the due stamp of legitimacy to be given to his efforts. He never had been suspected of lacking vigour; and Nobuyori, at such close range, could gauge the difficulties much better. Yoshitomo fortified the Gōshō as well as his means allowed, and the unwieldy knight was given the command of one of the three gates, the Taiken-mon. Yoshitomo himself commanded at the weakest point, the Ikuo-mon. At the Yomei-mon, Akugenda Yoshihira, who later was to take the brunt of the battle, was posted with a strong force. It was disappointing to find among the red banners of the advancing Heike, the white banner of Minamoto Yorimasa. He had at first joined the movement of Yoshitomo, but his court favour in turn had bitten him. Now, when Yoshitomo reviled him in a proclamation as a recreant knight at whose memory the Genji would blush, he retorted—"I have only followed your illustrious example—*in obeying the Tennō alone.*" And our chronicler sagely adds—: "Yoshitomo was a stupid fellow, and Yorimasa was wise in a very small way."

The weak spot of the defence was to be at the Taiken-mon.* Here the attack was lead by Shigemori, eldest son of Kiyomori, now only twenty three years of age, but a most promising youth, both as warrior and councillor. The white banner of the Genji floated from the palace wall; the red standards of the Heike were thickly clustered around the gate, threatening to give way under the battering of huge beams brought forward for that purpose. The *bushi* protected as well as they could the bearers from the Minamoto arrows, but the Heike suffered heavily. It was warm work in the cold wind of winter. And for such Nobuyori had no taste. "Nobuyori had a big body, but a small liver." With his huge legs trembling and shaking as much as his big belly; with his ugly flat face, bloodless from fear, he descended from the pavilion in which he had now lodged himself during the past eighteen days, and with no wish to leave its shelter, particularly under such

* *Mon*=gate, Palaces, temples, and yashiki (daimyō's residence) gates were most elaborate structures—mainly for defence, partly for ornament. Temples accentuated ornament.

conditions. A noble, spirited, animal was waiting at the foot of the steps, and the attendants tried to hoist the unwieldy body of Nobuyori on its back. But he was too fat, and fell off on the other side, badly scratching his face and adding nothing to his good looks, a groaning dirty mass of humanity with the blood streaming from his nostrils. Probably the thought that the horse would be useful in one way, if not in another, enabled him to contribute his own efforts. Successfully mounted, he and his train rode off to the Taiken-mon where Shigemori had succeeded in forcing an entrance. His appearance was hailed with delight. Shigemori at once proclaimed his own name and title, charmed at the idea of combat with such huge booty in store. Nobuyori did not share his feelings. His attendants were under strict injunctions to keep silence; and he himself, it is safe to assert, was not likely to break the charm and reply to the challenge. In lieu of answer he ran away, and his soldiers ran after him. "Never from ancient times in Nippon had such cowardly conduct been witnessed." Shigemori at once pushed his men forward over the few remnants left to dispute the advantage, halting to gather together his men in the famous gardens opposite the Shishinden. Here resting under the Muku tree he took off his helmet to get breath. The opportunity was to be a short one.*

Yoshitomo soon received the news of the defeat at the Taiken-mon. The brunt of the battle fell on the Ikuomon, but Akugenda was more than holding his own, and

* Every tree, every stone, in the palaces and temples has its name, as thoroughly familiar to Japanese ears as would be particular objects and places to an attendant at Hampton Court or Mount Vernon. With us the general knowledge, however, is not so wide-spread. The Seiryōden, Hall of Coolness and Purity, and the Shi-Shinden, Purple Hall of Mystery, to-day are the two places (long unused) in the Gōshō for great court ceremonies. According to Murray's "Japan" (Professor Chamberlain and Mr. Mason) the rarely privileged can still see in front of the Shi-shinden, the cherry tree (sakon no sakura), and the orange tree (ukon no tachibana), to the left and right respectively of the steps leading into the garden. The privilege of entrance was as rare in the twelfth as in the twentieth century, But as we now see, it was taken willy-willy, which does not happen now. Both the Gōshō and the trees, are successors of originals long since departed, in smoke or the course of Nature.

had several times repulsed the attack of the enemy with great loss. Yoshitomo now sent an order to him to drive out the enemy who had effected an entrance. No order could have been more gladly received by this warrior son of a warrior father. Among the seventeen *bushi* supporting him were Kamada, Sasaki, Saito, and Hirayama, all of them passing good knights, "able alone to face a thousand horsemen." Followed by their retainers they galloped forward in line, shouting their names; Akugenda in line just as the rest. Shigemori was taking his ease under the Muku tree, feasting his eyes on the Sakon cherry and the Ukon orange. He and his men were taken by surprise Shigemori's superb archery enabled his men to retreat without too much loss. They were no match for the enemy, fresh to the frey. However, he was not slow to find reinforcements without, and with his new force again sought entrance. Akugenda quickly recognized that the leader was the same, even if the attacking force was new. This could be none but Shigemori, and riding forward he challenged him to single combat. But what Shigemori? That subtle young leader had dressed other knights in armour like his own. Akugenda, himself but twenty years of age, solved the question in the simplest manner. He selected the most doughty warrior of the enemy. Under the fierce charge of the Genji the Heike wilted. Shigemori, abandoned by his men, fled eastward toward Rokuhara with only two knights in attendance, Yosazaemon Kageyasu and Shindozaemon Ieyasu. Akugenda, with Hirayama, followed in hot pursuit. When they reached Horikawa, still some distance from the Heike stronghold of Rokuhara, Shigemori was hard pressed. Akugenda's horse here, however, shied at a wood-pile, and falling broke its leg. Shigemori's escape seemed certain when Akugenda shouted quickly to Hirayama to break his horse but get near enough to kill the horse of Shigemori with an arrow. Thus horse and rider were brought to the ground, and Shigemori's helmet rolling off made it certain that they were after the right game. Hirayama adjusted his bow now to settle accounts with Shigemori; but Kageyasu, recognizing his lord's danger, and dis-

regarding Akugenda now running toward Shigemori as fast as his armour permitted, threw himself on Hirayama. Akugenda's feelings were divided. To Hirayama, his retainer, he owed the duty of protection. Shigemori he might meet again before the battle was over. He turned aside to help Hirayama; too late, for Kageyasu was a famous swordsman and settled with his enemy before Akugenda could reach them. Akugenda's support was rapidly advancing, but Kageyasu was able to carry off Hirayama's horse to Shigemori. With their long start escape was easy, and they rode off toward Rokuhara in the south-eastern quarter of the city.

The Genji no longer held the palace. Yoshitomo had been equally successful in his fierce sally. Yorimori, brother of Kiyomori, was driven in confusion back on Rokuhara, and nearly captured in the retreat. One Hachojiro, a retainer of Kamada Masakiyo, was noted for strength and swiftness of foot. A favourite weapon was something like a rake, and with this Hachojiro ran swiftly after Yorimori to try and seize him by the helmet. With a blow of his sword Yorimori cut through the handle, and with this strange ornament to his helmet rode into Rokuhara. These successes, however, were but temporary. As the Genji sallied from the palace on one side, the hosts of the Heike, anticipating this reckless pursuit and prepared for it, swarmed in on the other. Yoshitomo and Akugenda knew nothing of the secret palace intrigues mining their feet. They had spared the palace in leaving it, and the Heike were under strict orders to respect it, to draw the enemy out and away from it, and not to involve the Tennō and Jōkō in the war. The little band of Genji were now scattered in a street fight through the different quarters of Miyako. Kiyomori, amazed at the appearance of the Genji in a fierce assault on Rokuhara, had donned helmet and armour and was himself in the field.* Akugenda, having met Yorimasa

* The charge of cowardice against Kiyomori in this affair can well be set down to the malignant spirit in which the chroniclers indulge toward the Heike in general and Kiyomori in particular. A coward does not reach his position in such times when courage was *the* personal asset. Akugenda="wicked Genda," the nickname in the Kwantō of

still sitting on the fence, drove him headlong into the place and joined his father in the attack. Repulsed after a desperate onslaught, in which Akugenda succeeded in forcing an entrance, they had the enemy from the *Gōshō* on their rear, and could only seek safety in flight. The Genji were thoroughly broken up and scattered. In small parties they escaped under cover of a darkness only illuminated by the distant flames of Yoritomo's mansion at Shichiku, so inconveniently at hand to Rokuhara. The remnants brought together outside the city had to fight their way through the marshalled forces of the monks of Miidera at Ryūgetōge. This they did successfully, but in the fight Tomonaga was struck in the knee by an arrow.

Circumstances were not such as to cheer Yoshitomo. Akugenda had soon joined him in the retreat toward the Kwantō where he hoped to rally the Minamoto forces of the North. As they passed through the village of Oyake he heard some one loudly calling his name. Turning back he found it to be his quondam fellow conspirator, Nobuyori. This latter had early found safety in flight His battles were fought on the carpet—whether military or culinary.* He was bold enough now, and his person conspicuous as ever. Let us attribute it to the good counsels of Akugenda that Yoshitomo remembered the insidious whisperings of this crafty plotter, who always had everything to gain, and little to lose except his own hide, which he hoped to secure anyhow and under any conditions. Yoshitomo, who at first thought to take him along, quickly changed his mind at the sight of this mountain of flesh and absurdity. Slashing him across the face with his riding whip he ordered his attendants to drive the fellow away. Yoshimori, hot on the trail, later found him in hiding at the Ninnaji temple near Miyako. Kiyomori had dealt with sterner stuff than

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Yoshihira. A few years before in a local "spat" or uprising he killed his uncle Yoshikata. Kujō is a district in the south of Kyōto. Rokuhara was a little to the east and south near Fushimi. The gōshō were all at the north end of the city.

* Literally. The Japanese War Office of that day supplied nothing but *tatami* and cushions. Ditto culinary adjuncts. Besides, war was then an outdoor exercise and amusement even for the generals.

Nobuyori. Bellowing, weeping, and begging to the last the fat fellow's head was struck off from his massive shoulders. For some reason the Japanese romancer thinks it fit to say —"green is the grave of a rich man."

Yoshitomo's own fate was rushing on him. At Aoba in Owari lived his concubine Enyū with her father Oi. Here he and his sons found refuge. Then they went on further to Aohaka in Mino. There was a radical difference with Akugenda as to the future campaign, and this at a time when union was so badly needed. This difference spread to the retainers. Finally Akugenda departed to Hida and Shinano to raise the Minamoto in that quarter. Tomonaga's mission lay toward Kai for a similar purpose. His wound, however, had become poisoned, and threatened with gangrene the lad only fifteen years old could not move. Yoshitomo taunted him with the example of his brother Yoritomo, and threatened to abandon him to the enemy's hot pursuit. Tomonaga begged him first to give him the death blow. This Yoshitomo consented to do, and having attended to this little family matter and "dealt out death" to his wounded son, Yoshitomo wiped his sword and soon after left to see what assistance could be obtained from Osada Tadamune, one of his retainers holding a minor fief in Owari. He took with him Kaneomaru and Kamada Masakiyo, the son-in-law of Osada. Now out wardly bowing to the ground before his lord, the price put on his head by Rokuhara was too much for the cupidity of Tadamune and Kagemune, his son. Owing to the relationship of Kamada to both, their victims would be all the more unsuspecting. The only step remaining was to grasp the opportunity, and for this they were constantly on the watch. Yoshitomo was told that the bath was ready. Masakiyo was engaged in drinking toasts in *saké* with Tadamune. Accompanied by Kaneomaru, this day Yoshitomo entered the bath to find that he lacked a *katabira* (a light summer garment made of hemp, and donned after the bath). So Kaneomaru was sent for it. Hardly was he out of reach than the lounging men-at-arms sprang to attack Yoshitomo in the bath, naked and defenceless. The noise of the struggle reached the ears of

Masakiyo, but as he rose to investigate, the servant who was passing the wine struck him to the ground and held him firmly pressed down, until Kagemune, his worthy brother-in-law, coming from behind struck off his head. Between his master and Kaneomaru were the band of assassins. Yoshitomo had been quickly despatched at long range through the the thin panels of the bath-room. Kaneomaru acted as a doughty man at arms, and despatched a number of his foes. Seeing that there was nothing more to do, he reached the stable, secured a horse, and made off toward Miyako. Thus did Osada Tadamune and his son Kagemune reap the profit of their undertaking in great prosperity—the harvesting of which in the course of time and his usual thorough manner came into the hands of Yoritomo. For the Osada the year 1180 A. D. was to bring a bad harvest. Yoshitomo and Kamada were both only thirty-eight years of age, and foster-brothers.

The death of Yoshitomo meant the end of Akugenda's efforts in Hida. Here he had succeeded in stirring up the wrath of the clan against their Taira enemies. They were willing to lay aside their discontent over past errors in leadership, and this time to follow Yoshitomo to the war. But it was one thing with the seasoned warrior; another with the lad of twenty years. His recruits therefore were quickly scattered as soon as the news came of what had happened in Owari. Akugenda was left with nothing but his own iron will and the sword girded to his waist. And with what he had he took his way toward Miyako, disguised at times as a peasant, again as a serving man, again as a wandering *yamabushi*—a kind of hedge-priest. In this guise he lurked around the Rokuhara, awaiting his chance to get near Kiyomori, and then to sacrifice his own life to his vengeance. And bold he was. The Heike were keeping a close account of heads, and that of Akugenda was still uncounted, nor was it known where he was. They thoroughly appreciated he might well be in Miyako. No one was surprised when he was finally captured lurking near the palace. His trial was short. Kiyomori and the Heike got at least a frank opinion of themselves from one qualified to speak; their capacity for political

intrigue receiving more respect than their capacity to fight from this iron-handed youth. "A fine man perished in him," simply comments the chronicle. The count of heads was fairly complete.

Fortunately for her the wife of Yoshitomo had died some months before.* Two of her issue—Akugenda Yoshihira and Tomonaga—are accounted for. Yoritomo, the youngest son, was soon caught in Owari by Taira Munekiyo, the head policeman of Kiyomori. When bringing him up to the capital to undergo the head-shortening process, Munekiyo was much taken with the piety of this youth, who only wished to live to pray for the spirits of his dead father and brother. Perhaps Munekiyo thought he had enough of the family in cold storage. He had broken into the tomb of Tomonaga, and having secured the head took along the dead and living in company. He spoke to Ike-no-gozen,† who had recently lost her son of the same age. She determined to save the boy against Kiyomori's will and the strenuous objections of the retainers. In this she enlisted the aid of Komatsu Shigemori, and prepared the way for the downfall of her house. Yoritomo was exiled to Idzu. There was also a girl. At this time almost a baby. Yoshitomo seemed to reserve her to pray for their souls after death. When the battle at the *gōshō* was lost he charged Goto Sanemoto to take care of her, and nobly and tenderly did this retainer carry out the task. She grew up to share in her brother's prosperity, and in time married Fujiwara Yoshiyasu. Through a succession of female issue, who all married Fujiwara, her posterity finally reached the Shōgunate in the fourth generation and in the person of Yoritsune, so selected by the ruling Hōjō *Shikken* (regent).

The fate of the issue by the right hand was evil enough; that by the left hand fared still worse if we consider the agents. Truly a curse seemed to cling to this man who

* Atsuta-gozen. Her father Fujiwara Suyenori was Bettō (head-keeper) of the Atsuta shrine, near Nagoya.

† Variously described as step-mother, aunt, and sister-in-law of Kiyomori. In things Japanese she could well have been all—at least at a little earlier date. The tale of her being the wife of Yorimori, brother of Kiyomori, seems preferable. She lived long.

had not only consented, but himself had given the orders for his father's execution. There was another daughter—by one of his concubines. On riding off from Miyako the fate of this one had been intrusted to Kamada Masakiyo. The brave impatient soldier, sought out the princess on a mission of death. He was a soldier, not a nurse, impatient to rejoin his master, and taking life as it came. He found that she had gone to the Jibutsudō to read the law of the Lord Buddha. Thither he followed. She asked the result of the battle, and he told her. Then he stood silent awaiting her orders. She was only fourteen, a year older than Yoritomo, and her one regret had been that she was a woman. There were tears in Kamada's eyes, as she raised her long hair and bade him strike, and she had to urge him to hasten lest the enemy should come upon them. Then he killed her, and took his way, to follow on the track of Yoshitomo and the war. Noriyori, also the child of a concubine, was a mere child of three years of age. He had been put in the care of Fujiwara Norisue, his grandfather, and Kiyomori had to strain a point. Later this boy grew up to be the leader of Yoritomo's forces, and with Yoshitsune he defeated the Taira at Ichi-no-tani. Refusing to turn his arms against Yoshitsune, after the latter's victory at Dan-no-ura and the failure of Tosabō's attempt at assassination, he fell under Yoritomo's suspicion and displeasure. Kamakura-dono's discontent smouldered, and later (1193 A.D.) Noriyori was exiled to Shūzenji in Idzu. This rustication was not meant for health or pleasure at the now attractive little hot-springs. A short time afterwards he and his retainers were put to death. His children were allowed to live, perhaps on the ground that stupidity of mind and body were very uncommon in this Minamoto stock. "Let not your right hand know what your left doeth." There is one more branch, on the left side, for which to account.*

* The difference in instructions as to the two girls is quite plausible. The one was nubile; the other an infant.

## § 2.

Tokiwa-gozen, daughter of Fujiwara Koremichi*, is one of the few stock *female* subjects of sentiment in Japan. Japanese writers are therefore liable to pile on the agony pretty high. In this present veracious chronicle we are only interested in the dry facts of the case, but need not damage the legend any more than is necessary. Tokiwa's fate is much sadder than it is usually represented to be. Fujiwara Kinyoshi, summoned before him one thousand of the most beautiful girls as candidates for the train of his daughter, the Princess Masako, then the young bride of the Tennō, Konoé.† Of this thousand, one hundred were selected, and Tokiwa was the acknowledged beauty of the century. She was then seventeen years old. She was noted, then and afterwards, for her great fairness and peach-like complexion, the long oval face so admired in Japan (and else where), and her highly arched eyebrows. "She was as beautiful a sight as spring time from the Hall of the Daishinden, and far surpassed the filmy haze enshrouded scene viewed from the Hall of Kansendō." As Tokiwa owes her reputation to her connection with the wars of the Gempei, and little is known of her afterward, and still less before the agitated days of Heiji, it can be seen that the poets necessarily speak of her maturer days. Her youthful attractions certainly were no less. Early in her palace connection at the Kujo she became the concubine of Minamoto no Yoshitomo, and by him she had three children, all men of mark in later times. The eldest

* "Japanese Biographical Dictionary," Dai-Nihon-Jimmei-Jiten.

† Later Nijō Tennō married her, much against her will and the advice of his councillors. He was eighteen, she was twenty two years old. The marriage accentuated an existing court row, and Go-Shirakawa, the Jōkō, was furious.

THE FLIGHT OF TOKIWA-GOZEN.

was Imawaka. As a boy he was sent to the Daigo temple.* He grew up to be a man of great energy and activity, and was known as "the wicked priest of Daigo." The second son, Otowaka, was known as Enjō—later Gien. As to him tradition differs, one story making him a page of Prince Hachijō, of the Fujiwara; another tradition also makes him a priest under other princely auspices. Both were children, but old enough to have their heads shaved and don priestly robes. The third child was Ushiwaka. When his mother became pregnant with him, she dreamed that Marishiten, the goddess of War (In India, of Light) thrust her spear down her throat. When this child came to manhood he made himself illustrious as Hangwan Yoshitsune Kuro.†

It was in the first year of Heiji (1159) that Tokiwa had given birth to Ushiwaka. This child therefore was an infant at the breast when Yoshitomo's movement was set on foot. She was living then in Yoshitomo's mansion in the Shichiku district. The outbreak of the war was sudden and unexpected. Yoshitomo's mansion was of course attacked and fired, and Tokiwa with her three little children escaped from the burning building, to make their way through the deep snow to any shelter they could find. Nor was this easily secured. The Taira were hot foot after any trace of the family of Yoshitomo. She first found refuge with an uncle at Ryūmon in Yamato, but later sought security at Yoshino, deeper in the mountains and well disposed toward the Minamoto. Years later Yoshitsune in his misfortunes turned to its hills to seek refuge. So far her career is clear as crystal, and the mother escaping with her frightened hungry children, through the blinding snow-storm, clasping her wailing

* A famous temple near Miyako. Founded in 902 A.D. by Rigen daishi, princes of the ruling family often were its abbots, (willy-nilly, abbotship was the fate of the Tennō's younger son). A later tradition sends Imawaka to Kwannonji, and makes him afterward Bishop of Ano. At seven years a child could enter the order.

† Hangwan=councillor, a chief assistant and important in the provincial Governments. Marishiten and Krishna are often identified. But in China and Burmah *she* is queen of Heaven. According to Buddhistic legend she has eight arms and lives in the Great Bear. As to this—Cf Papinot: Dictionnaire.

infant to her heart, is a favourite subject with the Japanese —in poetry, prose, and with the artist's pencil.

But in the Taira detective bureau at Rokuhara there were men, skilled in man-hunting, and particularly anxious to find her. Kiyomori simply had Sekiya, the old mother of Tokiwa, seized and put to the torture at regular intervals. It was a game that worked well in many ways. It furnished sport for the rough Heike *bushi*, who made little distinction of age or sex; and then it was the easiest way to draw Tokiwa into light. The punishment could not have been too severe, as time was required to let the report of these doings reach the ears of Tokiwa. It is just as likely they lost nothing in the telling. Tokiwa was between the devil and the deep sea. Yoshitomo had been assassinated in February (12th) 1160 A.D., and she was now really and truly widowed. Akugenda had lost his head in the same month of this year. Yoritomo had been captured in Owari. The hopes of the Minamoto House might depend on her children. It was just as well that in the issue they did not depend on her choice; for she chose the devil (in the shape of Kiyomori), and he must have been tremendously flattered at his own good judgment when she appeared at Rokuhara with her three children, and the humble request that her aged parent be released and the blow fall on herself and them. The motives which led her to this step were probably complex, and Japanese writers make the most of a pretty question of casuistry from the eastern point of view. This possibly is best summed up in Manu; which, however, slurs over the female side of the house—the female properly going into the house of her husband. "In childhood a female must be subject to her father, in youth to her husband, when her lord is dead to her sons: a women must never be independent. Him to whom her father may give her, or her brother with her father's permission, she shall obey as long as he lives, and when he is dead, she must not insult his memory." (V 148, 151). Husband and wife are thoroughly melted into each other—"He only is a perfect man who consists of three persons united, his wife, himself, and her offspring; thus

says the Veda, and learned Brahman's propound this maxim likewise, 'the husband is declared to be one with the wife'" (IX 45). Now the Chinese sage—and Confucius and his commentators have always laid down the moral law for the Japanese—says that a man shall not live under the same heaven with his father's slayer. Tokiwa, therefore, simply finessed. She either went up to Miyako with the idea that they were certain to be caught anyhow, and had better pull as much out of the fire as she could in the shape of her old mother; or she intended from the start to play the game to the bitter end, and rely on her wits to get out of the mess. In either case there is no particular object in piling on the agony. The original flight in the snow is most generously made to cover all this part of her career. Weeks passed. It is a long way from Yoshino to Miyako, to walk, and Tokiwa had burdens enough in her mental anxiety without adding thereto harrowing pictures of hungering infants. If she travelled in such discomfort, it must have been largely her own fault. As for the weather—the chances are two to one against its being winter. With the Minamoto things were settled at once by Kiyomori, and by the fall of the leaf the land had long been at peace.

At all events Kiyomori was ready when she did appear. As soon as they were brought into the justice hall he ordered his satellites, Kagehiyo and Yorikata, to take them off for examination and trial—or *vice versa*, for he was not over particular on that point. Now Kiyomori was notably weak wherever a woman—i.e. a pretty woman—was concerned. He could not keep curiosity and eyes away from Tokiwa. She was now twenty-five, "and a little past the prime of womanhood. With one smile she was able to overthrow a castle; with three smiles the whole country."* Furthermore he let her talk, was anxious

* Let us all smile—physically with the Japanese poet, not alcoholically with the *boulevardier*, but this does deserve a toast, a "congratulatory song" the Kojiki would say. The expression of eastern opinion as to over-ripeness can be recommended to western readers of "the fair sex" in these days of suffragettes. After getting a fair start the Gempei Seisuiki goes into details on Kiyomori's little weakness and the domestic difficulties in which Giyo-gozen, Hotoke-gozen, and other shirabyoshi figure.

to hear "a voice like a silver *suzu* (a little bell). She wept tears, and "looked like the pear blossoms after a heavy shower." She called herself "an insect creeping from concealment to certain destruction." "Not much," thought Kiyomori comparing her to *hotaru* (fireflies), *suzumushi* (a sweetly singing cricket), and such favoured members of the bug tribe. In fact Tokiwa won the game—not "hands down," but still she won it. Kiyomori began to apologize, and that settled him. He had no war with Yoshitomo, never had one. He simply had dealt random blows in aid of the Tennō, and unfortunately Yoshitomo and his family got in the road. This he could very well say, seeing that they were nearly all wiped out, except what were cringing and crying in the hall before him. "Dont take me for an enemy," with a particularly ripe ogle. "And dont worry about the children—and spoil your looks." At these he was decidedly astonished, for he knew that she had borne three children, and he expected to find her decidedly *passé*. Previous orders were revoked. Yorikata was ordered to take them all off to the Shujaku in Hichijo, where Kiyomori had a private little establishment, all very rustic and entirely to himself. As for Tokiwa, "she felt like a sheep which has escaped the butcher's sword, or a pheasant missed by the hawk." As for the old woman, Sekiya, doubtless Kiyomori's experience taught him how to deal with her case. With blows he had only got from her howls of anguish and the densest ignorance. With honey, and the game now in his hands, neither silks nor brocades would be wasted on her. Besides, if there was a "squeeze" on one side, there could be a "squeeze" on the other.* If preferred Sekiya could try it again at Rokuhara. But that was unlikely. The old woman's rôle is well understood in Dai Nippon. If Kiyomori had Tokiwa in his clutches, so also had Sekiya

Tokiwa had to drain the cup to the bitter dregs. But for Kiyomori's keen eye for a fine girl her migration to Miyako would have been casting pearls before swine. Her mother

* "Squeeze" is classic and commercial English as used in the Eas to denote "commission" more or less illegitimate.

could only be saved by the death of her children; or Kiyomori must be struck by her beauty (and her fertility). The position had not changed in the latter aspect one particle. To save the children she "who had been Genji's concubine in the morning, became Heike's concubine at night." She realized the impossibility of pushing coyness to the point of obstinacy. Doubtless, with great reluctance she consented to accept his advances. "She exchanged pillows with him," to use the Japanese expression. As has been said, her two eldest children were sent to the temple to become priests. Ushiwaka she was allowed to keep with her. Kiyomori's early love was of the warmest. He visited the bower at Shujaku every day, "and loved her as much he could"—that is, as far as his limited time would allow. She had a daughter by him. The connection lasted some little time. Old acquaintance was not forgot after Tokiwa's later marriage. At least if one can judge from an incident. Ushiwaka grew up strangely precocious in intellect, brave, and "with strangely shining eyes. Kiyomori remembered the saying: 'a young dragon three inches in length shows his tendency to fly heavenward; a tiger cub displays its fearless nature by springing on an ox.'" He began to fear the boy's bright and energetic temperament. At times he treated him roughly. He was then sent to the Tōkōbō temple at Kurama-yama.* This was the first year of Nin-an (1166) and Ushiwaka was seven years old. Here he was taken in charge by the Ajari (Arya-teacher), former tutor in Buddhism of his father Sama-no-kami Yoshitomo. Now as he grew to manhood it was urged by both the Ajari and Tokiwa that he should assume the priest's tonsure, and according to this account Tokiwa lived to see the movement set on foot by Yoritomo; to suffer the distress and pain of the lot of her children grown to manhood.† It

* Twelve miles to the north of Miyako. Founded in 770 A.D. by Kantei Shōnin on Kurama-yama or Matsuo-yama. Cf. under Temmu Tennō p. 94.

† On the sixth day of the sixth month ..... Yoshitsune's name was changed to Yoshiyuki. Yoshiyuki's mother was arrested and examined as to his whereabouts—(Dai-Nihon-shi-Ryō). The date is equivalent to 25 June 1186.

would be not only more dramatic, but kinder to kill her off at this period. Kiyomori did not do that, but he tired of her; and besides she did become genuinely *passé*. He then made Fujiwara Nagamari, Okura-kyo (to identify him in the mass of Fujiwara) marry her. Nagamari complained bitterly of such a third hand venture; and Tokiwa, who had at least consorted with the best, could be little pleased with the very mediocre Nagamari—unless she regarded him as a haven of refuge from the brilliant but dangerous neighbourhood of Kiyomori. Besides—people talked. An echo of the ribald song of the debonair and debauched king can be heard even in this tale of things Japanese

> "Changeful woman! constant never!
> "He's a fool that trusts her ever!
> "For her love the wind doth blow
> "Like a feather to and fro."

And with Kiyomori too it was—Le Roi s'amuse.

Says the Japanese scribe—"now people get an impression this way—that a vessel which has contained poison always retains traces of the venom." Wriggle and twist do the Japanese casuists over this case of the Lady Tokiwa. To save mother *and* children is, of course, an only justification in their eyes for her union with Kiyomori. To save mother *or* children—there's the rub. The justifiable motives are held up in every possible light. When Tokiwa cast the die, and set out for Miyako she was committed to the whole necessary sequence of affairs. Her connection with Kiyomori, and her marriage with Nagamari, followed by inexorable logic. All the more was she inexcusable under the iron, if bizarre, logic of eastern ethics. The question could not arise now, East or West, for conditions differ. But it was quite possible, and of frequent occurrence in ancient times, and the apologetics of the Japanese writers show their real judgment of the case. After "justifying" her it is added that after all she was not the wife of Yoshitomo, but only his concubine; that therefore no stain was brought on the Genji by her behaviour. Besides, her children were to

make amends for her offence. Of course this is the plainest plea in avoidance.

§ 3.

With the removal of Yoshitomo from the scene the Taira found themselves in supreme control. The more prominent men of the Minamoto had been removed by death, or were living in concealment, glad to disappear from sight as farmers, grooms, serving men ; making such living as they could without drawing the attention of keen-eyed officials. At the court Go-Shirakawa reigned supreme, the capable old diplomatist Fujiwara Tadamichi having been removed by death. The Jōkō, all the more dangerous to the Tennō's interests as he never displayed any qualities of statesmanship, was thoroughly under the thumb of Kiyomori, and was yet in the prime of life and therefore anxious for a more active rôle. As for the titular Tennō he was child or infant. Nijō, eldest son of Go-Shirakawa, had ascended the throne at sixteen years. He had first come into collision with the court regime over his love for Princess Masako, widow of his uncle Konoé.* She was a great beauty, and the inflammable young man seized on her, much against her will and that of every one else. Go-Shirakawa was in a great rage. In 1164 A.D. Tadamichi the *kwambaku* died, and in 1165 A.D. Nijō fell ill and abdicated, to die soon after. The changes in the court were not healthy for any Tennō. They were swift and rapid. The Taira filled all the high positions, ousting the Fujiwara in every direction. This was the plain trend of Kiyomori's policy, a family replacement of the Fujiwara. Rokujō, son of Nijō, became Tennō at the age of two years. At the advanced age of five years he was deposed ; Go-

* Konoé was eighth son of Toba. Go-Shirakawa was fourth son. These Tennō were married at fifteen or sixteen, and early had issue.

Shirakawa preferred his own issue to that of his son, and in replacing Rokujō by Takakura (1169-80 A.D.) something at least seemed gained, as the latter was of age a full eight years. However the brief career and "abdication" of little Rokujō has its meaning. The Japanese chronicler says that "his front hair had not even yet been shaved; never had such a thing happened before."

Also the supremacy of the Taira had its meaning. The whole period was one of court changes and futile conspiracies of Fujiwara against the Taira, a contemptuous and brutal treatment, and drastic punishment by Kiyomori. This latter was now fifty years of age (1167 A.D.). At this date he was made supreme over the civil and military government, and over the Court, with the title of dajō-daijin. And this rule was conducted with a rough hand. To give an instance: Sukemori, a younger son of Kiyomori, had gone hunting in the neighbourhood of Miyako. On his return he met the train of Fujiwara Motofusa. This latter had run the gamut of Taira favour and disfavour. Just at present he was holding the honourable and honorary figurehead position of *kwampaku* or regent. However, he was a great noble, and etiquette was strict. Sukemori's duty was to get off his horse and wait the passage of the procession. Neglecting to do this the indignant retainers of Motofusa compelled him to do so. On hearing the tale Kiyomori was somewhat more than angry. When next Motofusa appeared at court his carriage was seized and destroyed, and the hair of his people clipped forthwith peasantwise. Motofusa was reduced to the footway. Besides, Kiyomori now held the position of second rank of the first class, unprecedented for one not of the ruling family, rode in a carriage himself, and was not sorry to make a gap in the few so privileged. He made other kinds of gaps. Fujiwara Morotada, Prince of Kaga, got into a dispute with the monks of Hieisan. Kaga was a long way off and Morotada at his fief. His younger brother Morotsune settled this little theological difference (it was a land boundary question, a main point of theology in those days), by fire and sword as far as Hieisan was concerned. Naturally the monks did not

take kindly to such treatment; and they got small satisfaction from Go-Shirakawa, now Hōō (or retired Priest-Tennō), with whom Seikō, father of Morotada and Morotsune, had great influence. This was in 1176 A.D. The monks were extraordinarily patient — for them.* They waited a whole year. Then they proceeded to the palace to burn it down by way of attracting attention. Shigemori and Yorimasa guarded the gates, for Minamoto Yorimasa was high in favour with Kiyomori. However, no love was lost between the two factions. Yorimasa received the monks with fair words, and suggested that they make trouble for the Taira, not for him who had little influence one way or the other. Whatever his means of persuasion they were successful, and the *sōhei* of Hieisan proceeded to interview Shigemori. From words they came to blows, and the monks were defeated, many being killed and wounded. Kiyomori was very angry at this affair, or he pretended to be so. It was his opportunity, however, for Takakura-Tennō was on the way to be his son-in-law. He descended in force on these obdurate Fujiwara. Morotada and Morotsune were exiled, and conspired; and as later they and their father were betrayed by a fellow conspirator, Tada no Yukitsuna, they and a good batch of Fujiwara lost their heads.

Naturally if the great suffered so in purse and person, the little who supplied that purse gained nothing by this change. The greedy in possession were at least partially surfeited. It was not so with the greedy and hungry who took the place of the surfeited, and the continual fighting had cut down the supplies. The wars of the Gempei, the ravages of earthquakes, famine, and pestilence, reduced the people to a very sad plight. No man could look beyond his nose; a disastrous condition of affairs with an agricultural populace, one without foreign trade or com-

* "There are three things I cannot control" said Go-Shirakawa: "the floods of the Kamogawa, the fall of the dice, and the monks of Buddha." When the monks went on these raids they took with them their "dashi" or saint's norimon. Thus when in 1113 A.D. Kasuga-dera had war with Hieisan, they shouldered the Shinsoku, a coffer containing holy relics (bones etc. or a mere wooden doll). They were met at Fushimi by Tameyoshi and driven back to Nara.

merce by which supplies could be brought in from abroad in times of scarcity. There was an earnest longing for a change. Naturally there could be no change, except to Minamoto, disciplined now by their woes. All through the later years of Taira Kiyomori's life this feeling was abroad in the land. It was more a feeling of what ought to be, and hence must be. The story of Saigyō the monk, circulating through the land, shows this trend of popular thought.

Saigyō was a descendant of Tawaratoda (Fujiwara Hidesatō) the famous warrior of Mutsu, and must therefore have been more or less strongly influenced by anti-Taira feeling. He himself had been of the court of Toba Tennō, under the name of Sato Hyoye Norikiyo,* and so held some position. At the end of Hōgen (1158 A.D.), he had turned Buddhist priest, and spent his time not disagreebly in rambling through the provinces, with the flowers and the moon as company, and sleeping under trees and on rocks as weather permitted. At least so we can assume, for "he kept away from worldly cares," and rheumatism is one of them. It was in the second year of Kao (1170 A.D.) that he found himself in Sanuki (of Shikoku), and being in the neighbourhood of Shiramine-san,† he determined to climb the mountain and pray at the burial mound of the once Tennō, Sutoku. We have already heard something of Sutoku. His exile to Shikoku was not pleasant, nor did Kiyomori intend it to be for this intermeddler in the country's politics. A wretched mat, or his embroidered robes, were Sutoku's only covering during his wet and unpleasant journey thither in a fisherman's boat. Thus exiled from his soft and luxurious surroundings, Sutoku spent his time in vain anger and regret. (He was at least safe—perhaps—from the pills and potions of Princess Tokushi, who did not die until 1161 A.D.). A visit to the lord of Matsuyama was no sedative, for there he met men

* Hyoye, Sama-no-kami, etc. are titles. The terminations *emon, bei* (hyoye) in farmers' names, we are told ("Fifty Years of New Japan I 24) were in ancient days two classes of the palace guards. So with the Hyoye as above.

† San (yama)=mountain; miné,=peak; toge=pass; kawa=river: in compound names.

fresh from the attractions of Miyako, and who simply made him homesick for its luxuries. The satisfaction he could get was not much but he took it. And also he took to copying Mahayana sutras to secure merit.* Then he vowed to turn into a demon for the behoof and benefit of Go-Shirakawa—to be the real wicked uncle of romance. This vow he carefully wrote out; just as carefully scratched his little finger (Tennō and kings are very saving of their own gore), and sealed the papers with his blood. Then he cast the scroll into the sea. Fortunately for Mallory and Tennyson, they were drawing on a very old Celtic legend in reference to Excalibur and the samnite-covered arm which rose to receive it. Sutoku bagged a whole boy, who appeared riding the waves. Brandishing the vow this infant sank beneath the water, leaving Sutoku scared but pleased at this apparition of the sea-god. Like Faust he as yet had no experience with the devil. In September of the second year of Chokwan (1164 A.D.) he died, and was buried in a huge mound on the top of Mount Shiramine (White Peak).

This was the mountain Saigyō proposed to climb. Sutoku was no more popular in death than in life, and the way was no longer trodden since the funeral train had passed. The chronicler seems to draw somewhat on his imagination. "The mountain towered up to the azure sky with its snowy peak, and rocky steep precipices furrowed its sides. Smooth green moss and dense fog made it difficult to climb." Saigyō lost his way in the grass and bushes, and was only too glad when he could cast down his pilgrim's sack, and kneel in prayer before the long neglected mound. What was in that sack we do not know. It must have been something pretty strong to enable him to "hear the sound of the sea waves" beating at the base of this snow clad and cloud-capped peak. Praying vigorously for old times sake Saigyō then picked up his sack and prepared to leave

* "Those who shall take, read, make known, recite, copy.....but a single stanza of this Dharmaparyâya;—I predict their being destined to supreme and perfect enlightenment"—Saddharma—Pundarîka—Kern's translation (S. B. E. XXI p 214.)

once more for a more consistent climate.* As he turned away the burial mound gave forth a mighty roar, and the sound of voices singing was heard. Saigyō tells us that he was pleased, not scared. Anyhow he resolved to pray once more, and with recourse to the bag. Darkness like night followed such application, and earthquakes (the symptoms are suggestive and need no physician; what was in that bag ?) with a big roaring like thunder. "Saigyō was inspired with awe [*sic*], and felt as if his soul had gone away to heaven [or into his boots]; and his hair stood on end." His senses he restored by his high virtue [or the sack's]. He told his rosary at wireless telegraphy speed, and prayed like Gorenflot under the blows of Chicot. The grave now became a splendid palace. In a large central hall was seen Sutoku seated upon a throne, dressed in his golden dragon robes, and with his gold ornamented *gyōkwan* on his head.† On either side of him sat those who had last their lives in the troubles of Hogen—the Dajō-daijin Yorinaga, Fujiwara Nobuyori, Hangwan Tameyoshi Rokujō, Tametomo Chinzei Hachiro, Sama-no-kami Yoshitomo, (in good company for once), Akugenda Yoshihira, Tayu no Shin Tomonaga, Kamada Hyoyé Masakiyo, the long line faded into the mist on either side. They were armed "with helmets of resentment and armour of worldly vexations,"

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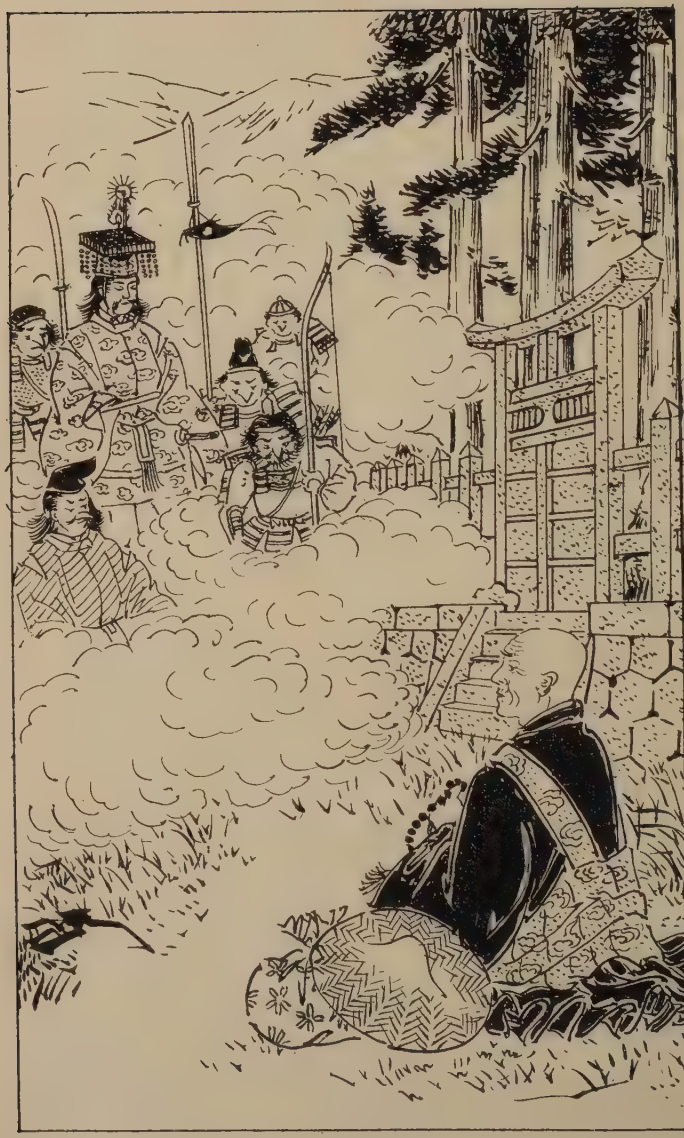
* Moss, precipices, grass, bushes, *snakes*, we will stand for: but as to the rest this journey is apocryphal. A snow clad peak, and a mound buried in grass, moss, and bushes is no more easy to swallow, than a snow clad peak in Shikoku at the end of summer. The story of the blood letting is not romance, but found in the grave pages of Professor Ariga's Dai Nihon Rekishi (*minus* "the boy" of course). Sutoku simply sulks.

† The gyōkwan was a square of gold from the edges of which dangled strings of jewels or beads. It was surmounted by a rayed sun's disk. The whole was mounted on a high (baker's) cap of brocade which held the Tennō's cue. It was worn on occasions of high ceremony. The effect is hard to describe, but is not unknown in familiar Italian headgear. Perhaps it could be called a crown, but it was parasol-like in some ways. If Joseph Hanway had mounted a baby sunshade on his hat instead of on a stick we might have developed something more useful than the umbrella on the lines of the gyokwan. There is a cut of it in Mr. Conders "Japanese Costume" VIII Transactions, or in the Japanese Encyclopaedia "Kokushi Daijiten."



SAIGYŌ-HŌSHI IS RECEIVED AT COURT.

swords and spears, and they were horribly angry. Sutoku's Faust bargain brought him anything but peace.

Saigyō sat down "much amazed." As a bit of good manners and safety he bowed to the company. Sutoku broke the monotony of the proceedings by taking a hand in the circumambient roarings. He sought to impress it on the dazed Saigyō that although in the spiritual world his anger found no relief, his resentment "being hotter than the fires of hell" (mad as a hornet, the sting of which insect the experienced have justly compared to the torments of the nether world). Furthermore, his soul could therefore find no peace or access to the Heavenly Worlds. "Now, how are things going in Miyako?" for on this point they seemed to be badly informed. They knew what would happen, but not what was happening—a common failing even in spiritual seances of to-day. Saigyō gave the information with all the exactness and bias of the "Court Gazette," and with all the earnestness that his unusual position and company required. "Kiyomori had been gazetted dajō-daijin in the preceding spring ..... Nijō had died recently, and his son and successor had gone crazy (or so they gave it out); another therefore held the chair ..... Namba Rokurō had died suddenly, and your soul (Sutoku's) is supposed to be at the bottom of the event. The Taira therefore are beating the drum (worshipping) at all the Shintō shrines, and are invoking your name" At this Sutoku roared again—with joy. Saigyō was no Shintōist, so it did not make any difference if he did find out the inefficacy of prayer at the miya.* His bulletin was a little mixed, but the circumstances accounted for that, and his hearers were eager and ignorant. Akugenda now moved to the front. He had not changed in mind or temper. He admitted the homicide. He had torn Namba to pieces at the Nunobiki waterfall † The Taira were soon to lie in the dust with the

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* Miya=Shintō shrine. Tera is the Buddhist temple.

† Kobé residents take notice, and warning that there are more dangerous spirits at Nunobiki than men usually ken of, on that pleasant afternoon's excursion where a kind little Okami-san and her neya's strive to meet the wishes of native and traveller—not always the same.

Minamoto astride and making them "holler nuff." Next Shigemori would die, stricken by Heaven's weapon, and Kiyomori soon would follow. Having thus settled old scores he and the assembly gave a mighty laugh and disappeared in a cloudless calm and bright sky. Saigyō woke up to find himself sitting alone in a bush. Bowing to the mound, shouldering what was left in the sack, and scuttling to the bottom of the mountain before anything further could happen, he betook himself to his pleasant rounds on lower levels. But on his return to the capital things began to turn out as had been predicted. Shigemori, long in disfavour with his father, reduced in rank and no longer listened to in council, died of fever. The balance wheel of Kiyomori's political machine was thus removed.

As in every other people the Japanese have always had a tender feeling for the ultimately successful man. This is the secret of the consistent blackening of the Taira portraiture, and the painting of the Minamoto in lighter colours. They suffered as much from the one as from the other. But whether this old tale of the monk Saigyō be taken gravely—as Japanese writers take it; or be taken in the lighter manner, as I have taken it; it does point the way to ascertaining a prevailing sentiment among the people at large. It is in the midst of such sentiment that the great characters of the time of our story have to move.

# CHAPTER I.

## THE STORY OF O'HAYA.

" ' An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
" ' And I am but a little new born thing,
" ' Who yet, at least, can think of nothing wrong.
" ' My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
" ' The cradle-clothes about me all day long—
" ' Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
" ' And to be washed in water clean and warm,
" ' And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm ' "

Hermes, tô the wrathful Apollo.

(Homeric hymn: translation by F. and A. Allinson)

### § 1.

The wide break through which the Yodogawa flows into the Inland Sea is closely hemmed in on East and West by the mountain ranges of Settsu and Tamba, and by those of the Kishū peninsula. On the West side the plain country between sea and mountain is narrow enough; but on the East, as one passes through Settsu, this already narrow band rapidly dwindles. In Idzumi, the neighbouring province of the old Go-Kinai (five home provinces), mountain and sea are rapidly coming together, until in Kii itself in most places the waves beat against the mountain foot, and it is only through steep and narrow

valleys that man finds safe access and egress in his search for fish and food. In the twelfth century this country had long been sacred ground. The great temples, from Kimiidera and those crowning Kōyasan on the West, stretched across the peninsula to Tōnomine, Hase, and the great shrines of Nara in the northern part of Yamato. Most sacred of all were the shrines of Ise on the Bay of Owari to the East. Passing south from Yoshino, crowned in spring with its glory of the pink haze of cherry blossom and azalea amid which appear the brilliant scarlet of the temple buildings of the Zō-ō-dō, through the mysterious mountains surrounding Ōmine and Shaka-ga-take, the pilgrim (o-mairi) of ancient days and to-day comes out of the rugged southern slopes of the mountains, to find nestled in the foot-hills on the sea the shrines of Hongū, Shingū, and Nachi, carrying him back to those misty days when the Satsuma clan had barely made good their footing in the land, and the bear-like (and perhaps clad.) Tomi and his warriors beat back Jimmu from their land of Kumano.

Now not far from Shingū, close to where a ford in ancient days crossed the rapid flowing muddy Kumano-gawa there was a little hamlet called Funada. Close as it was to the sound of the ocean, yet it was so nestled within the folds of the hills that it was only by scaling the higher peaks around that a glimpse could be caught of the great waters. To all intents and purposes it was as far inland as if at the foot of Ōminesan itself. At the upper end of the village the wooded valley passed into the bamboo grass-covered hills, so often in these mountain districts misnamed moorland by the Japanese,* for forest so completely encroaches on grassland as to leave it nothing but the narrowest space on the hill slopes. At the extreme end of the village, planted on the bamboo grass itself, was the forge and house of one Jinsaku, the local blacksmith. He was not a maker of swords, not one of the famous katana-kajiya; but more important to the com-

* "Hara:" There is genuine moorland in Japan. For instance, east of Aso-san; but any little grassy valley is likely to get the name. If the dictionary is not at fault, the Japanese know nothing of "moor."

fort of his fellow-villagers, he was a mender of pots and pans, a maker of table and kitchen knives, scrapers, scythes, and such useful articles, necessary to prepare the daily food from ground to gullet.*

Jinsaku figures in the tale as a widower. His wife had died some four years previously, leaving but one child, a girl. O'Haya was a pretty creature. Extremely fair, a most unusual thing in the peasant class, with pink and white complexion, long glossy black hair, small hands and feet, slender and delicate of frame, she was sixteen at the time our story opens; and at once a topic of conversation and object of desire to all the young bucks of the village. To fly at Jinsaku's daughter seemed no very high game or difficult undertaking. There were no such particular ideas of marriage or giving in marriage in her class. But there was one decided objection; the obstacle found in O'Haya herself. She had her own ideas as to the disposition of her person; and she had something else. When some "spark" pulled at her sleeves—a Japanese bucolic method of making advances, and substitute for "the leer of invitation;" or meeting her on the narrow foot-path dividing the rice fields, and almost the only means of getting from place to place in the immediate vicinity of the village, tried to hustle and fumble her; he found more than his match. Even in more positive attempts at violation it was soon learned that under the delicate framework there was an iron will and physical strength to match it, and the more pressing made their bed in the muddy ditch of the rice fields, to crawl out and run the gauntlet of the village derision.†

Now one of these more amorous aspirants could hardly believe in O'Haya's obduracy. In person the son of the *nanushi* (mayor or bailiff), Seizaburō, was a fine looking

* My chronicler goes into some detail. Among the implements, objects of Jinsaku's skill, are hōchō, deba-bōchō, nakiri-bōchō, i.e. table and kitchen knives, and vegetable choppers; kama, suki-kuwa, (spades and hoes), i.e. nokaji, farmer's implements.

† If this seems too strong to a western reader, it can be said than an attempt of similar character in Tōkyō was greeted by the local press with the nonchalance of an attempt to pick a pocket. Only the prominence of the maid's employer secured it any space at all.

youth, with clear peachy complexion, and a very good opinion of himself. As yet he had not been a victim of one of O'Haya's famous "hiji beppo" (elbow shots). The thing was to take the matter in the right way, and O'Haya was undoubtedly right in rejecting the advances made by these vulgar suitors in the light of day; and in waiting for the more refined lover in her own cottage and in his own person, in the good old fashion of the ancients hardly yet forgotten.* Seizaburō's plan was not particularly original, nor was Jinsaku in any circumstances particular or bright in such a matter. When just about to cease work at the end of a long summer day he heard a hail from the outside:—"Iya-a-a, Jinsaku!" Turning he saw Seizaburō standing in the foot-way, sweating under a gallon jug of *saké* (rice wine) he had lugged up the steep village street, and perhaps under the excitement of his venture. Jinsaku at once greeted the young *danna* (master), all the more cordially as he scented the possibility of a pull at the ample jug. His good-will increased when he learned that Seizaburō had hunted him up to help him out with the contents; as he alleged, a present from a friend, and as his father was not a *saké* drinker he now sought the one man in the village, judging by reputation and nose, most skilled and experienced to give a verdict on the contents. Seizaburō well knew the vinous failing of Jinsaku, and he hoped to get him thoroughly tipsy, leaving himself and O'Haya to settle matters together in the dark. He therefore sat down to the low *zen* (table) and the dish of fish which O'Haya prepared for them, and he and Jinsaku followed up the meal with liberal potations of the *saké*. At least Jinsaku did, for Seizaburō made only a pretence of drinking. However, when he saw that Jinsaku was pretty thoroughly soaked in the liquor, he pleaded a whirling head himself, and, as being unable to walk,

* It was the custom in ancient days for the man to visit the girl by stealth and by night in her own home. Consequences and marriage followed. Ditto elsewhere: as in Spain, nightly visits to the grating; or "bundling," which among the "Pennsylvania Dutch" is not yet out of fashion—or was not twenty years ago.

gladly accepted Jinsaku's suggestion (through himself) that he should spend the night in the blacksmith's house —"a dirty poor place," hiccoughed Jinsaku. "Heaven-itself," thought Seizaburō, as he watched O'Haya making ready the couch in the little three mat room off the large living room in which she herself was to pass the night. Whether O'Haya had any misgivings as to Seizaburō's design is not important with a young lady of such tenacious character and muscles.

The plot was not long in developing. Jinsaku had made as deep an impression on the gallon of *saké* as it had on him, and he hardly had set his head out of the perpendicular and into the horizontal than the last of his few remaining wits "went visiting." But even this lapse of time seemed eternity to Seizaburō's impatience. As soon as the regular snoring of Jinsaku rose to the thatched roof, leaving the old man to his own devices he gently pushed apart the *shoji* (sliding paper screens) and stole out of the little room to put his more particular designs into effect. The fire on the central hearth* had been carefully covered with ashes, and the room was pitch-dark (*makkuro*). However, he knew very well where O'Haya's bed was, and soon found himself beside it, approximately anyhow. This was excuse enough perhaps to seek his bearings by touch, and his hand stole under the covers to secure entrance for his person. If O'Haya was asleep it was next door to being awake. Breakfast and her visitor were on her mind, as well as danger from fire and the carelessness of these *yopparai*, (drunkards). Naturally her thoughts were diverted, and she gave them utterance in tones loud enough to break even the drunken slumbers of Jinsaku. "Who are you? (donata ka)! Ara!" as Seizaburō answered only with a grunting "Ai!" and tried to shut her month by covering it with his hand. O'Haya rose from bed and to the occasion. As the amorous swain grappled with her—"Atchi!" and she unclasped his hands as if they were a folding fan (ogiwa); "Ei-

* In Japanese country and farm-houses this often occupies the centre of one of the larger rooms, or the large room, if there is but one. It is a genuine hearth.

yatsu!" as she caught him cross-hips. Never did that graceful figure seem fitted for such rough sport. Seizaburō flew through the air, and across the apartment, to land in the middle of the smouldering ashes. Jinsaku was already in movement, hunting flint and steel to strike a light. It was with a smothered cry of anguish that a figure fled from the rear of the black-smith's cabin. *Aku ji-senri;* that is evil spreads like a ripple in a pond, to a borders.* Seizaburō could stay in the retirement of his home, but the whole village quickly learned of the affair. Not through O'Haya; but Seizaburō no longer had all of his thirty-two shining teeth, whereas it was known that O'Haya's cabin had more than its allowance of grinders. Mutual and malicious friends came to seek the moaning swain in his seclusion, and to compare notes on his lacking grinders and the village beauty's surplus. Such tales even reached Jinsaku's ears. His recollection of the evening was a very vague one. He was rather put out. Seizaburō was rich, and even if he did not marry O'Haya the connection with him was no disadvantage. At worst a child would continue his own lineage. Meanwhile she had turned her back on the most promising amour within her reach.†

Jinsaku was rather angry, therefore, and disposed to come to some understanding with O'Haya. So when he came from the village, where he had heard the tale of his night's adventures, he called—"O'Haya! O'Haya!"—"Hai! Hai-i-i-i!" came the ready answer from the rear where O'Haya was washing daikon (radish). Jinsaku made his way thither, to save time as to dinner and opening fire. "How do you expect to have a child except by

* Literally—"a thousand *ri*:" a *ri* is two and a half miles English. A mat is 3×6 feet: i.e. in one of the tatami there are eighteen square feet. The *tsubo* (outside measure) is double this.

† Japanese thought would be on this line. O'Haya as only child continued Jinsaku's line. Her husband came into the house as mukō-yoshi, i.e. to continue the house line of his father-in-law. It was of course highly desirable to secure a mukō-yoshi instead of an irresponsible lover, and Seizaburō could not be anything else. The main thing, however, was offspring—somehow. Thus Jinsaku's disgruntlement and subsequent remarks have no relation to apparent moral laxness.

a man," he burst out. "They are not made in the kitchen like *amezaiku* or *dangozaiku*.* Here they tell me that Seizaburō, the *nanushi's* son, received very rough treatment from you the other day... "—"Night," corrected O'Haya—"He is rich, and his father at least able to put up money. You ought to consider that there is no one to carry on our name and the worship at the mitamashiro† unless through you." O'Haya received Jinsaku's blast with proper gravity and the due submission of a Japanese girl. However she decidedly balked on any local affairs, even with peach-blossom Seizaburō. "I will go and pray to Kwannon-sama at the Kami-no-kura temple at Mi-Hizue.‡ She will tell me how to get a child." Jinsaku, as said, was not very inquisitive or very particular. For the money-*shikata ga nai* (it can't be helped). For the child—an answer would be given in due time. Besides, the very shadow of a monastery is prolific.§ He only stipulated that she would not stay too late. The times were rough, and although the distance was not great, O'Haya could readily disappear altogether, to the still greater uncertainty as to his lineage. "Cho!" quoth he (much like unto our "shucks!")

As with most Japanese monasteries, that attached to the worship of Takagami-sama was situated on the slope of a hill, and shrouded in the deep gloom of towering cryptomeria (cedars). It was nearly half a mile (seven chō) from the entrance (omote-mon) to the temple build-

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* *Amezaiku* are fancy objects made up of a honey-like jelly manufactured from grain starch. To Japanese children they are like our gingerbread horses, soldiers, etc. *Dangozaiku* is dumpling—its variety is as great in Japan as in the West.

† Ancestral tablets on the godshelf. They correspond to the *ihai* of the Buddhists.

‡ Kwannon-sama is *goddess* of mercy, Avalokitêsvara—the "Buddha child"—of Sanscrit Kern, in a note to his translation of the Saddharma Pundarîka connects this Bodhisatta with Ceylon. The Kami-no-kura near Shingū was dedicated to a *tengu* (mountain goblin) named Takagami. In the twelfth century Ryōbu Shinto held full sway at the Kumano shrines, and the old Shintō worship was smothered under the gorgeous ritual and avatars of Buddhism. The establishments were conducted on a vast scale, with hundreds of monks. They were a happy hunting ground for Japanese friars of the Jean des Entoumeures kind.

§ At least so thought Rabelais, and possibly Jinsaku did the same.

ings within the chūjaku-mon (brass gate). Through this gloomy wood every night O'Haya began to take her way. Passing by the frowning Ni-ō, to the right and left of the temple gate, she stopped in front of the great hall of the temple, and casting in her *saisen* she prayed long and earnestly to Kwannon for a male child;* at least so she would tell Jinsaku, when thoroughly exhausted by her night's vigil she sometimes gave him an indifferent breakfast. But after some days of this practice, when the *saisen* was beginning to thin her slender purse, and *shōjin* to attenuate her slender figure, one night just as she was turning away discouraged to take her homeward road the great hall of the temple was filled with a reddish glare, and a huge figure of scarlet hue stalked forward. By his mighty limbs O'Haya recognized him to be one of the Ni-ō guarding the temple gate. In a deep voice he asked her the reason for her nightly visits; although he seemed to know it pretty well, for without awaiting her reply—"a child you shall have; a male child worthy of the goddess Kwannon who has ordered Takagami-sama to send me. Swallow then this bolus." Grasping her by the back of the neck (as she thought), her jaws opening wide under the ungrateful pressure, he thrust his huge mace down her throat.† Gasping she sank unconscious to the floor, to be roused up by the anxious voice of Jinsaku, whom she found leaning over her in her own home. Dazed she listened to his inquiries, for hearing a fumbling at the *amado* (outside wooden shutters) he had opened to find her, half unconscious and leaning against them. O'Haya soon recovered her wits. "Congratulate me *ototsan* (father), for I am with child by the Ni-ō of Takagami Jinja, and she retailed her story to him. Jinsaku said little. He took the tale at its face value, but the old man was no fool. He grumbled

* Ni-ō are the two Deva Kings, Indra and Brahma, known to the Japanese as Nisshō-kūjin and Kōgōjin. They belong to Buddhism, and therefore to Ryōbu Shintō. By their terrific appearance they are supposed to scare away demons. *Saisen* are the offerings of iron or copper "cash" cast into the box in front of the temple. *Shōjin* used below, is restriction to a vegetable diet.

† Cf. the story of Tokiwa-gozen and the sword of Marishiten. This form of legend is not uncommon.

about these temple visits and fasts, and their exhausting consequences ; but as far as O'Haya was concerned he felt tolerably sure that in time he would know the parentage of any child she bore—on one side at least.

Meanwhile there did appear every symptom of an advancing pregnancy. O'Haya's pretty face and arms grew thin, and her slender figure waxed great. She had various petty illnesses, at which she seemed more pleased than worried. The ninth month passed ; then a year. Jinsaku began to worry. He feared an embolism, and seriously asked O'Haya to consult a doctor. She, however, did not worry at all over the passing weeks. Two years elapsed, and no child. Jinsaku grew restless as the third year mark was left behind. A permanent pregnancy he had not bargained for. It was embarrassing, and its results might be still more so. At last in the third month of the third year O'Haya was brought to bed of a fine boy—born on the anniversary of the birthday of the Lord Buddha. So they named him Shinbutsu-maru. As the length of his stay in his mother's womb was portentious, so was the child himself. When born his hair reached to his shoulders, he had cut all his teeth, and could run as swiftly as the wind.* His progress was equally rapid. At six years he was as large as a boy of ten years old, and in consequence more mischievous. Grown persons received no more respectful treatment from him than did children, and he did not hesitate to administer a beating without respect to age. The result was that his mother and grandfather were in continual hot water from his ill-considered pranks.

By the time the boy was eight years old Jinsaku was getting about enough of his idleness, which left too much time for mischief. So one day, as he was about to make off for his favourite haunts in the surrounding hills, Jinsaku summoned him—"Iya...Shinbutsu!" — "Nanda

* Shinbutsu-maru=God-Buddha-child. *Maru* is a common addition to children's names. In Mr. Shinshinsai's account, he frankly throws doubt on these stupendous qualities in a new-born infant. "But," he very properly (and slyly) adds, "it is to be remembered that after all Benkei was *three* years old when born."

(what is it?) "Jisan" ("Ojisan" is the usual and more respectful term for the older male relations. Shinbutsu, as often happens to-day in the country, clipped it*). Jinsaku thoughtfully, carefully, and circumspectly as the subject in every sense demanded, explained the situation to Shinbutsu. The boy rubbed his head in thought. Against a farmer's life he was absolutely set, especially as that was all a boy could reasonably be expected to do at that place and time. The choice of evils reduced itself to assisting his grandfather, and Shinbutsu thought he saw a way out of that. So it was then and there arranged, and instead of going off to play he took his place as mukō-uchi (smith's helper). The end came sooner than he expected. Jinsaku gave him a heavy hammer, and himself turned to select one of the several bars of metal heating in the forge. Shinbutsu held the heavy implement stiffly poised over the anvil, despite Jinsaku's warning that it was useless until he has ready to strike. Like a rock the boy stood, and the smith shrugged his shoulders at his obstinacy, leisurely making his selection as experience will do. At last he had the metal firmly grasped by the smith's tongs, and on the anvil. "But-t-t!"† grunted Jinsaku —"Huh," was the answering grunt of Shinbutsu.— "Cho!" (again the classic "shucks" of twelfth and twentieth century Japanese) shouted Jinsaku. It is said that there are no swear words in the language now (*sic*), nor has it become better since Jinsaku's day. However plentiful means exist in it to be very impolite, and Jinsaku at this point managed to find some warm expressions. Shinbutsu had overdone it. Anvil, metal, tongs, and very nearly Jinsaku, were buried two feet under ground and the blow. "Inu da ne, yatsu da ne, (dog and rascal, I say!) get out of here. You do more harm than any good you could be even thought to do." Now at that Shinbutsu did not get at all angry. It was just what he wanted. So as he made off, respectfully rejoicing, his

* 'Jisan, 'Basan—as the country children call uncles, aunts, grandparents etc. 'Jiya is a term in general use for an old man servant.

† For *buttō* –strike! An imperative form in use among peasants, kuramaya etc, and they rather avoid it.

grandfather got in a last word. "Anyhow bring back some fire wood (*takigi*) with you." Shinbutsu's step slackened; he was again thinking. But he answered cheerfully, "all right, grandfather," and wended his way to the forest.

Jinsaku meanwhile turned his attention and his efforts to digging out the buried anvil. This took him a good part of the afternoon, and he was just closing work at the forge early, for a well earned rest, when Shinbutsu's steps, a little staggering, were heard outside. Then with a crash-zu...shin-which shook ground and cabin he let fall something on the ground. "What's that?" shouted Jinsaku —"Your firewood," quoth Shinbutsu. Jinsaku looked out to see a mighty pine blocking up the pathway. Shinbutsu had uprooted it on the mountain side, and brought it as fuel to add to his aged relative's wrath. Jinsaku managed to find something left in his vocabulary. "Baka da ne!" (You fool!), he foamed. "What good is that huge tree unless trimmed and split—"Hotoke hottoke kami kamau na,"* quoth Shinbutsu gaily and suggestively; meanwhile pushing the pine aside, just enough to give access to the cabin, and annoyance to all the villagers who had business in the upper part of the valley and had to find a way around it. As Jinsaku said, "oko to bo to" (lever or stick) were of no avail on Shinbutsu's broad shoulders or obstinate wits. At all events the boy was too much for him, and when Shinbutsu was ten years old his grandfather died. Jinsaku was not an old man, even as his time went. He was not more than fifty years old. But much better men rarely passed two score, from more serious reasons. Jinsaku caught cold and took to his bed, and in this unorthodox way passed to the majority of the *kami*.†

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* "Heaven helps those who help themselves"—from the large collection of proverbs in the "Melanges Japonais" by Revs. J. Deffrenes and G. Cesselin.

† "Kami" is used indifferently by the Japanese, for the greatest of their gods or for a police magistrate. The spirits of the dead are a prominent use of the word in Shintō.

## § 2

O'Haya's life was henceforth to be no easier. The pretty slender girl of sixteen was now a hard-working, chunky, slab-sided woman of nearly thirty years. At her age, and with Shinbutsu's reputation, the prospect of getting a husband, real or nominal, was indeed small. Unless with the prospect of another mouth to fill, and another lazy male to support. In this line Shinbutsu gave her work enough. However by washing, which gave her the only positive return for her labour; by being always ready to tend the sick or take charge of children and household in cases of emergency, which brought her the kindly goodwill of her neighbours in the village; by scratching the surface of the little patch of *hatake* (or pasture land), and on which she could raise a very insufficient crop of ō-mugi (barley), imo (potato), and daikon (large radish), she managed to get enough to fill their food bowls. Hardly "rice bowls," for rice they or others of the farming class, then and now, did not often see during the year's round. But even of what they did get it must have taken a great deal to fill that of Shinbutsu—which is still to be seen at the Kami-no-kura miya, and which is as large as five ordinary rice bowls. Thus the little woman tried to rub along, watching her growing boy, until she herself, and still more the comments of her neighbours aroused her up to try and make some impression on his incorrigible idleness.

So calling him to her one morning she told him how hard for her the work was getting to be; how every day it grew more and more difficult for her to find sufficient to put on their little *zen* (or dining table). And she cried a little in her quiet Japanese way; which made far more impression on Shinbutsu than all the talk which went

before. "But mother, how is it that the other village boys of my age do not have to work? Why does not the son of Watanabe Seizaburō Kizaemon work? He is a year older than I am."—"Alas!" answered O'Haya, "he and the other boys have their fathers to give them their living, whereas.....", and here overcome by her recollections O'Haya looked far off in the sky, at the clouds floating over the ridge which hid the great mass of Takami-san, the home of Bishamon, god of war,* the particular dread of the peasant of this lower Kumano district. Shinbutsu, however, was following but little in his mother's thoughts. His, as usual, were intensely practical.† Other boys could play and not work. And their situation was eminently and evidently a desirable one. The question was—how to attain it? So he returned to the charge. "And my father, mother, is he dead?" O'Haya remained silent. Then point-blank came the question she had long expected, long dreaded, and had not yet been able to make up her mind how to answer. "Who is my father?" asked Shinbutsu. Now while O'Haya's story of the Ni-ō had been currently accepted by her fellow-villagers in their kindly sceptical way, it was of course a mere tale to put aside idle curiosity; a tale not even original on O'Haya's part. At the time she was visiting Kami-no-kura, and praying at the shrine of Kwannon, Benshō Tomotoki, Sadaiben, Dainagon, and Bettō (chief steward) of the great Kumano shrines was practising a retreat at the monastery attached then to the

* Vāisramana, god of wealth according to Chinese Buddhism. Also one of the seven gods of luck in Japan. Another tradition (the one followed by Shinshinsai) transfers the birth place of Benkei to Chokai-mura, a village of Idzumo. The temple of Benkei's exploits is there the Makuragi-san Kezōji, which boasts the bowl and other objects later referred to; Wanibuchi Hokkeji being the last scene of his boyhood, and its Oku-no-in the scene of O'Haya's death. Ninety nine out of a hundred Japanese regard Funada as the birth place. I follow Mr. Pickwick's sage advice to Mr. Snodgrass at the Eatanswill election—"shout with the largest."

† The practical strain in Benkei's character is noteworthy in every story connected with him. His ideals he seeks to put in practice. They are not matters of speculation with him. He *thinks* they have basis in fact and seeks expression.

temple.* He too came nightly to pray, and soon noticed and listened to the child of simple faith. Monastic life has been understood and practised no better East than West; and that of Japan was notoriously lax in sexual morality. The dainty morsel within his grasp was quickly plucked, and it was in the vigorous arms of Benshō that O'Haya had her prayer granted. Her child therefore had a very earthly father in the person of the worldly High Steward, who cared more for politics and controversy than he did for theology, in which however he was of great reputation. But he had vowed O'Haya to secrecy. This connection with a mere peasant girl was of but small moment it is true. But factions were rife at Miyako, and small influences, combined with a wave of religious furor at the Tennō's court, might add to other embarassments. He wanted no fire in his rear, so to speak. Besides, if he were to father all the children of the district, properly to be laid to his charge, even the great revenues of the Kumano shrines would stagger under the weight. O'Haya on her part realized that anything in that direction could only come by waiting and by voluntary action. So she kept silent, repeated the tale concocted by Benshō, and not even Jinsaku had known the name of her lover. The monks alone could have told a tale, many a one. Meanwhile she watched her boy grow in years and strength; proud of this strength, grieved over his looks, for stalwart, good-featured lad as he was, small-pox at six years of age had laid its disfiguring hand on his face. So now when the question came from him who had the right to ask it, once again she bowed her face and answered: —"the Ni-ō at the shrine of Takagami-sama."†

Shinbutsu's plan was matured almost as soon as he had

* The identification of Benshō with Tansō is here accepted. It is widely current among writers.

† In the weaving of these tales, drawn from various sources, and these often conflicting, I confess to have arrived at an *impassé*. Fatherhood can be an object of genial scepticism, but none can have more than one mother. In a note (A) I give the alternate story of Benkei's parentage, and my reasons for adopting the one now given. Other speculations are also noted (B).

THE NI-O OF KAMI-NO-KURA.

his mother's answer. For a moment or so he sat with sternly knitted brows. Then he arose stretching out his massive limbs. O'Haya, with some misgivings as to her announcement, asked him where he was going. "Since other sons find their support in their fathers, I shall seek mine." It was on O'Haya's tongue to cry out that a Ni-ō after all was nothing but a plaster image; to look to work, and not to do anything to cause the villagers to ridicule him. Shinbutsu, however, had one plan well conceived in his mind. To do as others do, to live and play without work, and he sought his goal in the most direct manner. The stalwart boy, moving swiftly by day up the shaded avenue, was a very different sight from the shrinking girl passing in the darkness of the night more than thirteen years before. But their reception was no different. There still stood the Ni-ō, their faces horribly distorted in virtuous anger, their sides and limbs spotted with the little pith balls of chewed paper, shot at them through the narrow netting, in the hope that for every one that stuck the vow was granted. Heaps of huge *waraji* (straw sandals) were piled at their feet. Ill it might have fared with them if Oniwaka-maru*—the nickname given to Shinbutsu in the village—could reasonably have made a selection. There stood Nisshōkujin and Kōgōjin, right and left of the temple gateway, and only protected by the frail railing and the flimsy network. The fact of there being two, and most unreasonably alike in personal appearance staggered Shinbutsu. No mirror or fancied resemblance could help him out. Which was his father? He bellowed the question out. But the Ni-ō remained silent in their attitude of deep inhalation.† Not since the famous night of long ago had attitude been changed or silence been broken. They were frozen into their mud and plaster frame work. More than disgusted Shinbutsu viewed the pile of useless *waraji*—too big for mortals, even for him; never used by those huge useless limbs of the

* Young-demon-boy. The little chewed paper balls, and the gifts of sandals can be seen to-day at any Buddhist gate.

† *Aun ni kuchi*—"a buddhist term to denote a state of breathing" (Minakami).

*ningyō.** "Well, since I can get no answer out of you, let's see what your mistress, Kwannon sama, has to say on the matter," and with loud imprecations on their idleness (which threatened the necessity of his working) Shinbutsu moved on to the *hondō* or main hall of the temple. Here his bellowing was no milder, and it was much closer at hand. So close that it was impossible to ignore, as the conversation of the many, the prayers of the few, and the peaceable intercourse of all, were out of the question. First one, then another priest appeared, and Shinbutsu soon had a little audience of the bōzu-san (Mr. priest) around him, willing to make merry, but very uncertain as to the issue. The gist of his tale and claim was quickly learned. It was with something of pity that one said—"the boy has heard the tale current among the villagers. It would be better to quietly put him off with some subterfuge." The loves of Bensbō and O'Haya were well remembered by many of the monks, but the old man was still powerful, and was known to have a heavy hand in many ways. Disapproval had to be limited to thought rather than expression. His first questioner thought of an ingenious method of getting rid of Shinbutsu and his claim. Pointing to a huge boulder nearby, unpleasantly poised on the hill-side and threatening to roll down on the *shoin*,† he said: "Your claim does indeed seem very just, and Kwannon and the temple are fairly responsible for the misdoings of their guardians," (here the priests caught their breath a little—the monastery responsible for the misdoings of those inside of it!)" "Prove yourself the son of a Ni-ō by removing that huge boulder. Then the monastery is clearly responsible, and will provide you with all the food you can eat." From several a protest went up at this, but others intervened and repeated the offer. Many were the sly winks exchanged with one another as they looked at the enormous rock poised on the mountain side. Grave were the faces

* An image or doll. The Japanese would call the Venus de Milo a *ningyo*—which is a hint as to their stage of development in the sculptor's art.

† Priest's apartments.

as they turnd to Shinbutsu in silent question as to his good faith.

There were no misgivings on his part. His face lighted up. Unable to get a grip on the rock he disappeared for a few moments. When he returned he was dragging the heavy rope by which the beam of the huge bell of the *shōrō* was swung.* The priests were now genuinely alarmed. The rope attached Shinbutsu put his back to the mass of the rock. "Uh-h-h...mu-h-h!" he grunted—"A-a-a-a-!" ejaculated one priest—"Ya-a-a!" snorted another. A chorus of "Ah's!" and "Ya's!" went up as the rock swung in the air. Working it up higher and higher it came into the grasp of Shinbutsu. Thus it hung poised over his head. "Now," he grunted, sadly red in the face, "does our bargain hold good, or shall I cast it down in the *hondo* (main hall) of the temple. Many were the exclamations, the prayers, even the imprecations addressed to the mighty youth. Afraid to come near him, for there was something more at stake than smashed toes, they talked and squabbled to such effect that the jūshoku (rector) heard the row, and made his appearance. Astounded at Shinbutsu's prowess he was likewise a just man. He accepted the bad bargain as soon as he learned that a promise had really been given. Besides, there was a poetic justice involved in the lad's feat. The monastery was paying the penalty for its past connivance at Benshō's lust. Much mollified Shinbutsu asked—"where do you want me to put the rock, bōsan." Willing to see a little more of this unusual display of strength the jūshoku pointed to the edge of the terrace, some hundred feet beyond. Below was the steep and wooded slope stretching down to the river. With slow and massive tread Shinbutsu paced the distance, the huge boulder poised on his raised hands. At the edge, with one mighty heave he launched it into space, and down it went crashing, to land half way, caught between the bases of two

* *Shōrō* is a detached belfry. The bells are not swung, but a huge beam is so moved as a striker. The tone is a little muffled, but often sweet and deeply solemn. *Bō* (or *Bōsan*) may be related to Bodhisatta.

mighty cedars. There it is yet, pointed out as the "Benkei no nage-iwa" (rock thrown by Benkei).

The monks was not long in finding out that they had made a very bad bargain. The monastery attached to Kami-no-kura at one time had been a very prosperous institution. One of the great shrines devoted to the worship of the Kumano Gongen it had been founded in the eighth century, and tradition carried it back to the ancient of Shintō days, to the reigns of Sūjin and Keikō (100 B.C.-130 A.D.) Originally forty-two temples crowned these slopes. Now there were but twelve, and these were kept up on a very lavish scale. But never since the days of Keikō did it run such risk of a food famine. Each temple establishment of course had its own kitchen; and Shinbutsu was loaded on these in turn. "Make hay while the sun shines" thought Shinbutsu. On cooks and kitchen he had no mercy; besides, the reasons for abstinence when dependent on his mother's exertions, did not exist. Unfortunately his appetite was both voracious and capricious. The wretched cook who prepared a giant mess for him found it untouched as not to Shinbutsu's taste. The next meal of the monks was entirely cleaned out because some relish was provided to savour the rice. So the others had to go hungry, and wait until a new meal was prepared. The whole commissariat of the monastery was thrown into confusion. Shinbutsu stuck to his part of the contract—to eat. The jūshoku had to devise some method for regulating the supply. Therefore he summoned to him Watanabe Kizaemon (once our Seizaburō), *nanushi* of the village. This was the old lover of O'Haya. He harboured no ill-will on account of his former misadventure. Shortly after his father had found a suitable match for his son, and even before Shinbutsu was born Seizaburō was provided with a son and heir. On his father's death he had succeeded him in the office of *nanushi* (village bailiff or mayor), and it was with him that the jūshoku had conference. The monastery had no intention of dodging its bargain. This the jūshoku took as retribution. Kizaemon was more than willing to do a good turn for an old established

SHINBUTSU SEEKS SUSTENANCE.

family in the township. Already a good part of the tax on the little farm of Jinsaku was met by the voluntary work of the village, unwilling to have any new-comer foisted on their little circle, trusting to Shinbutsu in time to take the burden from the township. At this time the jūshoku agreed to supply the food necessary for Shinbutsu's voracious appetite. Kizaemon agreed to supply the discipline. Thus they parted on good terms.

Now the elder brother of Kizaemon had long since left his native village, and had established himself at Miyako. Starting with a good capital and a father-in-law he had soon secured a position as purveyor to the luxurious tastes of the court attendants. In the past years his wealth had been turned in a more solid direction, and Watanabe Jirozaemon, of the Mibu district of Miyako, was already a large land-holder in the outlying districts, and on the way to secure for himself or his son-in-law one of those minor positions of *gōshi*, or gentleman-farmer, which was a next stage to belonging to the *bushi* or *samurai* class. Much depended on the son-in-law, who as yet was prospective. Jirozaemon had been favoured with one daughter, and on her depended the continuance of his line. His younger brother, Kizaemon, shared in the good fortune of the elder. The child of their father's maturer years there was some interval between their ages. But natural affection and connected business interests often took one brother to Miyako, or the other over the rough mountain roads, or the stormy waters of the Bay of Owari, to Shingū and so to his old home. It was on such an occasion that Kizaemon and Jirozaemon sat sipping *saké* in a rear chamber looking out upon a kind of court, closed at the rear by some large *kura* (store-houses). This place was now a busy scene, for clouds hanging low over the neighbouring range presaged a rain-storm, and the young men of the house were busy hustling into the store-house the bags of rice piled in huge heaps. These had just been brought in as part of the village land-tax, for which the *nanushi*, as head of the corporation, was responsible. There was but one idler present, Shinbutsu of course, who stood with wandering puzzled eyes and open mouth

as if he did not know what to do. "Iya," shouted Kizaemon. "Shinbutsu, take a hand and help with the rice. Show us that you can do something with those huge limbs of yours. Surely your jaws get exercise enough." Whether or not the little taunt in what Kizaemon said would have roused Shinbutsu is perhaps doubtful. He was sharp enough. His laziness did not lie in his wits. A bargain is a bargain; he proposed to keep his. But the little smile that ran from one to the other of the busy men stung him. "Here, you fellows," he shouted, "get out of the way inside the *kura*." Now they know Shinbutsu well enough to take a "*yatsu-dané*" from him in meek enough part; and if Shinbutsu was going to bestir himself there was no safer place than the *kura*. Bestir himself he did. Grasping the heavy bundles of rice, so carefully packed in their straw wrapping, Shinbutsu rapidly hurled them one after the other into the open door of the *kura*. What promised to be a long and tedious process of pulling and hauling was quickly accomplished by this human catapult. "Well done!" shouted Seizaburō. "*Eiyara!*" came the joyful chorus from the inside of the *kura*, where the men were piling up the bags, grateful for the quick and easy accomplishment of the more arduous task. Jirozaemon looked on with mouth wide-open from astonishment.

"Who can he be?" he asked. "Kintaro himself is a weakling to this youth."*—"Why! you know him well enough," answered Kizaemon. "Indeed in childhood he could well have been called Kintaro. He is O'Haya's son, Shinbutsu." A faint smile crossed Jirozaemon's face as he looked side-ways at Seizaburō. The latter laughed. "He threatened to eat Kami-no-kura† out of house, home, and revenues, so they have turned him over to me to regulate at least the hours for meal-time. The monks were growing thin, and the peasant women no longer swarmed to the *shōin*—for private advice and comfort. This did not suit

* A wonderfully strong child of Japanese nursery tales. His muscular and chubby figure is a familiar feature of the boy's shelf of dolls at the May festival (*matsuri*).

† "Store house of the gods" (*kami*).

either Bōzusan—or Ni-ōsan," he added with a little wink, and both brothers laughed vociferously. "Seriously speaking, I am much taken with him," said Jirozaemon. "I am looking for a husband for my daughter. In these rough times, with worse to follow, for the Genji are by no means crushed, strength is a qualification which will be preeminently useful."—"That I do not think well of at all," promptly put in Kizaemon. "Shinbutsu has many good qualities. But we know him here well, and his wildness has for long been so untameable that your enterprise does not promise well. I know you can dispense with the question of wealth, but....." —"Shinbutsu is by no means without qualifications in that way," put in Jirozaemon. "We know well enough who his father really is. Nittai Shōnin is open enough in his speech. Old Benshō is now in high favour in Miyako, enough so to make him a worthy mark. His old pranks have been forgotten long ago, or at least forgiven. As much of a religious hypocrite as ever, if he finds that this boy turns out well under discipline he is quite likely to acknowledge him in some way, if not openly, and to make capital out of the matter in every way. Really I do not think I could do better. Besides, it is a contract which can easily be dissolved under the conditions, seeing the youth of both. You would oblige me very much if you will make the arrangement for me." Kizaemon saw that, in his way, the decision of Jirozaemon was made, so he at once put himself in the way to forward his wishes "It is not a matter of difficult accomplishment," he said. "As far as old Jinsaku is concerned, O'Haya will feel that he can be provided for as readily in Shinbutsu's offspring as in the youth himself. He is a heavy load on her shoulders, and she will be willing enough. I think she has long given up any idea of securing any aid from Benshō. Perhaps you may be more successful"; and this time it was Kizaemon who looked slyly at Jirozaemon. It turned out as he said. O'Haya joyfully consented to the arrangement proposed. Shinbutsu was formally contracted as future husband of Jirozaemon's daughter, O'Kin. On Kizaemon's advice,

however, the boy was left with him. To secure his better discipline it was determined to send him to Wanibuchi-san, to the great temple of Hongū Daijin (Amaterasu-oho-mi-kami). Hongū was close at hand to Shingū, and here he would be under the charge of Nittai Shōnin. To Kizaemon and his brother this was as if they put Shinbutsu at their *bodaishō*,* for the aged and learned Nittai was their spiritual father.†

"Wanibuchi-san"‡ this mountain slope could well be nick-named, for at the ritual hours of the day and night the hills re-echoed the silvery sound of its famous gongs. The gentle Nittai was immensely pleased with Shinbutsu. Not only did he rapidly progress in the ordinary accomplishments of child acolytes—reading and writing—but in the harder theology required of the priest. He was of course merely in the preliminary stage, and his teaching was confined to the rudiments. But for such scraps of real theology as came his way, and for the Hokkekyō (a Buddhist scripture), droned out by monks ignorant of what they were reciting, he showed such aptitude and wonderful memory that Nittai hoped he might end as priest, and congratulated himself on having secured a proselyte, capable of adding to controversial entanglements exceptional physical force, to secure conviction in one way if not in another, able to back up forcible argument with forcible methods. As Shinbutsu was already well accustomed to the ways of the monks of Shingū he easily accommodated himself to those of Nittai, imitating the pose and behaviour of the disciples as he had seen them at his old home. He thus gained favour in many ways; and not

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* Family temple. Here relatives go to pray for the dead.

† Shōnin is the title of a highly placed Buddhist priest. It is even translated "archbishop," not entirely a misnomer in this case. It is to be remembered that these now severe Shintō shrines were gorgeous Buddhist temples (Ryōbu Shintō) at the date of which we are speaking —indeed up to 1868. The distances mentioned are all short. It is about twenty miles from Shingū to Hongū. *As the crow flies* it is not more than thirty miles from Hongū to Yoshino in Yamato. Shakaga-take, a mountain mass between the two, is about half way.

‡ Wanibuchi is the name of the prayer-gong hung up in front of a shrine. The worshipper grasps the rope dangling in front and strikes with it.

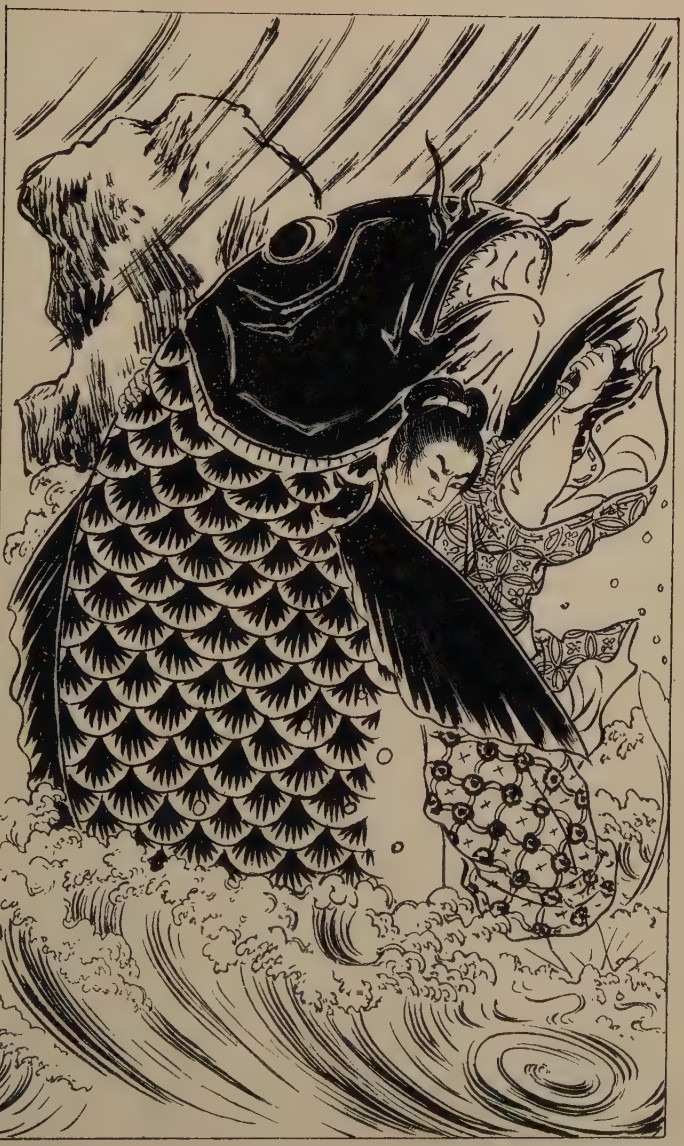
least of all in his conduct toward his mother to whom he was tenderly attached. Pleased with this Nittai made every effort to second it; and a little house was found for O'Haya close to the temple entrance, where mother and son could be much together. Her anxieties were now at an end, for Shinbutsu's official connection with Jirozaemon relieved her of all anxiety as to Jinsaku's little piece of farm land; which, indeed, practically passed into the management of Kizaemon, the *nanushi*.

But still she had to live. If house and food were provided, fire was necessary to cook the food. It was this that took her into the forest behind the temple crowned hills, to secure firewood for the simple meal. One day she started early, intending to go no further than usual for her gleaning. At night-fall she had not returned. Shinbutsu, properly anxious, started to search for her. All night he shouted through the woods, without result. Some villagers, of whom he made inquiries shook their heads doubtfully. O'Haya had last been seen going in the direction of Tamaki-san. On the slopes of this mountain mass was the Oku-no-in (Inner shrine) of the Hongū temple.* Here also was a shrine devoted to Bishamon. Now the place was of exceeding bad reputation, and more than one villager who had wandered that way had mysteriously disappeared. This, of course, was fuel to the flame. Shinbutsu, more and more anxious, pushed his way through the forest, along the rushing mountain stream, and up into the steep cleft leading to the Oku-no-in. Here he came out in a beautiful little glen, at the head of which the stream fell in a series of steep falls and waterslides straight down from Bishamon-ga-take. On all sides the pine and cedar towered over head, shutting out the light, and framing the water in dark and sombre green. Night and day he watched at the place. His scanty provision was already nearly exhausted when towards dawn on the third night he saw for a moment a huge glistening object sweep the surface

* Usually insignificant—often tiny—and dirty mountain shrines. Bishamon (Vâisraman) in Japan is a god of luck—and war. His shrines were a favourite resort for the *samurai*.

of the pool. As it was about to disappear, in plunged Shinbutsu to find that he had grasped the fin of a giant golden carp (*koi*), huge as any that floated in the air on the fifth day of the fifth month at the *otoko no matsuri* (boys' festival). Fierce was the struggle between them. The fish strove to mount the fall. This at least gave Shinbutsu breathing space, for the plunges of the carp in the pool had nearly drowned him. He was rapidly becoming exhausted, but bracing himself against a projecting rock he succeeded in getting both hands deep in the gills. A mighty effort threw the giant fish onto the bank, where Shinbutsu knife in hand fell on it and pierced its heart. This carp was undoubtedly the *nushi* of Bishamon-ga-take. To it O'Haya had fallen a victim, perhaps by incautiously entering the stream for some fallen stick. On ripping it up Shinbutsu found in its stomach portions of her garments, which settled all question as to her sad fate. This was a most unfortunate occurrence. The carp was indeed brought home by the wrathful youth, once more converted into Oniwaka-maru. It was buried behind the Wanibuchi shrines in what is to-day known as the *koi-tsuka* or the carp's tomb, and thus O'Haya found vicarious burial. But Shinbutsu again threw off all restraint, and became wilder than ever. One day he disappeared, and neither Nittai or Kizaemon were particularly sorry when the days passed and nothing was heard of him. He was quite able to look out for himself. Besides, the last real interest had disappeared from Earth with O'Haya.*

* *Nushi* is an animal of supernatural powers, a demon, supposed to haunt mountain pools and recesses. The *tengū* is a kindred spirit in human form with a wondrously long nose. I do not think there is any photograph of this fall on Bishamon-ga-take. But places of similar beauty are numerous in Japan. Not far from this place, at Nachi, are some celebrated water-falls. But for that matter Urami-ga-taki, or Ryūzu-ga-taki in the Nikkō district are familiar to western travellers, and at Yumoto (Nikkō) is that rather rare sight, a genuine water-slide, Yu-no-taki. Mr. Shinshinsai thinks the story of O'Haya all the more probable on account of this legend of the carp. Haya is a small fish, a favourite victim of the carp. But in this he rather has the cart before the horse. The play on words is more likely to have given rise to the story of O'Haya and the carp than *vice versa*. But there are other reasons given in the note (A). I am disposed to admit, however, that in any case we cannot take all of Benkei's early history too



SHINI UTSU-MARU and THE GIANT CARP ( KOI NUSHI )

seriously. Perhaps in the vigorous attempt of the carp to escape we have an instance of such super-natural beings disappearing at dawn. It would seem that it could readily have drowned Shinbutsu by plunging to the depths of the pool. However, a *tengū* can be as easily seen or met by day as night—in Japanese legend.

## CHAPTER II.

### SHINBUTSU-MARU, THE YOUTH: THE MAIDEN, TAMAMUSHI.

"For indeed I knew
"Of no more subtle master under heaven
"Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
"Not only to keep down the base in man,
"But teach high thought, and amiable words
"And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
"And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
(Idylls of the King.)

§ 1.

There was little cause for anxiety about Shinbutsu; even if there had been anyone to take that much trouble. Nittai and Kizaemon were right in believing that if things were not going altogether right with him, they were not going altogether wrong. Shinbutsu's course had lain over the mountain side, under the slopes of the ill-omened Takami-san, the huge mass of Shaka-ga-take, and the forbidding Ōmine; through heavily wooded valleys, and, where a narrow turf-covered bridge or a *tsuri-bashi* (hanging bridge) was lacking, through some rushing mountain stream, his clothing piled on his head for lack of a drier place. His way was not without interest. It was the season for worship of gods and Nature, and the

cherry blossoms and the Kongō-zō-ō gongen of Yoshino were the object of a throng of worshippers which over flowed the prosperous little town so often honoured with the presence of the Hōō. Of his little hoard Shinbutsu here dispensed a part in delightful idleness, little knowing that in later years he would again see the place in a time of storm and stress, seeking refuge. For the energetic youth it was but a short journey over the much better roads of the Miyako plain, which soon placed him at the door of Watanabe's house. His unexpected appearance, in more than one sense of the word, decidedly staggered Jirozaemon, and also O'Kin the daughter. Both found him, not only wild and unkempt in appearance, but equally so in manners. Jirozaemon was not long in ascertaining the moving cause of his leaving Hongū, and of this he did not particularly disapprove. Further acquaintance, however, made him somewhat hopeless as to the future prospects of Shinbutsu as son-in-law, a change of view in which O'Kin shared. She, of course, had her dream of the stalwart youth, overflowing with lore and poetry—to the flowers and the moon—such as had been made familiar by the courtly writers of Miyako. Now to pass from this dream to the hug of a bear was a little too much; the more so, as in despite of his undeniable symmetry of form and feature, the giant was considerably disfigured by the marks of small-pox, and his very earnestness of temper cast over his face a stern and almost surly expression. That deep and silvery tone of voice for which Benkei later was so famous, and which gave even to his half serious jesting and wholly serious imposition an attraction which held listeners and victims and gave him credit with them, hardly influenced the prosaic O'Kin. Shinbutsu was not yet Benkei—mighty warrior, astute counsellor, learned priest. He was simply an unbridled youth.

As much to get rid of him therefore in a decent manner Jirozaemon placed him with Kankei Ajari* at the Kaisandō. This was doing much, for this famous place

* The priestly instructor of the disciples and minor priests in a Buddhist temple. The Sanscrit Ajariya (Brinkley's Jap.-Eng. Dict.) Kankei is elsewhere called Keishun. Kaisandō Founder's Hall.

and teacher were best in odour of those of the wild monks of the Enryakuji on Hiei-san. Jirozaemon was no fool, and scented the coming change. He felt, therefore that he was doing well in pitching Shinbutsu headlong into a centre of Minamoto influence ; strong at Hieisan, and the more so with Kankei and the interests centring in the Saitō Hall. Practically he thus freed himself from all engagements with Shinbutsu. In the youth there would have to be a great change if these were to be renewed and carried out. It must have been with something of a shrug that the rich merchant and his attendants took their way down the hill and along the lake, diverging to have a few words with his friend Doi Hachiyemon, great man of the village of Mikami.* Chatting in the pretty garden, drinking *saké* and looking over the peaceful country-side bordering the Yokatagawa, he recommended Shinbutsu to Doi ; even gave him an inkling of the boy's history and connection with Benshō, and asked him to do him a good turn if the occasion should offer. "By the way," he said, as he rose to go, "how old is that girl of yours?" his eyes resting the while on Doi's pretty daughter, Tamamushi (the Jewel Beetle)—"Fifteen," answered Doi, "this last *keichitsu*" (the season when the insects-*mushi*-again begin to awake and give voice). Both men laughed indulgently over the jest.—"You will soon have to seek a husband for her. She is fast growing into a woman." The little Tamamushi blushed furiously, and felt as if she would like to hide her small person in the tea-cups, if they too had not been so tiny ; too tiny for her thoughts which were already swelling.

Thus began life for Shinbutsu under the Ajari—the hard, sacrificing, obedient life of the student disciple, always at the beck and call of master and senior, for on this point the Buddhist discipline allows no compromise.† With the Ajari he found no difficulties. Kankei genuinely sympathized with the boy, now fourteen years old, and knowing his relation to Benshō hoped for great things from him—

* A *goshi*, gentleman farmer, Shinshinsai calls him.

† Taken over from the old Brahmanic creed. For the relation of teacher and disciple, cf. Grihya Sutras, Manu., etc.

both for the monastery and in the approaching storms, when good and true men would be so much needed. Besides, his extraordinary proficiency impressed him; for what Shinbutsu had learned and seen at the Kumano San-zan made him very apt and proficient in any duties as acolyte. But it was very different in reference to his fellow-disciples. Shinbutsu's manners were rough and peremptory. Some took this with meekness, as befitting monks seeking merit.* Others did not, and Kankei was in constant receipt of complaints of Shinbutsu's rudeness. The most influential of this faction was an older disciple named Hitachibō Kaison, and as Shinbutsu was more immediately under his discipline the results were all the worse. Now it was true that Shinbutsu had a most extraordinary acquaintance with every haunt of wild boar and monkey on the mountain side; nor did he in any way savour of one in training to be a priest of Buddha. It was all the easier for Hitachibō to get the ear of Kankei, to have Shinbutsu removed from the more serious work of the disciples, and his too great strength utilized in drawing water and fetching great bundles of wood for the use of the monastery. It was indeed building a hovel of precious stones, and likewise of the devil quoting scripture, for at this time Hitachibō Kaison was a thoroughly bad man. He had all the tricks of the trade, looked like a priest and told the beads of his rosary with great unctuousness. He even had a considerable knowledge of the Sutras (Buddhist scriptures); but was jealous and greedy. "He would eat 'cattle fish,' giving them a false name—'canopy;' loach figured as 'dancers'; and eggs as gōshō-guruma, because inside of an egg is found the *kimi* (yellow—it also means royal.)" Besides, he had still worse habits. He loved *sake* (rice wine) as did any old toper; and women and boys. He had tried to make Shinbutsu a victim of his tastes, but only succeeded in getting a sound beating, of which he did not dare to complain, in spite of their relation as senior and junior. People

* The stock Buddhist term for leading a moral life is "seeking merit." It is related to the doctrine of karma; every word, thought, or action continuing its influence into the future and untold ages.

in general, who knew of the failings and spite of Kaison, pitied Shinbutsu. It is unusual for such a thoroughly bad man to have a successful career, but such was Kaison's luck in life. We meet him later in Yoshitsune's train, only second to Benkei in influence and prowess.

Thus time passed in drawing water and fetching wood, and Shinbutsu had reached the age of seventeen years. It happened one day that the Ajari had a message to send to Rokuhara, the Administration office in Miyako. In those days messengers needed to be swift and strong as well as intelligent. "Shinbutsu is "a fool," said Kaison, to whom Kankei had told his need, "but is fit enough to fetch and carry. Send him,"—"So let it be," answered Kankei, sealing the letter and handing it to Kaison, who in turn sought out Shinbutsu to pass it on with a sly kick which could not be resented in the presence of the other monks. Shinbutsu soon lost all sense of grievance in what was to him a holiday on this fine summer afternoon. Delivering his message he was on his way back by night-fall, to climb the pass separating Biwa-ko and Hieisan from the Miyako plain. He had made good time, and being weary decided to rest and sleep a little at a decayed mountain shrine, expecting to reach the monastery in the early light. Late comers knocking at the gates were not popular in those days.* His slumbers were interrupted by voices outside the shrine. One in pain and fear, that of a woman. The others harsh and confused, belonging to a band of men. Being close to the shrine, Shinbutsu rose to peer through the lattice which encloses the top of these wayside shrines. A band of a dozen men or more had kidnapped a young girl from one of the neighbouring villages, one of some position and consideration as was evidenced by her silken garments. Peace is better than war, strategy goes farther than violence in love; and they sought to accomplish their evil object by cajolement before using force. Their victim steadily refused any such proposals, pleading with them and offering the only jewel she had with her, a golden brooch, for they had carried her off, when taking the evening air in her

* The shrine is long gone. It was a little below the image of Dengyō-Daishi on the Shimei-ga-take.

SHIMBUTSU RESCUES TAMAMUSHI-HIME.

father's garden, and she had neither purse nor other valuable to offer them. This however was not their aim, which was confined to her person. Standing aside for their chief they cast lots, and seeing that the girl remained obstinate they proposed to proceed to extremities. They had already cast her on the ground, when—crash! bang! and the front of the shrine, close to which they were standing, flew in fragments around them. "Ya! Ya!," they backed off, first in terror and then in astonishment, for the giant form of Shinbutsu made them think that Hachiman himself had appeared. As it did the girl, who sought refuge behind her unexpected protector.

They were not left long in doubt. This time the deep voice of Shinbutsu broke the silence, to the girl like the heavy silvery tone of the famous bell of Miidera, so close to hand. "A fine pack of scoundrels, you fellows! Ransom? Mercy?" He made one stride forward to the leader who stood a little detached from the rest. Out shot a long arm to seize the miscreant by the back of the neck. A scream of pain and terror from the victim, cries of astonishment from the band arose as the man went sailing through the air, to land a crushed and dying mass some thirty feet above in the upper branches of a near-by pine. But Shinbutsu did not stop there. Taking advantage of the momentary panic he quickly uprooted a stout sapling, almost a tree, and laid about him with it as weapon. Whether god or man the robbers evidently had to face more than their match. Without thought of their leader, and little did he need thought as premised the loud crack of his neck bones under the giant's grasp, they fled in confusion along the mountain toward Ohara.*

It was with confusion that the girl approached her rescuer, still standing, with frowning brows, wide-open glaring eyes, keenly and almost wistfully watching the mountain slope as if still longing for battle. She had lightly to touch his sleeve to call him to himself, perhaps

* Shinshinsai in his description of this scene is vigorous. "*Onore nikkui yatsu da!*" not exactly polite, but emphatic. It is impossible to go into it with his particularity. His "drawing room" dialogue is naive, and would sound sadly out of place to western ears.

to assure herself that he was really mortal. The moon had gone down below the horizon, but the stars were brightly shining in the summer night, and there was light enough to show the massive form of Shinbutsu, and disguise any defects of features. He seemed Bishamon or Hachiman descended to earth. It was all the more reassuring therefore to find him human. "I am deeply grateful to you for taking so much trouble over such an insignificant person as myself. You have doubtless after great weariness been seeking rest in this spot. Please accept my thanks and excuses for causing you trouble."* Shinbutsu was decidedly embarassed; the more so that for long he had been unaccustomed to deal with anything feminine, and this particular piece of femininity was decidedly attractive. Slender, graceful, her long black hair hanging luxuriantly down sloping shoulders, the bright tender eyes, pink lips the colour of Japanese coral, a rather long oval face with eyebrows delicately pencilled and pointing to the smooth temples, and just a glimpse of the satiny delicate skin visible through the robe, the shoulder of which had been torn by her ravishers, she was a picture of Kwannon-sama stepped out of its frame. However, all might have gone well, as he stammered out an answer to her thanks, an answer common to the twelfth as to the twentieth century under similar conditions. But the clouds had gathered thick and heavy. Stars disappeared under the black canopy. Huge gouts of rain began to fall, and both rescuer and rescued had to seek refuge in the abandoned shrine.

Now as a part of the machinery of amorous intrigue, why rain storms should act as a love filtre is hard to say. Such, however, is the case. Whether we take true history in the story of Louis the Great and La Vallière, romance in the persons of Paul and Virginia, or mythology in those of Danaë and Jupiter, or Dido and Aeneas; a shower of rain, or gold, or both together, has proved disastrous. So it was with our little heroine in this case. Shinbutsu was neither Hachiman nor kidnapper, and as

* This drawing-room formality under "strong" conditions is an ordinary feature in Japanese novels, ancient or modern.

the storm rattled and pealed over and around them she clung to him in terror. Shinbutsu, if not Hachiman, was budding into manhood. The place, the position, the conditions were too much for him—and her, as she gently sank into his arms and yielded. Thus "he drifted into a mysterious dream with her." It was not until broad daylight that they awoke. "Alas! I know not who you are," said the girl, "and here thoughtlessly I have taken a husband without first asking my parents' consent. That is very wrong of me. But still it cannot be undone. Moreover, as I am a woman I can never belong to anyone but you, and will be faithful to you during life. I am the daughter of Doi Hachiyemon, elder of Mikami-mura in this Omi-no-kuni, below us. My name is Tamamushi." All this she said while prettily and gracefully arranging her garments, disordered in their slumbers. Shinbutsu was decidedly startled. Doi Hachiyemon, the rich farmer, was a pillar of Kankei's Kaisandō, a man on whom rector and monks much depended for grateful offerings, the temple being the seat of his ancestral worship.

"Ah! Indeed! For me perhaps this night has been one of sin. Do not ask my name, but rest assured that I will try soon to see you again, to see what the future can have in store for us." For the first time faced with a crisis so personal and complicated Shinbutsu had food for thought—for karma. Perhaps he or the girl, who was a little astounded at her lover's reticence, would have come to further explanation, if the sound of a party of men approaching had not been heard. Looking down at a turn in the path, a little below, she recognized in the band servants of her father sent out in search of her. "We must now separate," she said; "but at least keep this to remember me and my vow of faithfulness", and she put the golden brooch in his bosom. Seeing him somewhat confused, evidently unwilling to meet the new comers, with a little curious glance she pushed him back into the shadow of the shrine. "Remain here in the darkness. Quickly we will all be gone. Then you can accomplish your mission and destiny, whatever it be." With woman's wit and self-sacrifice she thus met the

situation, and stepped out into the light to meet her attendants. These received her joyfully and wonderingly, the more so at her tale of escape from the kidnappers, her wandering on the mountain, and finally the taking refuge in the little shrine. They put up a few prayers to the mountain god (to which Shinbutsu was strongly tempted to return answer) and soon betook themselves down the mountain side, their young mistress carried in an improvised litter. Shinbutsu watched the party from a covert on the hillside. Long could he see it winding down the steep footway. Then he turned northward. "From my boyhood I have been following the path marked out by the Lord Buddha. Now at my first contact with woman I have not stumbled merely, but fallen to the ground. Thus have I broken the commandment against carnal lust, and committed the deadly sin against the law. What now shall be my course?" Thinking he thus trod the road to Kaisando, sad and thoughtful over his unexpected connection with Tamamushi, the Jewel Beetle. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc.* Did they offend?" Let the one without sin cast the first stone."

## § 2.

Great was the uproar on this thirteenth day of the seventh month (27 August, 1170) in the house of Doi Hachiyemon, the great man of Mikami-mura and its surrounding district. All was in confusion—in appearance at least—especially in the direction of the kitchen, where were flying, hither and thither, not only mistress and maids (okami-san and gejo), but also in passage ways blocked up by the yokels, men-servants of the house (genan), earnest to do something, and getting all the more in the road from their very earnestness. However there

was sufficient order in this disorder; enough to allow Hachiyemon to stand at the *roka** of his house to receive the arriving guests, come to attend the seventh anniversary of his father's death.† These were mostly farmers of the neighbourhood, many of them dependent on Hachiyemon, who thus shared with them his magnificence at these stated feasts of the year. They all passed quickly into the room in which an altar had been prepared, and before which stood the large kōro (incense pot). At its side were placed bundles of the sweet scented drug (*kō*), a wafer of which was to be ignited by the new comer at the little lamp, and set in the *kōro* to add to the heavy sickening perfume already present. The circle was soon complete, all except an officiating priest. An invitation had been sent to the family temple, to the Ajari Kankei at the Kaisandō; but it was known that he was absent, and it was uncertain whether anyone would come in his stead. This however was not strictly necessary, and the villagers at once began the *hyaku-man-ben*, a customary ceremonial for the dead in those days, but now largely passed out of use.‡ The ceremony finished they all passed to the spacious guest room (*kyakuma* or parlour) where the cushions lined the apartment. On these they seated themselves, rough farmer folk, little used to any display except on these rare occasions. Their eyes wandered furtively to the broad exquisitely grained *jindai* boarding which formed the ceiling, to the delicate gold silk *fusuma* (screens), to the *rama-shoji*, retaining the natural fret-work, knawed in the solid wood by decay or insects and so highly

* The well polished passageway running in front of the rooms of a Japanese house. Usually three feet wide it forms a verandah. Upper floors are railed, lower floors open to access.

† The Buddhist lays stress on the 7th, 13th, 35th, 49th, 100th days: on the 1st, 3rd, 5th 7th, 14th, 21st, 50th, 100th year. After that the hotoke is forgotten or melts into the general mass of ancestors.

‡ *Hyaku-man-ben*, "a million prayers." Shinshinsai gives an interesting description of this ancient ceremony. The priest sat in the middle of the apartment, striking from time to time a little *suzu* (bell). The worshippers, on their knees, formed a circle around him, rapidly passing a rosary from one to the other, and praying. As the large bead of the rosary reached each worshipper in turn he made a bow. If no priest was in attendance the *nanushi* took his place.

prized, and finally to the slender figure of Tamamushi, flitting in and out of the apartment in silent direction of the numerous *neya** engaged in putting the *kyakuma* in connection with the kitchen. Beyond, their eyes rested on a little interior garden (*naka-niwa*), a curious and restful picture in which the detail was filled in by white shining sand, curiously shaped stones, and rocks; and box, cedar, and *bonsai* (potted plants), just as curiously trimmed and trained, gave food for thought and imagination. A waterfall—without water (and moreover never meant to have any !) completed this strange but attractive ornament. This was not the famous garden of Tamamushi's adventure. The latter was outside and beyond the house, gave a distant view of Biwa-ko and the mountains on the West, and was laid out on a large plan, with cherry, plum, *yamabuki*, *tsubaki*,† and other flowering trees breaking the monotony of the distorted pines—large as they were, mere miniatures of their giant relative, faintly distinguishable at times at distant Karasaki. There was even an arbour of white and purple wisteria (*fuji*), covering one corner of this larger space, if such a vast extension of shade could be called an "arbour." Very different was the little *naka-niwa*, in which only two or three azalea and a few *shōbu* (iris) were allowed to give colour to the scene.

The farmer guests of Hachiyemon gave little thought, however, to any such criticism of details, their noses being shortly within range of the soup bowls (*suimono-wan*) placed before each man on the lacquer *bon* (tray). Winks, an occasional little sucking gasp expressive to Japanese, gave signs of surprise, anything but displeased. "Doi-san has wide ideas of *shōjin* (vegetable diet). It seems to me this soup contains fish", said one—"*Ya-a-! So da ne*", replied his neighbour. Hachiyemon knows that we are but poor 'water-drinkers' the rest of the year, and wants us to have at least a taste of the good

* A more familiar term for the house-maids.

† In Japan the camelia (*tsubaki*) is more tree than bush, glowing and glorious.

things at times"—"*Hai! Naruhodo!*"* said another as he fished out the *corpus delicti* in the shape of a hunk of *maguro*—"Take what comes", quoth his older and experienced neighbour. "To us and the occasion we are taking mere *miso-suimono*, not *shiru* (bean, not fish soup). —"Who cooked it?" asked a fourth, for the guests were licking their lips over more than the mere contents. "Kurobei and Rokuhachi. You know they came from Miyako, where none learn the business better." The tone was a little sour, for like humanity, even when pleased, more than one was ready to accept the hospitality of Doi, and be critical of Hachiyemon. Perhaps he thought so himself, although his urging them on to repletion was merely in the set form of custom. "Please excuse my rudeness in setting before you such an insufficient feast. Condescend to help yourself plentifully."†

These compliments, however, were interrupted by the appearance of Kaison. Unable to attend himself, and unwilling to be unrepresented at the anniversary feast of his old important parishioner, Kankei the Ajari had turned over to his senior disciple the pleasant duty of taking his place at the feast. Kaison came rejoicing, his mouth watering at the prospect of rich food, and willing enough to mumble a few prayers as a grace before fish. "*Gomen kudasai,*" as he bowed to Hachiyemon prostrate on the *roka* with both hands advanced as support to his reverential attitude—"Thanks, indeed, for the honour of your presence. Will you not say a prayer or two?" and he led Kaison to the little altar chamber, heavy with the now numerous sticks of incense. Incense was to Kaison a poor incentive to appetite. Doi's father got short shrift, and Kaison was soon making a bee line for the place of honour

* *Naruhodo*, an expression ranging from mild to widest surprise, or even to get in a word somewhere. "*Mizu-nomi no oretachi da.*" Farmers so poor as to afford only water as liquor. Shinshinsai goes into this scene and dialogue with great spirit, and much detail. It is only sketched here.

† "Mina san nanimo arimasen ga. Kyo wa burei kō de gō jūbun ni meshiagatte kudasai." His guests were quite ready to do as Chicot with the chicken. "Gorenflot, baptise me this carp." Kurobei and Rokuhachi are more likely to be found in nineteenth century Miyako than in that of the twelfth century.

left vacant for whoever might attend from the family temple. When his tray was placed before him he gasped with far more surprise than enjoyment. Not suspecting fleshly desires in a priest of his family tabernacle, Hachiyemon had sent him a complete *shōjin;* but Kaison, who had his difficulties in smuggling the necessities for his worldly desires within the priestly precincts guided by Kankei, appreciated still less his monastic fare when met outside. He, however, had to make the best of a bad bargain in his substitution for the saintly *sōjō* (bishop), and made up for it by his copious libations of *saké* (rice wine). This was not long in inflaming him in one direction, and the graceful presence of Tamamushi excited him in another. At first he confined himself to sly underhand glances. But finally, being well in his cups and unable any longer to stand these flashes of "inspiration," he boldly came out with a request for a more active pose in which he could take his fill of gaze. "Wine is a poor thing without the proper spice to it. It needs *tabō*. So let us put some girl into the feast. Will not Tamamushi-san favour us with some music and a song."*

It was a bold and unusual thing to ask, and Hachiyemon was somewhat in doubt as to its propriety at such a memorial feast. However, as the other guests, themselves now well under the weather, uproariously approved, and as the proposition came from a priest, he thought it must be correct, and put aside all thought of evil fortune. So Tamamushi was told to go and prepare to give them some music. She was anything but pleased, for woman-like she quickly fathomed Kaison's *ruse*. Her answer was barely audible, but she withdrew to shortly reappear more suitably arrayed in trailing robe, and with a little hand-maid carrying the *koto* or Japanese harp. Slowly she advanced and seated herself before the instrument, her grace of pose and manner as much as her beauty silencing the noisy assembly. "One could well imagine her to be

* A quotation from Shinshinsai. "*Bonzoku no kotoba ni mo saké wo tabō to itte onna nakute wa umaku nai.*" *Tabō* is a form of head-dress for women. Kaison's "wine without *tabō*" is simply the negative expression for "wine, women, and song."

the Chinese prince Yokiye, or the goddess Amatsu-otome descended from Heaven to the plain of Mino, sheeted with its famous pines." That Hachiyemon swelled with pride goes without saying. So our romancer tells us—he was "like the pheasant holding its nestling in a burning field, or the crane sitting up all night to caress its young." The thoughts of Tamamushi on the contrary were far away. For days she had been absorbed in her dream of Shinbutsu, whose manly form was always before her mind. As to the people present she only thought what fools they were not to know her happy secret. Poor little Tamamushi! But our sad humanity is a good deal that way. Its geese are all swans, and it hugs its deceits to its breast, their very thorns seeming softest down to the deluded and willing mind. Tamamushi's gaze was fastened on the bit of sky and hillside framed in the setting of the little *naka-niwa*. Her very abstraction added to the melancholy softness of her voice as she chanted a sad melody of olden days. As she finished they all broke out in noisy pleasure. "I am ashamed of my feeble hand and poor playing. For your listening so kindly I thank you." Thus she glided away from their presence. It was the time of general departure. Many a "*go chiso sama**" came from the lips of the parting guests. Hachiyemon repeated his protestions and apologies for his poor provision for their entertainment. Even Kaison had at last to take his departure. With lust in eye and thought he urged on Hachiyemon the marriage of Tamamushi. The married woman was more game for him, the virgin practically out of his reach, and he sought always to add to his flock. Thus he took his way through the gloaming, "the dog of temptation, not to be driven away," following close behind his yellow priestly robes. Kaison was no true Buddhist priest, and few were to be found in these twelfth century monasteries. The man's thoughts turned only to the girl, whose face turned to the light was stamped on his brain. One by one he thus stripped her of every concealing garment, his imagination running riot in his dissection of her body and

* Salutation of thanks after a meal or feast.

soul. Both of his he would have given gladly for a night spent in her arms.

§ 3.

Doi Hachiyemon had something more than mere wealth to lift him into prominence. Going back in the generations of humble ancestors his lineage finally landed in the lap of a retainer of Tawara Toda (Fujiwara Hidesatō), he who had slain the *mukade* of Mikami-san so close at hand. The connection was decently vague, and Hachiyemon only bragged of it before those who could not well answer him without first paying what they owed him. However, it and his farm lands secured for him the title of Mikami-danna; and his pretty daughter secured him the attention of the ambitious parents of the neighbourhood for miles around. Tamamushi had been brought up far beyond her station in life. She had been taught to compose *tanka**, *hanaike*, and to play *kōtō* and *biwa*. The usual feminine accomplishments of house-keeping—sewing and embroidery—were a matter of course. In fact she was quite fitted to enter the house of some minor *bushi*, to rule it as mistress of all she surveyed (except her lord and master). For this reason Hachiyemon met all offers with some plausible refusal, in which he found Tamamushi herself a ready assistant.

The girl had indeed sadly changed, much as her namesakes, with the coming on of fall and the colder winds of winter. She had taken to keeping much to herself, and even with a piece of embroidery or sewing, under some excuse of better light or more room, would seek a distant corner—the little three mat room looking out on the large

* Tanka are short 32 syllable poems. *Hanaike* is arrangement of flowers. The *kōtō* resembles the harp (or piano), and the *biwa* a guitar.

TAWARATODA and OTOHIME : THE MUKADE of MIKAMIYAMA.

garden being her favourite refuge. She was even a little cross and captious, and hardly seemed to know herself what was the matter with her. Hachiyemon, of course, became decidedly anxious about her, even consulted a physician. But there were sharper eyes than a rather dull father, and a medical man who only saw her at favourable intervals. Her mother noticed her paleness of countenance. Her arms also dwindled, and a silver armlet, which usually clasped a plump wrist, could easily be drawn over her shrunken fingers. Her face also showed a spotty, almost bluish tint, and Tamamushi, to all appearances was threatened with a serious loss of looks, if not a permanent decline. Then Hachiyemon's good wife noticed that her daughter had morning attacks of nausea. This apparently innocent symptom settled all doubts, at least in her mind. She forthwith sought out her husband, and gave it as her opinion that the girl was going through a crisis not unexpected with married women, or unheard of with any woman, but certainly unusual for one in Tamamushi's condition. Hachiyemon, man-like in trust of *his* women-kind, at once said—"nonsense; for that she must have been with some man, and we know what she does and where she goes from sunrise to sunrise."—"Wise girl and foolish parents, you know," answered his wife. "While the parents still consider their daughter a mere child, she is already worm-eaten. Don't you know the adage: 'a little girl cannot be left alone'." Forthwith she gave him in convincing detail all the cumulative evidence of the symptoms she had observed.

Thus confronted with expert evidence Hachiyemon was staggered. Again a medical luminary was summoned, one rotating in the particle cycle of the suspected difficulty, a Japanese twelfth century Doctor Slop. He at once corroborated the good wife, and added—: "she is at least five months gone with child. She ought to be wearing a *hara-obi* if you wish to avoid possibility of accidents.*—"You must have made a mistake", said

* A band worn by pregnant women after the fifth month begins. Cf. J. E. de Becker on the custom of the time. "Feudal Kamakura," p. 108.

Hachiyemon desperately, almost clawing out his hair in his perplexity. "Who can it be?"—"Not I", quoth the leech. "Nor can I tell you. I am merely a doctor. The one to ask is the girl herself"; and somewhat disgruntled he too took his way. Unsatisfied yet another physician was sought. His method was still more explanatory. With small regard to Tamamushi's presence or person he demonstrated as in clinic—: "ordinarily in the abdomen I hear one pulse beat, but with your daughter I can hear two, one belonging to her, and the other to the *foetus*. However," he added, "it is true that in an ancient book it says that when a girl has passed a certain age she can become pregnant in a dream. Usually not before twenty years, whereas your daughter is eighteen, but this may be her case. It is not a true pregnancy, and the delivery is not of a child but of a shapeless mass. Give her this bolus, and if such is the case she will be relieved, and you will be no longer troubled. My suspicion is, however, that she will have to become much worse before she can be better." With this parting shot *he* took his leave. The bolus was duly administered, and just as promptly gotten rid of, but not as Hachiyemon desired. It was really quite trying thus to have a spoke put in his well laid plans. He had so carefully trained her in the five duties of morality,* that to find the only one broken she well could break at her age was disappointing as to past and future. She still had plenty of opportunity to break all the rest if she only lived long enough. However, he was a kindly soul, and thinking that if urged at this time she would certainly only concoct some tale to tell them, he considered it better to wait for a more fit occasion to secure the truth and the real name of the lover. He and his wife, therefore, turned their attention to their daughter's health, ordered the necessary exercise, and all devoted themselves to the new situation as if it was most usual to have young ladies of the spinster condition thus poaching on the duties, trials, and privileges of the married of their sex.

* Emperor to subject; parent to child, husband to wife, elder to younger brother, friend to friend—in the order of importance, orientally speaking. Cf Legge (S. B. E. III p. 55).

Tamamushi waxed and waxed as would any queen bee. But there was no sign on her part of any confidential communication, any inkling as to who had been her visitant, earthly or heavenly. Indeed the poor girl would have been hard put to it to tell. With the best powers of description the circumstances and the dim light had not been such as to favour observation. She was only too glad that the kidnappers had nothing to do with her scrape. It then came into Hachiyemon's head that perhaps a visit to the Ajari Kankei at the Kaisandō might break the ice. Even if their reverend adviser, who so inspired confidence, was absent, was there not that excellent and holy man Kaison oshō-san who had taken such an interest in Tamamushi? So in the early spring day (March 22nd, 1171) they set out for the monastery across the lake, the stout peasant and his wife cheerfully climbing the mountain slope, and Tamamushi, whose size no longer permitted such effort, being carried in a *kago*.* Now the Ajari was absent on one of his frequent jaunts. The old man not only was of importance in his seething political world, but was a notable wire-puller for the Minamoto interests; so much so that both Taira and Minamoto kept an eye on him and required his presence—for different reasons. Kaison, however, joyfully welcomed them. He scented offerings and cash for *saké;* at least that was the destination of the present offered him by Hachiyemon, the gift to the Ajari being in its turn duly deposited in safe keeping. Whether in cash or kind such wind-falls were convertible in Kaison's operations. Hachiyemon's perplexities were not unknown in the neighbourhood, and while the monks, some dozen in number hastily summoned by Kaison, chanted a requiem for the ancestors of Hachiyemon, Kaison had time to inspect and ogle Tamamushi. From his point of view things were going delightfully. As for her temporary loss of beauty he merely awaited its avatar. A maid and a mother! What delightful prognostications could be cast for the future.

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* An ancient (and modern) Japanese substitute for Cardinal Balue's cage.

His thoughts, however, were interrupted by seeing Shinbutsu cross the temple court, half concealed under an immense load of wood gathered on the mountain side. He at once hailed him. "Hai! Shinbutsu! Doi-san, 'Mikami danna,'" (there was a palpable sneer in his voice to any who knew him,) "has honoured us with his presence. Put on your robe and come to aid us." Hachiyemon was much interested. As said he knew Jirozaemon, and had already heard something of the lineage and career of Shinbutsu. He was all the more struck by the commanding appearance and massive form of the giant youth, as he entered the apartment respectfully bowing, to take his seat as junior a little behind Kaison on the left. Needless to say Tamamushi at once recognized her rescuer in the priestly garb. It was with mixed feelings of anguish, dismay, and love that she played her part in the interview, for months of brooding had rooted the impression first made on the warm August night, and had developed it into an absorbing passion. Naturally she was too stunned as yet to find any outlet or ray of light in her predicament. As for Shinbutsu, he had grasped the situation at a glance. Two women with Hachiyemon? It was not hard to guess who they were. He therefore sat, gaze steadily fastened on the *tatami* a foot or so before his seat, and listened to the compliments and prognostications of a great career. For Hachiyemon let himself go. He told all that Jirozaemon had told, and more yet. Most of it was not new to Shinbutsu. O'Haya had told the story of his parentage, and her reasons for silence, equally good in his own case. Tamamushi, of course, was not so well informed as her father, which made the ensuing scene all the more painful to her already over-wrought condition, physical and mental.

Kaison did not take these enthusiastic encomiums of Hachiyemon at all well. "Clever! Intelligent! A great career in prospect! Why, Doi-san, he is the biggest fool in the monastery. Here you see him at seventeen years of age, a big strapping *lump*," and he leered, and accented the word malignantly, "who cannot read the Fu-mon-bon, the primer of the holy writings concerning our

Lord Buddha.* Why,! Why! ...," and overcome by his wrath he leaned back and struck Shinbutsu a sounding blow on the cheek with clenched fist. "A great career!" he continued with a sneer; "lofty lineage for this pup! Why, if he has any pedigree at all it is that by a loafer out of some street-wench, bred on a *kusa-makura* and the mountain side.† And then the jade has picked out the most exalted person in her range to father her brat! We should be grateful she did not father him on some divinity, Fudo-sama, Hachiman-sama, or select from the Kumano Gongen" With this outbreak he stopped to take breath and properly receive the refreshment just brought by a younger acolyte. "No! No! Doi-san. Do not be misled by such idle talk, doubtless retailed to you by this braggart himself. It is a task indeed to keep these younger disciples within bounds, but we must not spare discipline.....discipline," he repeated as he leaned back again and struck Shinbutsu across the mouth.

Hachiyemon and his wife were so astonished and pained that they did not hear Tamamushi's repressed cry of anguish at hearing her lover so reviled and seeing him abused. Shinbutsu remained silent and in his position of rigid restraint, as befitted the junior disciple before his senior in the Order. Besides he was fighting down himself for old Benshō's sake. As the latter did not acknowledge him, so he felt he ought to keep silence. But the reference to O'Haya was too hard, and when Kaison insolently repeated it—"Lineage! Ay! bred by a loafer on a wench and a grass-pillow," Shinbutsu rose in wrath. Kaison did not take warning. He merely saw the angry disciple, and let himself out in a tirade of abuse for this breach of discipline, this disrespect of pupil to teacher, of junior to senior. "Lineage!," he snorted." Bad stock, like all mongrels, do not know whence they come, but they foist themselves on the best; weeds seeded by the wayside....." He did not

* The Buddhist sutras contain long passages of repetition for easy memorizing. This is conspicuously so in the Saddharma Pundarîka (Hokke-kyō). The Fumon-bon is an easy selection of this text.

† Grass-pillow. Nineteenth century romancers (Japanese) have a poor idea of twelfth century manners in monastic life.

have time to finish, for Shinbutsu was on him. Hitachibō Kaison was a large man, but to Shinbutsu he was as a child. He lifted him by shoulder and ribs and cast him against the wall where he lay breathing heavily and badly bruised. Hachiyemon strove to soothe Shinbutsu, the right of whose quarrel he loudly admitted, and of Kaison who as teacher should receive unvarying respect. The frightened women clung close to each other at the end of the apartment, away from the quarreling priests. Indeed Tamamushi evidently needed her mother's support and attention, and the latter attributed her agitation to her condition of pregnancy.

Hachiyemon did not confine himself to compliments. With water he restored Kaison to his wits, and to a continued stream of abuse. There was concentrated wrath and hatred in his voice as he stood over Shinbutsu, who had again seated himself and sat head down in glum silence. "Ubai, ubasoku, bikuni, biku,—these are grades to be first deligently passed by one who seeks to follow in the steps of our Lord Buddha."* Shinbutsu gulped a little. This hypocrisy nauseated him. "You, who are not even an ubasoku raise your hand against me your senior and teacher. Let me tell you that a block of wood is put to many purposes. It may be turned into a *tenjō-ita;* it may be trampled under foot in the mud as *gaeta*†. To such widely various uses may it be put. I am a

* Female and male lay devotees, nuns, and priests. Buddhism often gives woman a sentimental precedence. Sanscrit-upâsikâ, upâsika, bhikchuni, bhikchu. Just why Kaison should lug in the upâsikâ and bikchunî is hard to see—unless to impress Hachiyemon.

There is no hell, nor are there women, in the Buddha field of perfection says the Saddharma Pundarîka (p 194). We find the curious belief that men can become women, and vice versa, in the "Questions of King Milinda" II 101. Rhys Davids (loc cit. I 297) has a note on the attainment of Arahatship by women, as an early Buddhist belief. To judge by the Saddharma Pundarîka (p 253), the daughter of Sagara the Nâga king, attained Bodhisattvaship through change of sex (she was aged eight years). According to Kern's note, krittikâs, the Sanscrit word, is feminine and does not necessarily imply change of sex, but p 252 shows this to be the case, and p. 253 states its necessity—"no woman has ever attained Arahatship." The references are to the Sacred Books of the East Series.

† *Tenjō-ita*; ceiling boarding, of finer grade and purposes. *Gaeta* are the wooden clogs, Japanese substitute for *sabot.*

Buddha and will soon sit on a lotus stand." (Shinbutsu could not restrain a grunt of protest, which enraged Kaison all the more). "You are an ass. You will not even reach the priesthood, but will be reborn in Hell, and spend kalpas of torture on the Thorn Mountain and in the Lake of Blood.* Now perhaps you will understand my parable of the clog. You are the clog; thus, thus, thus.....", and Kaison rained a storm of blows on Shinbutsu's head, blows which the victim made no effort to ward off. Tamamushi pulled at her father's sleeve, to urge him to leave this scene, so unendurable. Hachiyemon was only too willing to go, but thought it his duty to make one more effort to conciliate Kaison. The latter listened with apparent complacency and agreement. "However," he said, "as priest I cannot neglect duty and discipline. What I do is for the cause of mercy and his own future. As did Arara, who beat the Prince Shitta, afterward Sakya, so must I.....", stopping to get breath....."then I will be glad to comply with the wishes of one so generous to our brotherhood."†

His last assault was so violent that even Shinbutsu's giant form staggered. Blood was pouring from the side of his head. As Kaison seized his robe, violently tearing it, a golden brooch fell on the floor. Both reached for it, but Kaison secured it. It was with concentrated tones in his voice that Shinbutsu demanded its return. Kaison merely sneered. "This is a woman's brooch", he said after a short inspection. "I ask you how it came in your hands"—"Do not ask", answered Shinbutsu. "I have endured your punishment without a murmur as you are my superior and senior in the Order. Be more generous and return this ornament to me." Kaison's only answer

* Or the Gruel Pot, or Chank Crown etc and other furniture of the well equipped Buddhist Hells. Cf. "Questions of King Milinda I 276 (Rhys Davids. S. B. E. XXXV). Prof. Kern takes the kalpa seriously as infinitely small, Sad. Pundarîka p. 89. Max Muller takes it as a large number. Sukkâvatî Vyûha p 5. Eitel, ditto. "Chinese Buddhism."

† Sarvarthasidddha—"he by whom all objects are accomplished." Buddha Karita p. 19. Arara=Arada. He is frequently mentioned in the Buddha Karita, and his death referred to on p. 169 (S. B. E. XLIX). His doctrine is there expounded.

was a shower of blows and further demand for the source of the brooch. "As one in your position cannot possibly obtain such a valuable *kanzashi* (hair ornament) you have stolen it. You are not only a fool, but a thief."—"Fool, yes!", answered Shinbutsu, with his own meekness in mind. "Thief, no. I beg you to give me the brooch."—"Not only bastard, but thief!" shouted Kaison, and carried away with rage his voice was no longer held under restraint, but rose high for any to hear outside in the temple court. Casting down the brooch he seized Shinbutsu's head with both hands.

Hachiyemon and his wife, earnestly occupied with the struggle, hardly realized just what ensued. A startled cry from the wife brought them all up standing. Tamamushi, reaching forward, had picked up the shining jewel, and then pushing down her *kimono* near the base of the neck, with a quick stab had pierced her throat almost severing the jugular vein.* To reach her, although but a minute's time, was enough to show that she had struck home surely and fatally. "Why! Why, my child, have you done such a thing!" moaned poor Hachiyemon, as he leaned over her. The wife pillowed the dying girl's head on her bosom, careless of the dripping blood only partly restrained by the hopeless pressure of the father's fingers. Shinbutsu sank beside her on his knees. Kaison stood apart, dark, gloomy, glowering. Then the child poured out her hapless story; of the ravishers, the rescue, her "immoral" conduct in giving herself to a man without her parents' consent. "For this, for the distress I cause you in thus leaving you, forgive me. I was entangled in his kindness, indebted to him for the saving of my honour, and so, and so.....at last I exchanged pillows with him. Since then I have neither seen nor heard from him, although dreaming and longing for none else. When I came here to discover that my lover was a priest, one beyond reach

* The method of suicide to which the *samurai* woman was trained; as were the men to *harakiri* (cut-belly or "happy dispatch"). It is probably the original method of suicide for both sexes, mentioned in the Kojki and Nihongi with a frequence (for political reasons) extraordinary for this "land of peace—of brotherly love."

and hope, my anguish of mind was too great to endure. Shinbutsu, one word in prayer from you in my behalf will be worth more to me than a requiem chanted with chorus by the greatest priest." The sands were running out pretty fast from the glass which measured Tamamushi's little life. "I regret my unborn child.....;" whether she could have said more her almost last effort was to raise a startled arm pointing behind Shinbutsu. He rose in time. Kaison, mad with rage and jealousy at the unexpected tale unfolded, was coming behind him, the blade of a halberd in hand, perhaps left by some careless *sohei** on the *roka* near the reception hall. Shinbutsu made one step in advance, seized the descending wrist, and united it in one iron grasp to his enemy's throat. Grasping him by the loins he hurled him through the light *shoji*, to land in the stone paved court, where striking his head against an *ishi-doro* (stone lantern) he lay senseless.*

As he turned again it was to face the Ajari Kankei, who silently pushing aside the screens had entered from the neighbouring apartment." The jewel-like drop of dew in the cup of the maple leaf flashes scarlet "† came from the grave, almost smiling lips of the bishop. "Sad and severe has been your lesson in life and love, Shinbutsu." He cast a glance at the moaning parents kneeling beside the body of poor little Tamamushi. For the last time that clay had flashed brilliant in the sun-light of its short life, so troubled at the close. "And you, Shinbutsu?" asked the bishop, casting an inquisitive but kindly eye on the youth, prostrate in salutation, so grieved in soul. "Shame!" answered Shinbutsu. "Shame for the past which has stained my soul with concupiscence. Shame for the unpardonable sin of breaking the Buddha's law against lust and its satisfaction"‡ "Perhaps it is as well," said the bishop, the crafty politician coming to the surface. "This

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* *Sohei*—priest soldier. *Shoji*—light sliding paper screens between rooms.

† "*Tama tsuyu no ono ga sugata wo smo mama ni, momiji ni okeba kurenai no tama,*" from Shinshinsai. "Hush your passions" is a possible meaning.

‡ One of the Anantarya sins which bring immediate retribution (Larger Sukhâvatî-vyûha S. B. E. XLIX 15.)

is more a time for the warrior than the monk. Between Genji and Heike the crisis is swiftly being reached, and good men will not fail in their choice between red and white.* Men must learn to manage the sword as well as to read the Sutras. Yes, perhaps it has been as well." It was almost a cold, a callous eye, that the priest cast on the dead body of the girl. He continued "of this love of Shinbutsu and Tamamushi there could be but one ending. If Shinbutsu was to free himself forever from the temptation of lust for woman it could only be through the distress such love would bring him." He lightly touched Hachiyemon on the shoulder. "Your grief is just, Doi-san; but remember that what has happened is as the Sutra teaches us—life and death are predestined, beyond control of human will; life and death, meeting and separation are inevitable consequences of life."† The bishop's eyes flashed as he recited the gloomy creed of renunciation of all present and future. "Hachiyemon, you have been honoured in your daughter's choice of lover, for he is of royal lineage"—"Ay!" groaned poor Hachiyemon, even in his distress mastered by the conventions of his iron code of life, "Shinbutsu-san will please never forget the connection established between us."—"Nor could I do so", answered Shinbutsu, also prostrate in salutation. "My connection with Tamamushi-san has been a punishment to both as the reward of some past *karma*. She has told nothing but the truth. 'It was sudden passion which arose just as the horse becomes excited in the spring. I was then like a monkey frolicking about the five trees of passion, and like a horse galloping along the road of evil.'‡ Henceforth my duty

* Red was the colour of the Taira or Heike banner; white the colour of the Minamoto or Genji banner.

† The five worldly sufferings, birth, old age, sickness, death, parting. "This is pain, this also is the origin of pain in the world of living beings; this also is the stopping of pain; this is that course which leads to its stopping." Thus the Buddha points the way to freedom from ignorance and delusion in the beautiful Buddha Karita (S. B. E. XLIX p 155).

‡ A passage from Shinshinsai. Perhaps the Five Troubles or Evils of the Mind—passion, anger, ignorance, arrogance, pride. Cf Dhammapada. p 25 (Muller's trans. S. B. E. X.) They are referred to in the

is plain. No matter what my life, as soldier or priest, on one side it shall remain devoted to the memory of the one faithful in her turn to death", and again he sat down in genuine grief, his face closer to the peaceful face of the girl than it had ever been since that eventful summer night.

Meanwhile Kankei turned his attention to Kaison. This unfortunate, restored to consciousness by the attentions of his fellows, at a sign was brought before the bishop. From the latter's face had disappeared every sign of benevolence; and of anger there was no trace. It was with the cold, harsh, even tones of a judge that Kankei laid his past career before him. He seemed to know everything, Kaison's passion for wine, for women, for breaking the fasts, and even the normal regime of the Order. His secret and shameful vices were laid open to the assembled monks. "Is there hope for such rotten stuff?" asked the bishop as if in query. "Perhaps: visit the thirty-three sacred shrines,* 'clear your mind of filth in the divine stream. Thus assert the three states of existence, and hand down a name clean in the sight of posterity." Then he expelled him from the divine brotherhood. Strangely enough it was for the good of Hitachibō Kaison. Discouraged and repentant he made his pilgrimage. Then he too determined to save the present rather than to turn his thoughts to past or future. At last he met Ushiwaka-maru at Karasuma in Miyako†; to become his faithful retainer, only second to Benkei in bravery and cunning.

Sad was the little procession that wended its way back to Mikami of Omi. It was only a woman, a girl, and the litter passed through the deserted temple courts, from which every sign of priest and life had disappeared—except perhaps a curious eye peering from a hole in the closed *shōji;* sour, even joyful over this end to man's

Saddharma Pundarîka p 58, Buddha Karita p 15, Questions of King Milinda I 41.

* A list is found in Murray's "Japan" (by Prof. Chamberlain and Mr. W. B. Mason). This summer jaunt is said to have been started by that gay misanthropist Kwasan-Tennō.

† Hachijo.

temptation. Thus they carried Tamamushi in death over the road so recently traversed in life. One dream had been substituted for another. Except to father and mother, to whom every part of home—a gravelled walk, a grotesque stone on which the dead girl in life had laid her hand, the flowering plants, even the mists on the distant lake—heretofore objects of pleasure were now to be the source of keenest pain. It was no dream to them. Except to change with years, and cut all the keener and deeper.*

* I do not find much application for the term Shinshin-sai uses in his introduction to this story—*irotsupoi*. "*Shinbutsu to iu gōketsu no gara ni nai irotsupoi go hanashi ga atta.*" The tale is quite in keeping with Benkei the warrior. Several views can be taken of Kankei's political management of the affair at the cost of Tamamushi, for Shinshinsai makes him know all about it from the start. There was but one person who could have handled the robbers in the way the girl described. Shinbutsu was not a priest, and the suggestion Hachiyemon makes (in Shinshinsai) that it would have been so easy to fix the matter up with Watanabé, if *he* had known, could have come quite as pat to the bishop. Plunging into the question of the insect Order, Tamamushi, dryly put, belongs to the Family of *Buprestidae*. This particular member is the *chrysochroa elegans*. It is a beetle with brilliantly iridescent scarlet, purple, and blue wings and plates. The handsome *chrysocroa* of India is noted. The *cucujo*, or firefly, of Brazil, and the glow-worm of colder climates, belong to the family. Japanese women have a superstition, that if a tamamushi be caught and placed in the drawer of their *tansu* (*chiffonier*) it means an unending store of *kimono* in the future. The pretty insect is much admired, especially in this land where the music of various kinds of insects takes the place of singing birds.

# CHAPTER III.

## MUSASHI-BŌ BENKEI: THE TENGU BŌZU.

"En l'abbaye estoit pour lors ung moyne claustrier, nommé "frere Jean des Entommeures, jeune, guallant, frisque, dehait, "bien a dextre, hardi, aduentureux, deliberé, hault, maigre, "bien fendue de gueule, bien aduantaige en nez, beau, despes- "cheur d'heures, beau desbrideur de messes, beau descroteur de "vigiles: pour tout dire sommairement, vray moyne si oncques "en feut, depuis que le monde moynant moyne de moynerie; au "reste, clerc jusques es dents en matiere de breuaire."

(Rabelais).

### § 1.

Now to this critical scene of Shinbutsu's life we cannot give an interpretation such as would ordinarily occur to the western mind. There is no romance to be woven out of the relations between Tamamushi and Shinbutsu in such form as would almost instinctively be seized upon by a western weaver of love tales. To Tamamushi the prize destiny had cast in her lap had proved attractive, and even Japanese women can construct the fanciful tale of faithfulness to death required of woman by nature, social law, and by religion as laid down in the Five Relations. With Shinbutsu the case was very different. The connection with the wife was for the man grounded on the

continuance of the worship of the ancestors at the *mita-mashiro* through male offspring.* Apart from this purpose such connection was merely the pursuit of a materialistic passion. Shinbutsu, as a candidate for admission into the Holy Order of the Buddha, was forbidden the first, and it was a sin for him to even think of the other, a cardinal sin to carry the thought to accomplishment. His connection with Tamamushi had been of such an accidental character that it could make but little impression on his mind, except as a gust of passion which had carried him from his moorings. The fate of the beautiful flower-like girl he could mourn as his companion in offence. This made him, as he had vowed, faithful to her memory; but in the sense outlined. We are not dealing with any vulgar roistering priest. The story of Benkei's life is very different.

The words of Kankei, however, remained scored deep in his memory. Although he had devoted himself to the Wheel of the Law his mind now began to turn to other things. Kankei had reason to think of him in the rôle of warrior rather than that of priest, for in roughness and wildness the cup and the complaint book were nearly full. It had been Shinbutsu's pleasure to lure off the band of disciples to secluded woodland glades. Here they devoted themselves to wrestling, fencing, leaping, cuffing each other to see who could stand the hardest blows. In this sport Shinbutsu stood in the first rank, and his opponents, even the hardiest, fared badly. Other priests came to the *Ajari* to complain of the bad physical and moral effects on their pupils. One had his nose flattened to his face. Another had his ear swollen to the size of that of an elephant. Others limped, or hobbled painfully along on crutches. Worst of all was the moral effect of Shinbutsu's example, for the younger generation were growing up to think far more of donning armour

* *Shintō* god-shelf. The *ihai* (mortuary tablets) of Buddhism fill the same rôle, and secure that religion a place in the hearts of eastern peoples. Theoretically the *ihai* should be merely memorial. Actually they are as with Shintōists, the dwelling place of the departed in their spiritual form.

than of a seat on a lotus. *Namu-amida-butsu* was chanted in dreamy abstraction by a monkling whose mind was set on bamboo swords, wadded armour, and resounding whacks. Instead of contemplation of the wonders on the slopes of Meru, the vision of the wonderful stupra, and the Bodhisattvas on their countless thrones in the countless worlds,* they were merely considering where was the softest part of the body to effectually disable and cripple an opponent. Such things could not be. Any tale-bearing was punished by a visit from Shinbutsu in person, who left tell-tale and furniture in a similar woeful condition. Then the disciples were ordered to "cut" Oniwaka-maru—for he had regained his old name. This shifted the burden more immediately on the acolyte, but filled the monastery infirmary. Shinbutsu resented such procedure, and cured short-sightedness by pounding the neglectful into a pulp. Finally a petition in form, signed by all the resident priests of the monastery compelled Kankei to more active steps. Shinbutsu was confined to a room in the Kaisandō, in real as well as nominal disgrace. This he took so well, that by the simple process of removing part of the wall with his shoulders, he emerged into the open air. Rooting up a pine sapling of fair size and many times larger than his purpose required, he proceeded to visit his detractors, one and all, for their unanimity simplified matters for him. *Shoji* and furniture were swept clean by the stormy youth. The occupants and delinquents fled. Then Shinbutsu returned to his "prison." This time it was really necessary to reach some conclusion. He went to the bath-room reserved for the *risshi*,† and more elaborate in its fittings. Here he found a razor, and soon converted himself into a full-fledged priest. Unfortunately he lacked the robes, and was too hard pressed to seek them. As the frightened flock of the monastery were wending their way to the *Ajari*, to lay their woes and

* Cf. Saddharma Pundarika. p. 237 seq. 232. Kern's translation. S. B. E. Series XXI.

† Sōjō=bishop: Sōzu=arch-deacon. Risshi=ranks next to Sōzu. Oshō=a little lower grade, say priest deacon. The Zenshū made much of this title, but it is not original with them.

an ultimatum before him, Shinbutsu was wending *his* way over the mountain, to seek such refuge as its more retired slopes afforded. Thus Shinbutsu disappeared from the Saitō Hall, the scene of his religious labours and enthusiasm. Kankei received the report of his exodus, was satisfied at this easy solution, and in consequence ignored the whole matter. The other priests wisely followed his example. The monastery scandal was hushed up within its walls, and they had no wish to brag of a beating.

Meanwhile Shinbutsu trudged along into the recesses of Hieisan, the two pressing problems still to be settled—a dwelling and his robes. For the first he came upon a half-ruined, deserted shrine on the mountain. A lonely place, but on the Miyako side and convenient for begging in the great city, he knew it well as many years before the lurking place of one Musashi-bō, a wild monk, half mad and wholly robber, or as Shinbutsu put it:—"one who enjoyed the fame of a highly enlighted priest as well as the long life of sixty one years." Fairly long it was for his times and reputation. In this place Shinbutsu established himself, and without troubling himself about a name father he put himself through a kind of priestly *gembuku*.* From his place of collegiate and religious education he took "Saitō;" from his roistering and rioting predecessor he dubbed himself "Musashi-bō;† dividing the names of his physical and spiritual fathers, he took the Ben of Benshō and the Kei of Kankei and called himself "Benkei." Henceforward we are to know him as Saitō Musashi-bō Benkei.

It still remained to secure the priest's robe. The theoretical method, never followed, is to pick them up anywhere, preferably on a waste-heap.‡ Practically they are secured as gift from someone. Benkei selected the latter method, and put his own peculiar construction on it. For this purpose he sought out the Onjōji (Miidera), where he

* Assuming the *toya virilis*. For the young knight the ceremony was elaborate, watching all night at the shrine beside his armour.

† Bō=priest. Bōzu means the same.

‡ Cf Rhys David's Introduction p XLIV to the Mahâ-Parinibbâna Suttanta. S. B. E. Vol XI.

knew the monks of Hiesan were little likely to brag of his exploits. All the monasteries were much drawn together by mutual hostility to the Taira, and comparative peace just then reigned between the sects. It was on Shōji-oshō that he descended. This was a delightful, amiable, learned priest, a man noted for kindliness and a sly merriment of disposition, to which he gave greater rein at his seventy three years than when younger. He knew Shinbutsu, who had brought messages to him from the Ajari-Kankei. He greeted the young man in kindly manner, and asked after his friends in the Saitō Hall. But when Benkei broached the subject of his desire for the priesthood he at once raised objections. "That is something your teacher should bestow." Benkei, not being able to give reasons, explained that he could not accomplish his wish in that way. Shōji, all the more sure of his ground, said that if he could secure a writing from Kankei he would be glad to make him a priest. The venerable man, in his little subterfuge, had made a blunder. Benkei thus had it from his own lips that the act was feasible; so he proceeded to the second part of his programme. "What's this?" he said, striking a bronze image of the Buddha—"Why! you certainly ought to know, even if you do not. This is Our Lord Buddha!" and the old man hastily mumbled a *namu-amida-butsu* at the sacriligious gesture of the youth—"It is indeed the Lord Buddha," said Benkei, reverentially bowing his head, "which makes me all the more anxious to follow in his footsteps as priest." Shōji was decidedly perplexed how to meet this case of "conscience" without damage to his own furniture in that line. "Certainly you follow in the way of Shaka (Sakya)? You observe the five admonitions—against taking life, against theft and adultery, against violent or untruthful language, against drinking?"—"Unfortunately," replied Benkei, "I find myself unable to observe a single one of them. But in this I find consolation in the Buddha. As for taking life, the great men of the Earth, kings and lords, do little else; and Shaka himself killed Daibu (Devadatta). As for theft, he stole his doctrines from Brahmanism. As for adultery it is a mere convention

between men. The act itself is in conformity with Nature, and unless the woman be already contracted to another man carries in itself no offense. Here Shaka gives us example.* As for untruthful and violent language, Shaka preached expediency, which after all is merely a form of a lie or at best insincerity. It is the great weapon of great men in war and peace. As for drinking, one should avoid riotous conduct. But that depends on how one interprets 'intoxication', and in turn many say there is no such thing short of unconsciousness."†

To say that Shōji was properly shocked at such exegesis is hardly to reach the mark. However, Benkei gave him no chance to express his views. "You admit that Shaka knows all and can do all?" He continued—: "Well then, he can make me priest. Hai! Shaka! Shaka!" and he struck repeated blows on the bronze image. "Kaan..... Kaan..... Kaan," it rang out. "Hear it," said Benkei. "It gives consent. Well, if you are still obstinate we must proceed to extremities", and rolling back his sleeves Benkei thrust an enormous first under the nose of the *oshō*. Now Shōji knew perfectly well that one blow of Benkei's fist meant Paradise for him. He, however, sought Nirvana more in theory than in practice. He had done his best to spare the Buddha a disciple little likely to bring him credit. More or less gracefully he had to yield. The razor of the *risshi* of Kaisandō had spared him one task. But Benkei now forced him to act as outfitter. He was decidedly dissatisfied with the fit. A proper display of fist work, however, secured further materials from the frightened priest. "This needs a little

* "And just so, O king, is it with respect to Lomasa Kassapa, the Rishi, who at the mere sight of Kandavati, the Princess, went out of his mind, and lost command of himself through love." "Questions of King Milinda" II p 18 and 19 (trans. of Rhys Davids. S. B. E. XXXVI). Lomasa Kassapa was the Buddha in a former birth. This little burst of scepticism is an interjection of Shinshinsai, whose snappy, bright dialogue I follow at this point.

† A definition common to topers in all parts of the World, and in all ages. Dr. Maginn tried to base the distinction on "civilisation" and "civilation." The terms are as unsettled to-day as in Benkei's time. It is not be determined by statute.

*maruguke.** Please condescend to aid me", said Benkei, suggestively working his fingers with an eye on Shōji's neck. Obediently the old man proceeded to stitch together the two robes in such a way that the thread would not show. "You will look better in my robe. It is more ample", Benkei said as he wrapped the old man's shrivelled body in its ample folds. "*Naruhodo!* I am indeed a priest, and not badly put together."† He consulted his image in the little pond (*ike*) beside Shōji's lattice. "And you.....?"—"I? I might well be a *teru-teru-bōzu*‡ whimpered poor Shōji. With the long dragging garment, his lean, shaven, bony head emerging from its folds, he indeed resembled this child's playful superstition. Benkei made a move toward him as if to suspend him from the eaves (*noki*). Shōji held up his hands in holy terror, and the giant went off laughing, to once more seek his haunt on Hieisan.

Here, however, he did not stay long. Benkei felt that the immediate neighbourhood of Hieisan, with its priestly and militant associations would not forward his plans for the future. He was among, not with these fighting monks, and his ambitions turned to the career of the genuine *bushi*. For this purpose too much of the taint of the priest was a disadvantage. The priest's garb to him was merely a convenient disguise in any case, and for the present it secured him the right to beg his living as mendicant friar. Now not far from the village of Yase, distant about a *ri* (2½ miles) was a hamlet on the edge of the lonely moorland.§ The place was known to the villagers as Ohara, an excuse to give a name to the half dozen huts and sheds of which it consisted. It had seen better days, and this district still continued to act as a source of farm products and wet nurses for the use of the palace. But at this

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* A term used by Shinshinsai. Its definition follows at once in the text.

† *Naruhodo! Watakushi wa bōsan ni natta*—Shinshinsai makes him say in his tale.

‡ A ridiculously garbed paper image hung out under the ample eaves of a Japanese house to secure fine weather.

§ *Koya.* Ohara is now a flourishing village about nine miles from Kyōto, on the road to Hieisan and Biwako.

time, as far as living purposes were concerned, the moorland had long been abandoned by the villagers, the neighbourhood having become a common resort for thieves and desperadoes, with which Miyako swarmed in these declining days of Taira power. By the villagers, therefore, the place was only occupied in the hot season, at which time a scanty crop of barley (o-mugi) and mountain rice was gathered, together with fodder for their few and scrawny cattle. These latter assisted them in plowing, and horses were part of the tax products required. Thus Ohara was practically deserted, for now even the light-fingered gentry only sought it as a place of refuge at the worst of times. The Rokuhara police were so inefficient that they could draw their lines much closer to their victims, the "cit" of Miyako, fat in person and pocket book. In one of the deserted houses, therefore, Benkei established himself, confident that thieves would not trouble him, and careless of consequences if they did. Naturally the sight of mountains high, of forests green and verdure gay, of mossy banks and purling brooks, soon palled on his energetic nature. He wished now actively to push forward his career. For this the first and most necessary equipment was arms and armour, and it was not long before his giant form crossed the Sanjō bridge, on its way to that quarter of the Tennō's city, to seek the forge of Kokaji Munenobu, a well known swordsmith of the day, lineal descendant and successor of the famous Sanjō Kokaji Munechika.*

Munenobu was hard at work on the blade of a *meta-zashi*, the short sword or dagger so often the last resort of the warrior to save his honour by the simple device of *harakiri*. For this it must be strong, keen-edged, and in every way fitted to enable the performance of a quick and therefore neat operation. A shadow blocking up the entrance made him look up. Munenobu gasped with astonishment at the giant size of the priest-clad man standing in front of him. Benkei with his seven feet seven inches had to

* Kokaji Munechika was a famous sword-smith of the 10th century. His assistant was no less a personage than O-Inari-sama, the Rice-Goddess. Under such patronage it was no wonder that he could test his blades by cleaving rocks without injury to edge or temper.

BENKEI BARGAINS WITH MUNENOBU.

bend to enter the forge. "*Naruhodo*!" he whispered to his men. "*Irasshai*,"* he said, turning to Benkei—"*Yuruse yo*," was the latter's salutation as he approached the anvil to watch for the few moments the finishing touches the smith proceeded to make to the weapon. "I have come to you," continued Benkei, "as the famous sword-smith of Miyako, to have you make for me a sword and halberd, fit to bear any test in a hard field for fighting. I am now a priest, but formerly was a *bushi* of Taira Munemori. As times now look I may again be called upon to resume my old occupation in the field, as *hōshi-musha* (priest-soldier), and so require your assistance in this manner."—Somewhat doubtful at first the name of Taira reassured Munenobu. So he replied—"*Hai!* Please give me some idea of your requirements"—"Well," said Benkei, his heavy eye-brows folding and opening in thought like the wings of a bird; "for the sword it must be four *shaku* in length (4 feet 3 inches), $2\frac{1}{3}$ *sun* in width (3 inches), and $1\frac{1}{8}$ *sun* in thickness ($1\frac{1}{2}$ inches). Its total length, with handle and guard will therefore be five *shaku* five *sun* ($6\frac{1}{2}$ feet). Also I need a halberd." Benkei sucked in his breath as he struggled with these dimensions. Munenobu and his *mukō-uchi* kept accompaniment in pure amazement. Benkei continued—"Of this the blade is to be four *shaku* in length (4 feet 8 inches), and the shaft on which it is mounted is to be six *shaku* five *sun* in length ($7\frac{1}{2}$ feet). You see", he added, noting the astonished looks of the smith, "the weapons must be suitable to my heighth."—"*Kashikomarimashita*",† replied Munenobu, his assent

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* *Irasshai* = Please enter: *Yuruse* = with your permission.

† This is one of those general expressions of greeting with a shade of apology—"Hope I am not troubling you" etc; purely conventional. It is the expression of an inferior in rank. To an inferior, it is not used. The figures are given in the Benkei Monogatari. When Shinshinsai comes to deal with *ryō*, he is dazzlingly extravagant. 100 *ryō* was a fortune. Cf Munro—"Coins of Japan," also for *cash* value of rice. Benkei's weapons (not these under discussion) were fearfully and wonderfully made, and equally apocryphal. The "seven invariable weapons of Benkei were the halberd, wooden hammer, saw, sickle, axe, iron mace, and iron staff studded with points"—Nihon Rekishi Jiten. We see the first and last in action. The others belong to a fireside tale.

to the latter statement being hearty and unqualified. "It will take sometime to make such weapons; say eighty days. In that time I guarantee my word that they shall be ready for you."—"Accepted", quickly replied Benkei. The smith in thus passing his word could not honourably back out of the task. "Nay, you shall not see me before one hundred days." As he prepared to take his leave Munenobu stopped him. "It will be best perhaps to make some advance of payment, some....."—"*Yuruse yo*", interjected Benkei. "At this time I have not a single *ryō* with me. But do not fear for your payment. It shall be forthcoming." Benkei like most sanguine men was generous with the future. Munenobu was a little put out at this. However, "*kashikomarimashita*", he continued, thoughtfully this time for he was seeking an outlet from what promised to be a poor job. "At least let me have your name, to send the necessary report to the Rokuhara Kebiishi-jo; and an order from the house steward of Sama no Kami Munemori....."—"That is impossible", answered Benkei, his eyebrows drawn together in a deep frown. "To trouble the household staff of His Highness cannot be considered. As for the Rokuhara officials, they are impertinent meddlers in the affairs of better men than themselves. You must make no report to them. If you do.....of you and your family not one shall be left alive. By my priest's robe and the wrath of Bishamon I promise to punish you." At such talk Munenobu was frightened. Rokuhara was a grave shadow, even over the most aristocratic of the Miyako guilds. Bishamon could be passed over. But the priest's robe of Hieisan was a more serious matter, more serious than Rokuhara. He wished no quarrel with the *sohei* (soldier-monks). Besides, he had accepted the bargain, and it was in the spirit of a man anxious to get rid of a bad business that he watched Benkei depart; anxious for the hundred days to come and be gone.

Benkei meanwhile pursued his way to the lower part of the town, to the Gojō district. Here not far from the bridge was the forge of one Saburō-bei, an armourer. Even more easy and successful was Benkei's cajolement of

this worthy man. Learning that his customer had just ordered sword and halberd, he never thought to ask of whom or on what terms, but eagerly grasped the chance to get such a promising customer. Like a tailor he hovered admiringly about Benkei's huge form. Exclamations of gratified astonishment came from the assistants as they took the measurements. These Benkei received with becoming modesty. "Of *nanban-tetsu** is the armour to be made, sewn with black thread. Let us have nothing gay and useless, only furnishing a mark for a blow. A helmet? Yes, to be sure. As *hōshi-musha* that is very necessary. Let it be a *shichō-zukin*; and the *shikoro* is to be made extra long and broad", thus Benkei rapidly passed over these essentials, eager to get off and out of reach of the questioning. This came in the same form and with the same result as in the case of Munenobu. It was with the same injunction and threat that he left the armourer's, promising to skin them all alive if a word was said to the police head-quarters at Rokuhara. "I will kill you and all your family,"† was his parting salutation to the now regretful Saburō-bei, whom he left full of misgivings, and with plighted word to have ready in one hundred days an expensive suit of armour, useless to any other possible customer; and wondering who his fellow unfortunate could be.

But if they had made their engagements so had Benkei, and he was pledged to pay a large sum in gold to Munenobu and Saburō-bei. To meet their claims Benkei had not one "cash". Indeed with such a stalwart form it was hard work to fill his rice bowl. It then came into his head to seek assistance from the house of Watanabe. The worthy Jirozaemon had died several years before,

* Imported iron, of extra quality, used by armourers and swordsmiths. As to "*shichozukin*" I can find nothing. The *shicho* may have reference to extra thickness. The *zukin* is a loose cap worn in cold weather (Brinckley's Dictionary). Benkei's probably had an iron plate inside. He is always represented, priest style, with the *tokin*, an ample white scarf, wound around head and neck. The Kokushi Dai Jiten representing a Kamakura man-at-arms calls it a "*kesa*." *Shikoro*—long neck protector attached to the helmet.

† "*Kachu mina gomi shi ni suru to*," says Shinshinsai gaily.

leaving one Genba, husband of his daughter O'Kin, as heir to his house headship and property, a relationship once intended for Shinbutsu. Benkei thought of this, and of the fine mansion on the outskirts of Miyako, not far from Fushimi. In this retired place Watanabe Genba secured his protection by always having on hand a number of *rōnin** to protect him against the attacks of robbers. This was no trifling task. Men such as Kumasaka Chōhan, Hakamadare Ukyōdayū Yasusuke, and Oni-kuro, were the leaders of bands of outlaws in these disordered times; men who did not "scamper when the *gachi-gachi* of a breaking door, the *chen-chen* of the aroused inmates was heard." To Genba's therefore Benkei took his way. He stopped a moment to admire the fine gateway, then advanced to greet the *monban* (gate-keeper) watching with astonishment the approach of the huge priest. Benkei gave his name as Shinbutsu, and asked to see the master of the house. "Please enter. I shall announce your honourable presence". Genba was neither pleased nor surprised. He had heard much of Shinbutsu and what he looked like, and felt instinctively that the visit augured no particular good to himself. "Tell him I have guests; to please come another time. And.....do not forget this in the future", he added impressively. "This big priest is a bad fellow, and your companions also might as well know it". The *rōnin*, acting at the time as guard, took his way back to deliver the message. Benkei received it with great composure. "Guests of the house? Guests of mine. My relationship with Jirozaemon was such that I must assist your master"; and he strode forward to the house. This unpleasant piece of news, the advance of the enemy, the *rōnin* hastened to convey to Genba, who had barely time to compose himself when Benkei appeared. "Iya!" said Genba. "So this is Shinbutsu of whom I have heard."—"And this is Genba-dono", answered Benkei, bowing as he seated himself without any particular invita-

* Runaway *samurai*: often for excellent reasons, to avoid involving their lord in some necessary vendetta—i.e. necessary under the code of *Bushidō*.

tion it must be confessed. After a few non-committal remarks as to the weather and the late Jirozaemon, in which he managed to hint his acquaintance with the latter's wealth, Benkei came to the root of the matter. "I am starting on a mission of *kwanjin* and you know the rôle of the first subscriber.* I have come therefore to my old connection, and will ask you kindly to start my book. I thought to assist you with some guests," and he smiled, suggestively at the rôle of first subscriber, inquiringly as he looked around. Genba did not reciprocate. He was like unto a wooden image. "Oh!" he answered, "they left as they heard of your arrival." He spoke sourly, and as ready to turn the subject and get rid of the intruder. "I regret it, now knowing your mission. However I can do my part. Condescend to show me your subscription book." Having received it Genba excused himself, and withdrew for a few minutes to give the necessary orders; while Benkei examined curiously the elaborate decoration of the house, and calculated how far his armour and weapons would be supplied from Genba's superfluity. Genba returned bringing in person his offering on the *sambon* (tray).

Benkei inspected it with mixed feelings in which admiration had no part, except at the proportions of Genba's parsimony and impudence. The offering consisted of two hundred *zeni* (a total of twenty sen in iron "cash") and a *go* of rice (about a gill measure). Benkei was quick to take offense when no one was at stake but himself. "The offering should be in harmony with its surroundings," and he looked around at the gorgeous *karakami* (sliding screens or *fusuma*), the fine woods used in the building, the exquisitely worked panelling, the polished *roka* just outside. "A gift is according to the will of the giver," was Genba's reply. He was only too glad to be rough in what he considered the safety of his home—"True enough," quoth Benkei. "Even for the little, I should be grateful. Accept my apologies for my thoughtlessness.

* Who set the pace for those who followed. On only one other occasion do we find Benkei playing his part and begging subscriptions for the *Kwanjinchō*, and with an effect that has gone down in history.

A gift should have its reward. I shall sing for you—and dance. Ha!" and with his eyes sparkling, whether from anger or amusement it was hard to tell, he rose to his full height:

"Fair wife and children,
"how longingly they wait
"for father, husband!
"whom yon far island hideth
"from loving eyes forever—
"On that lone hill-side
"with leaves of autumn ruddy
"for ay he resteth
"whom still they yearn to see,
"a fate how piteous theirs!"*

The house shook and trembled to its foundations under the stamp and tread of this giant dancer. "'*Kimi wo matsuramu.....hito shi kanashi mo*'.....*Hai! iya! aya!*" Genba escaped to the *shoji* and looked with terror at the quivering beams. "Shinbutsu dono"—"*Kimi wo matsuramu...*" Benkei repeated, marking time with two big feet and shaking the structure so that it threatened every moment to come down on their heads. Unable to make himself heard Genba lost his head. In a rage he dashed for the sword-rack, and seizing a weapon returned to make an end of the dance and Benkei at one blow.

Benkei turned in time to avoid the sweeping blow; and Genba, carried off his feet by the weight of the weapon and his own rash eagerness, went on his nose. With one stride Benkei was on him and seized him by the neck, holding him out at arm's length. Gravely, as in thought, he strode up and down the apartment, giving Genba a vicious swing and clasp in unison to the rythm of his words:

"Leaving Tōdo,† to the Eastward, lies an isle—
Horai no shima.

* From Dickin's Japanese Texts. No. 201 page 221 (translation), page 133 (texts). The poem belongs to the Manyōshiū Collection or Anthology.

† See Mr. Aston's note (Nihongi I 268) on Horai-san and the Isles of the Genii. Urashima of Midzunoye is famous as the Japanese Gulliver. He marries the beautiful sea-princess and loses her and his good fortune.

"What, this country? Akidzushima;
"Thus our own dear land we find.
"Rich is it in food and plenty, gold and silver there abound;
"Gold that blossoms as the flowers, harvest of that happy land."

Then he changed his tone to one of priestly admonition: "Life is a dream, uncertain in length, uncertain in experience. When the inconstant wind blows its icy death breath, even the golden flowers wither and fade; thus too does soul leave body. In this world of uncertainty, why, miserable man, so cling to wealth? What a fool! What a fool!" and he gave Genba an extra vicious shake.

"Shinbutsu! Shinbutsu-dono! You are strangling me. Please....," gasped Genba. "Just so," continued Benkei, whether in assent or reflection was hard to tell, he seemed so absorbed. "Life is indeed uncertain as a dream. Thus does the death wind carry off soul from body, leaving behind the now useless wealth. Why grudge your wealth, O man?"—"Shinbutsu-sama!" was all Genba could feebly utter. Fortunately for him the scene was ended by the appearance of the practical minded O'Kin, accompanied by her maidens bearing a tray and ransom for her spouse. Benkei at a glance saw a heavy bolt of silk and a pile of gold dust. "Please, Shinbutsu-san, forgive my forgetfulness and delay. The master long since ordered these trifling gifts to add to your honourable *kwanjinchō*"—"How lucky is the man who has a thoughtful wife!" replied Benkei, with a not unfriendly ogle of his old flame. As if uncertain what to do with the object in his hands, and in admiration of the offering, he threw Genba head-first through the several *shoji* of the rooms forming the *suite*. Afraid to

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Tōdō—China. Akidzushima-Land of the Dragon-fly—is a poetic name for Japan, "Aki-tsu-shima, Region of Harvests," and Mr. Aston (Nihongi I p. 134) punctures the poetry, or most of it. People have always earnestly looked for happiness in the fabled islands of the sea, necessarily here to the eastward. In Europe poets turned westward. Thus Horace's Epodes 16,54, and Virgil's answering Eclogue, written Mr. Fowler thinks, after the Perusian war. Cf "Cicero and his Times p. 351. The poem is in Shinshinsai.

pay any attention to the victim left groaning against the distant wall of the apartment O'Kin accepted in due form the formal acknowledgments of Benkei. He protested against receiving a subscription of such value, and was all the more careful to gather it into the folds of his garment. "But," he ended, with a *soupçon* of suggestion toward the prostrate Genba, "I am interrupting you," and taking his staff he again passed the gate, a welcome exodus to all within—and also to himself.

§ 2.

Properly speaking Benkei was unable to take account of stock before he once more reached his hut at Ohara. The shimmer of silk and glitter of gold had caught his not overly practised eye in those commodities. To unpack his prize in the crowded streets of Miyako, under the inquisitive eyes of the *yakunin*,* was equally impossible with doing so in the immediate suburbs which swarmed with bands of thieves. Benkei was by no means averse to a fight with such riff-raff. After all it was practice. But a fight might involve the loss of his hard-earned gains while earnest in defence of his person. These gains, moreover, were the step to his equipment. It was in the retirement of his mountain retreat, therefore, that he opened and measured the silk, and carefully balanced the little pile of gold dust. In a way O'Kin had given him a small fortune. Plainly she put a high value on Genba's person or Shinbutsu's proneness to extremes. For his ambitious contract in armour and weapons, however, it fell far short of the requirements. It was not worse than useless, for Benkei's mind at once saw possibilities of its application which went far beyond the

* The constables of the day.

actual amount in his possession. So with half the gold in his girdle, and with the silk in the folds of his dress he took his way to the forge of Saburō-bei the armourer. The smith was more than glad to see the towering form of this long-gone but not forgotten customer. More than one glance of misgiving had he cast at the bulky, expensive, and useless armour. He saw both the end of his doubtful contract and his money in the approaching monk. But few moments were wasted in greeting. Benkei was much pleased with the handsome suit of armour laid out for his inspection. Sombre in its black lining and cording,* highly polished, its black lacquered surface flashed to the sunlight without a spark of the gay colours dear to the heart of the carpet-knight of Miyako. It was a fit covering for a man of deeds. To Benkei's reasonable request that he should be allowed to try it on, Saburō-bei could raise no objection; the more so as his eyes rested on glittering silk and a pile of gold, a little present (*saké-te*) advanced at once by the customer delighted at the sight of such fine work. Some little fault was found here and there; a little looseness at the neck, a gauntlet pinching too much over the wrist. Saburō-bei and his men looked amazed and a little fearful as the giant stood up, fully arrayed. "It is well enough", quoth Benkei, "but can I move easily". He paced up and down outside the forge. Saburō-bei himself had some misgivings on this point, for the armour was far beyond all weight for men of ordinary stamp. These misgivings were easily dispelled by Benkei's easy movements. "Can I run with it?" mused Benkei out-loud. He suited action to thought. Swifter and swifter were the paces. Down the street he ran rapidly, while Saburō-bei and his men watched to see him turn. Turn he did, but it was around the first corner, to disappear from their view. At first their expectation was to see him re-appear

* Japanese armour consisted of small plates sewn together on cloth. It was both strong and flexible. Only the breast plate showed extent of surface. Its broad skirts and complicated wing pieces made the Japanese knight look like a huge crustacean. But if a lobster in appearance he was anything but one in the slang use of the term.

from the other direction, having traversed the square block into which the Miyako wards were divided. It was only as the hours passed that Saburō-bei convinced himself that he was the victim of something more than a practical jest. With a bilious eye his men saw their prospective merry-making, in the shape of the *saké-te*, disappear in the recesses of the *kura*. More lucky than Saburō-bei they at least lost nothing but prospects. He was not even to keep this small material gain, the only offset to his greater loss.

Benkei did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He made his way at once to Munenobu, and it was with rejoicing that the latter saw the shadow of the huge monk fall on the forge from the open door-way. He also carried visible credit on his person; how acquired Munenobu of course had no idea. It was with cheerful greeting that he welcomed his customer, and ordered his *mukō-uchi* to go fetch the weapons, sword and halberd, and unwrap them from their coverings. It was with joy that he saw Benkei open the parcel he carried with him, and thus he too received gold and silk in appreciation of his exactness in delivery. With the silk Benkei was more generous. He could not well conceal it without injury, or carry it on his person. It was with equal joy that his boy carried out Munenobu's orders in compliment to the guest and customer. "Go, Tozo-san, to the Uwokichi Yado,* and bid them prepare a feast of fish, with plenty of *saké*. Tell them to be sure to summon the best singing and dancing girls to be found in the ward."† Tozo was already preparing to stretch his legs when Benkei's attitude drew their attention. He had drawn the shining weapons from their sheaths. These with the *metazashi* were carelessly stuck through his girdle. In the left hand he held the keen bladed halberd, towering above his gigantic form. He held in his right

* A restaurant. Of the 12th or 19th century? I have the same doubts as with Hachiyemon's cooks.

† "Yokocho no shisho no tokoro he koe wo kakena yo samisen ga ne to dōmo sabishikutte," says Shinshinsai. Samisen is an anachronism. Shirabyoshi were the precursors of geisha.

hand the drawn sword. "Curious," he muttered. "Most curious is the effect that the sight of bare steel has upon me. Do you know," turning to Munenobu, "that the sight of steel always makes me desire to kill a man, to see the blood flow, the heads fall, the keen blade cut and sink through flesh and bone, the.....;" Benkei's flashing eyes and demoniac glare made the hair of Munenobu and his men stand on edge. "Perhaps," thought they, "we have to do with a maniac;" and the idea was more impressed on them when the keen edge of the long sword, swung by Benkei's vigorous arm, passed within an inch of Munenobu's raised hair. "Ya-a-a!" howled Benkei, with homicidal glee and glare, as he swiftly strode about the shop swinging and slashing with the weapon. "A-a-a..... umph!" was the last heard as Munenobu and his men, Tozu covering the rear through size and force of circumstances, hastily piled through the exit of the forge, making a fine display of rear if not of front. With the lapse of time, and the restoration of peace, Tozo was cautiously sent forward as the dove from this Japanese ark, to investigate and report on the surroundings. "Master! He's gone," piped he. Munenobu came forward. It was indeed true. Of Benkei there was no sign. He had scampered towards Ohara as soon as he had cleared the ground. Munenobu wiped the cold sweat from his brow. "Go at once," he ordered sharply with a "who's afraid" air. "Go to the Uwokichi, as I told you. Kidahachi! Sadakichi! What are you skulking for? We must honour our worthy customer, even if a little unusual in his manifestations." He made a half duck as of avoidance or compliment and as if Benkei was still in the neighbourhood. "Master," ventured Sadakichi as Tozo prepared to start, "have you been paid for the weapons?" and he looked suggestively at the small display the silk and gold made in comparison to the value of the swords and halberd. Munenobu started. Tozo did not. The loss was too severe. Thus the men of Munenobu also had the promised feast snatched out of their mouths, and a second report reached the Kebiishi-jo at Rokuhara. Here too there was no little irritation, for that of Saburō-bei was just

under consideration. Both men were summoned before Kagekiyo, who made them give a particular account of the priest and the nature of his order. Plainly another free-booter had been outfitted. To the smiths some consideration was shown on account of the importance of their calling. "What you have received in silk and gold that shall you both pay as fine for your neglect in not reporting these orders. You are fortunate in not having to suffer other loss than merely that of your work and material;" and with his glum smile still freezing the back of their heads and their prostrate bodies Kagekiyo dismissed them from his court.

Now Benkei by no means intended that armourer or swordsmith should lose anything by him. If they lost by their own haste and defective judgment, that was their business, not his; his intentions were good, if not marketable as specie. He realized, however, that Rokuhara would be on the outlook for a priest of his description, and he was not a mark to miss. He determined therefore to leave Miyako, for the time being, and to travel in the neighbouring provinces. Concealing, therefore, his armour and weapons under the flooring of the miserable hut at Ohara, he secured in his girdle the remaining gold. Clad in a drab grey *kimono*, over which was thrown a black priest's robe* he started to make the tour of such holy places as were to be found in Settsu, Harima, and Shikoku; not too far off to be out of range of Miyako, and yet far enough to be beyond the immediate inquiries and clutches of the Rokuhara officials. It was with some regret that he gave a parting glance at the slopes of Kuramayama. It was whispered, and yet well known, that barely a year before the young Prince Shanawo†, youngest son of Sama-no-kami Yoshitomo, had made

* To Shinshinsai, in Benkei there is "a man in buckram." Vol. I page 41 he is 7 feet 7 inches in height: At page 62 he has already grown to 9 feet 2 inches.

† Ushiwaka's (later Yoshitsune) name at Kuramayama. Sama no kami a title belonging to the palace (Tennō's) staff, and correspondingly prized by the rough *bushi*. There were two of these "Commanders of the Horse-guards." They were Japanese d'Artagnans (as to position at court). This was Yoshitomo's reward for obeying orders and having his father Tameyoshi put to death.

good his escape to Hidehira, lord of Mutsu. It was even said that he had been recently seen in Miyako, and that the house of Shomonbō at Yamashina was his head-quarters. Benkei was always longing to meet some great man of the Minamoto house, in whose service he could find an outlet for his energy. But time and circumstances pressed, and so he took his departure through Kawajiri in Settsu and thus to Suma. From here he passed over to Awaji, and spent some days at the Senkōji of Senzan. This he felt was as yet too close to his recent doings, and he journeyed on to Awa in Shikoku, so holy with its many shrines that Benkei felt duly edified by the simple fact of treading its ground and living on its peasantry. At the Hashikura-ji near Ikeda* he turned his steps northward to Kompira-san. This was not quite so much to Benkei's taste as his old haunt and acquaintances on Hieisan. The monks of Kotohira were quite as lazy and quarrelsome, but took it out more in talk. For neither laziness nor talk did Benkei feel particularly qualified. It was the heat of summer, and from the motive of curiosity and the excitement of planting himself in the bosom of the enemy, he decided to return nearer to Miyako and find quarters at the great establishment on Shōshasan in Harima.† On the slopes of this mountain, which rose some 1200 feet from the sea, were clustered the magnificent temple buildings. The place was all the more favoured by being the centre of the Taira family worship, its Ryōbu Shintō doctrines being all the more severely thrown in the direction of the old native religion, of which the Taira stood forward as the more pronounced champions. Benkei could appreciate and admire the magnificent gilding, the painted screens, and elaborate carving in the main temple or *hondō* which was a dazzling sight. Far up, at the summit of the mountain, overlooking the tangled network of sea, islands, and mountains was the Oku-no-in,

* The legend is given by Chamberlain and Mason in their "Murray's Japan."

† The Enkyōji, founded by Shōkū Shōnin in the 10th century. Cf Papinot's "Dictionnaire d'Histoire et de Geographie du Japon.

dedicated to Bishamon as the special cult of the Taira. As usual this retired shrine was particularly holy, shabby, and dirty. Benkei's mission, however, was not theology, but to spend the hottest season of the year in the most comfortable way. He therefore entered himself in the students' hall through the recommendation of his old connection with Hieisan, feeling tolerably sure it would not be questioned, and that if a message was sent to Kankei he would give no bad account, especially as he could know nothing of his promising disciple's latest exploits. To the monks of the Enkyōji, much as they disliked their new recruit, rough and rude in manner, it was neither worth while to refuse his application, nor of duration enough to take the trouble to communicate with Hieisan. They had many such applications from wandering *bōzu*, especially during the summer heats, when the cool shades of their groves were all the more attractive.

With September Benkei was again ready to move back to his old haunts. He felt tolerably sure that the pursuit after the giant priest was pretty well slackened. So girding up his loins he took his way toward the *hondō*, close beside which was the residence of the *jūshoku* (rector). On this day there was here a scene of revelry, as the worthy rector entertained some three hundred priests at a dinner in honour of the good tidings concerning the elevation of their patron, Taira Kiyomori, to the high position of second order of the first rank at Court. Unable, and unwilling, to interrupt the festivities with his leave-taking Benkei resorted to the cool shades of the *hondō* close at hand. From the effect of the heat the change made slumber all the more refreshing in this silent shaded retreat, to which the noise of the neigbouring dinner party came only as a kind of distant buzzing. Not so the snoring of Benkei. "Gu-u-up, Gu-u-up," rose from his nostrils and open mouth in noisy refrain. It soon attracted the attention of some younger priests among the diners. They investigated, to find at the end of their search the prostrate form of Benkei, with legs stretched wide apart, head fallen on one side, and alternating his nasal song from time to time with an oral

bellow which shook the rafters. No one was likely to disturb him on sight, and some strongly protested when one Shinanobō Kaiyen went in search of *suzuri* and *fude* on his own facetious purpose bent.* Kaiyen, himself a giant, laughed at their fears. "Leave him to me if he wants to make trouble. Such loafers need a lesson." Thus he answered, glad of a chance to do Benkei an ill turn by making him ridiculous, and thus perhaps cutting short his stay in the monastery. Of Benkei's purposed exodus he knew nothing, and probably it would have made no difference if he had, for he disliked the rough and brusque manner with which Benkei treated his associates of the temple, a manner the more accentuated from his secretly despising them as Taira. Kaiyen, therefore, pushed his way forward, and leaning over Benkei painted on the right cheek 下駄 (*geta*) and on the left cheek 履物 (*hakimono*). Then, even the soberest rejoicing, they returned again to join the dinner party.†

Whether he had reached the end of his slumbers in natural course, or whether the noisy laughter aroused him, at all events Benkei awoke and stretched himself. The sun was already getting low and he could wait no longer. He rose, grasped his staff outside on the *roka*, and entered the dining hall to take formal leave on departure. Here his entrance was greeted with a roar of laughter. Benkei, unsuspecting and to be in good company, joined in the merry chorus. At this the company rejoiced all the more, Kaiyen and his band particularly, and even the austere rector could not restrain a smile. Seeing that Benkei began to suspect that they were laughing at him, the rector silenced the others with a frown and hastened the formal parting. Benkei took his leave, stopping on the *roka* as the suppressed tittering broke into a sea of sound on his departure. He was more and more unwilling to accept the rector's explanation of "a table joke." To control his

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* Suzuri=inkstone: Fude=brush.

† *Geta*=clogs. It is the Japanese substitute for sabot—and shoes; for all wear them, high and low in station. *Hakimono* is the same; a form much used by young priests.

rising passion he stepped into the Jiki-dō* where Tajiru Ajari, one of the *oshō*, was delivering a sermon to the devout. Here the serious faces broadened into smiles, and these rippled into noisy laughter. In a rage Benkei approached the teacher's desk. "Come! *sensei wa*," and he thumped on the little *zen* (table) with a force enough to crack it if not his knuckles. "Let me know the joke, and we will all laugh together." The frightened priest bowed low in apology as he, in his turn, assured Benkei that it was only a little jest in his sermon which had set the congregation laughing. The silence and scared faces of the holy gave no colour for offence, at least any longer, and with a growl Benkei turned away. "Hotei-sama† seems to have made a visitation at Enkyōji this day. Ya-a-a!" as he betook himself from the sermon hall, at last fairly started on his journey. But just as he reached the *chōzu-bashi*‡ he met a band of children. These too began to laugh at him and mimic a monkey. Benkei called them to him, not from any mischief, but to learn wisdom and the truth from the mouths of babes. They, however, ran off laughing, shaking their clogs at him. With rising anger he walked over to the *chōzu-bashi*. Standing nearly six feet in height, a huge cistern carved out of solid granite, only Benkei's great height made it a mirror to him. A glance showed him how the matter stood, and in deep wrath, grasping the huge staff in hand, his sinister form advanced in great strides toward the *hondō* and dining hall.

Meanwhile the dinner party, before on the verge of its ending, had broken up, and only some fifteen or twenty of the younger monks remained. These were standing and chattering with each other before their final leave-taking.

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* Literally, "refectory": i.e. of souls, the food being sermons.

† Ebisu, Daikoku, Benten, Fukurokuju, Bishamon, Jurōjin, Hotei are the seven gods of luck. Cf Chamberlain and Mason—Murray's Japan. Ebisu is a familiar figure on beer bottles; and the fat, jolly wrinkle-bellied Hotei appears in more or less elaborate form at the numerous auction sales of curios. And good company he is.

‡ Or *mi-tarashi*, as the worshippers of Shōsha-san (Ryōbu Shintō) would call it by both names. It is a water basin for purifying face and hands before worship.

Before their astonished eyes suddenly appeared the wraith of Benkei—or it might well have been. Approaching the banquet hall, with the aid of his staff he lightly vaulted, *geta* and all, on the *roka*, and literally dropped into their midst from the sky. Anger mixed with fear tempered the astonishment of the monks. Undiluted wrath was patent on the giant's face. So concentrated was this that his voice, loud and harsh in anger, silvery deep in kindness, was like a distant rumble of thunder. "Someone among you has been pleased to have his jest with me at my expense. He has been ready enough to laugh at me. Let us see if he is so ready to laugh—with me. Or is he liar and coward?" It was an angry glance that fell on the group of priests gradually forming a massed semicircle in front of him. Numbers are no small consolation. Besides, access to the *rōka* was easy, and Benkei had but two fists after all. His adversaries took heart, and seemed ready to adventure an encounter. Angry murmurs arose at his rough appearance, his dirty *geta* staining and soiling the immaculate *tatami*. These, however, for the time were silenced by Kaiyen, who stalked forward to face Benkei. With his numerous support and his own pride of strength he felt sure of the result of any encounter. "Yes, you dirty impudent fellow. You have been making yourself a nuisance to every one in the temple circuit during the past six weeks. Your rude behaviour, rough and uncouth antics, and greedy gullet have been a source of annoyance to all. Now you have had your lesson which you can take back with you to the *sohei* of Hieisan. If you want to, you can brag of your teacher—Kaiyen Shinanobō."* With a triumphant leer at his supporters the reckless priest, concluding that he had finished with Benkei, folded his arms within his *kimono* and posed as the haughty teacher before the cowed pupil. This would have been then and there fatal to him if it had not been for the diversion made by the band of priests. Encouraged by Kaiyen's stand, and confident in numbers, with a

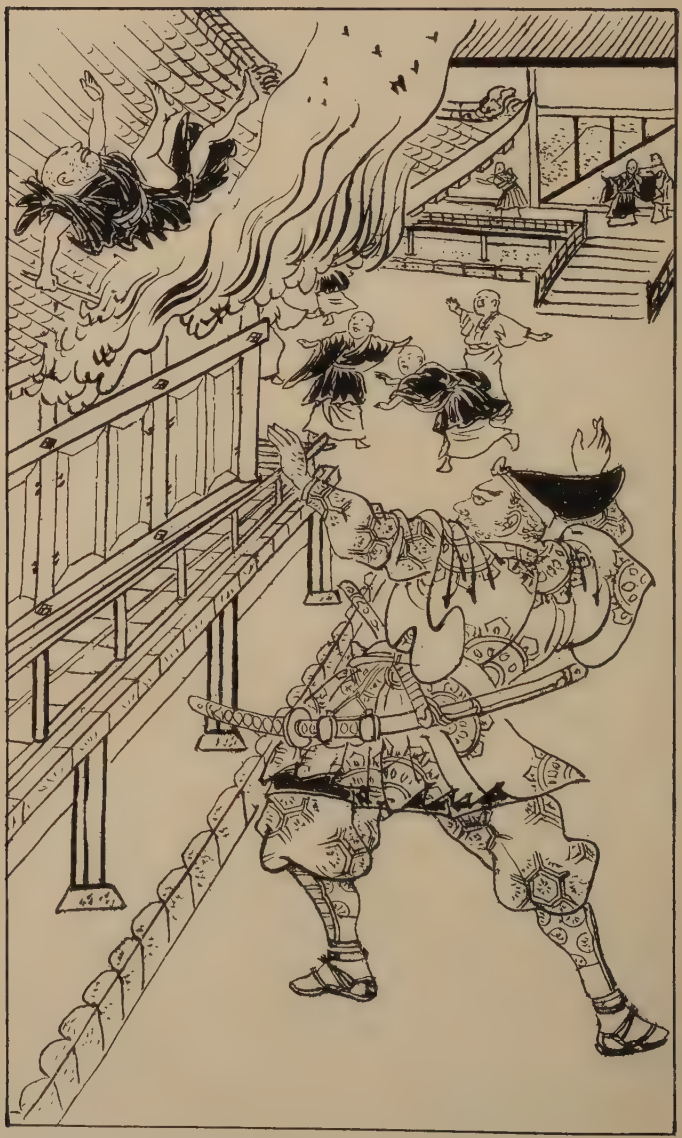
* Shinanobō—a title or nickname secured by residence or origin; as Hitachibō, Musashibō, Tosabō.

hoarse murmur of wrath they rushed *en masse* on Benkei. Sweep, sweep, went the massive staff as like a scythe he swayed it this side, that side, across the advancing host. Those who were not at once prostrated rushed in a panic for the *rōka* and stairs (*hashigo*), tumbling over each other to get away from the vicious blows of the circling staff. Freed on this side, Benkei turned to Kaiyen. This latter, seeing that a fight was really in front of him, made for the rear. Hither Benkei followed him in close pursuit through numerous apartments and across courts, until finally he cornered him in the *kuri* (kitchen). Here Kaiyen picked up a huge log to use as weapon, but Benkei, dodging the blow, rushed in and grasped him neck and thigh, and carried him out into the court squirming, shrieking, and calling for aid. This his fellow monks were too terrified to render him, except in the shape of prayers to Benkei and Kwannon, two widely diverse objects of supplication at such a crisis.* At last the *jūshoku*, advised by the uproar, appeared to add his prayers to the rest Benkei signified his contemptuous assent. "Since you want him, and he has probably had punishment enough for the present, take him; but go fetch him." So saying he gave the body a swing and cast it upon the neighbouring roof in the rear of the *hondō*. Here the unfortunate man clung for a moment, to roll down the steep slope and crash on the stone pavement of the court below. When they ran to pick him up his head was jammed into his body. "I feel my head somewhat warm in my body" was all he said.†

Benkei, meanwhile, had made off to the front again, picking up his abandoned staff on the way, and so passed down the long avenue of cryptomeria leading to the highway and to Miyako. He had, however, not gone much

* Kwannon is Goddess of Mercy; the Avalokîtesvara of Indian Buddhism—"the Buddha child."

† A quotation from Shinshinsai, who adds very properly "a most foolish and impossible remark." He and Yamada differ in the details. The story is a very old one, and the sources differ. Embroidery of later writers is a fruitful source of variation in these tales recited to biwa and samisen.



THE WRATH OF MUSASHI-BŌ BENKEI WRECKS SHOSHA-SAN.

beyond the huge *torii* marking the entrance to the temple precincts when he heard the bells of the temple clanging fiercely in every direction. Ja-a-n! Ja-a-n! Go-o-n! Go-o-n! Looking back he saw volumes of smoke pouring skyward. The huge beam Kaiyen had seized in the kitchen had been still in his hands, and when Benkei had thrown him up on the roof of the *hondō* the burning end had stuck into the thatch. Thus the main temple was soon in flames, and these spread wide-cast from building to building. Benkei watched the scene of turmoil, the hundreds of monks swarming to secure the treasures of the temple and their own little perquisites stored away in divers places. He had some regret for the magnificent ceilings and panellings, but the appearance of a messenger brought him to himself. For the monks he had no mercy or regret, but he had much consideration for himself, and some for the temple. As to the first he did not care to be overwhelmed by numbers, and so make his way back to Miyako under escort, to end his career, hardly begun, in the bed of the Kamogawa.* As to the second he already had a scheme to secure the rebuilding of the temple by the simple process of calling the personal attention of the Tennō to its destruction, or rather that of the Hōō, actual head of the Court. Knowing every by-way, with his long legs he easily outstripped the temple messenger. The next evening as the youthful Tennō was listening to the sage advice of his worthy father, as to the exercise of patience and endurance and finessing under such an incubus as Kiyomori and his Taira band, and enjoying the cool breeze from the garden of the Goza-no-ma in the Tsune-go-ten,† he heard a voice floating on the air from the direction of Shōgun-saka, a voice deep, silvery, almost heavenly like the boom of Miidera's bell. It announced in sweetest, smoothest, tones the destruction of the Enkyō-ji Shōsha-san, a place particularly beloved by the Hōō in the Past. Three times the voice was heard, and the

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* The execution ground for criminals.

† Priva te apartments of the Tennō in the *gōshō* at Miyako.

startled monarch summoned an *uneme** to go and make inquiries concerning such an event. So important did it seem that a messenger was despatched to Banshū (Harima); to return before morning, having met the temple courier near Yamazaki.† Long before this Benkei had slipped down from his lofty post. He could neither see, or be seen, but three times he had announced, through a roll of paper twisted into trumpet form, the sad news of the destruction of the temples on Shōsha-san. Then he wended his way back to Ohara and seclusion.

When the court diviners once got their hooks and claws firmly into this mysterious business it was decided that the warning must have come from some friendly *tengu*, flown down from the recesses perhaps of Shōsha-san itself. With such heavenly warning the temples must of course be rebuilt. Meanwhile it was well to put the blame of the conflagration on someone, and thus to mark the wrath of the Son of Heaven as well as of Heaven itself. Fifty-four halls and three hundred houses of the priests had gone up in smoke. Boiling in oil, cooking in molten lead, slicing in the Kamogawa, seemed small retribution for such an offence. Besides, the more punishment in this world, the greater the rejoicing of the living, and the less the retribution of the dead. To all this the Taira influence heartily agreed. It was not the first time the Palace had footed the bills for their peculiar loss. The *jūshoku* was summoned to Miyako. Here he admitted the preventable cause of the fire, which was due to the anger of a pilgrim and mendicant friar. Perhaps; for from his appearance—and Benkei's description lost nothing in dimensions during the lapse of time and the exciting events—he was more like a divine than earthly visitant. Kaiyen's broken bones were hardly ready to admit that there was anything but a man behind such palpable force. He, however, was now regarded as an enemy of Buddhism, of all true religion, and an object of hatred to the gods. So Kōyano Tarō was sent down to

* Palace waiting maid. These alone attended the Tennō. Public business and audiences were never conducted in the private apartments.

† A village on the borders of Yamashiro and Settsu.

Shōshasan to arrest him and bring him up to the capital. This was effected in a litter, only protected from the keen night air by paper screens; the hundred men, in relays, rapidly whirling the object of divine wrath (and Benkei's) up along the Miyako road. Kaiyen knew that his own goose was cooked. However, provender must be supplied for the torturers, and his own poor carcase was in no shape to afford them amusement for any length of time. So he promptly confessed, involving all and everyone against whom he had the pettiest grievance. Eleven others were thus named. When they protested, and proved their innocence, Kaiyen forswore himself all the more vigorously, and threatened to curse and haunt the Palace unless "all the guilty" perished with him. So they were all duly tried, declared guilty, and executed with horrible torments in the bed of the Kamogawa. Kaiyen had the supreme satisfaction of being at the top of the pole. Benkei naturally did not attend this exhibition of earthly justice. He knew better; and he knew something of Kaiyen too, if the latter should chance to get a glimpse of him. So all that day he hugged himself and his hearth, in glee and the seclusion of the lonely hut at Ohara.

§ 3.

It was not the *yakunin* of the Rokuhara Kebiishi-jo that made Benkei tender of his excursions to Miyako. But as long as the debt to Saburō-bei and Munenobu remained unpaid there was always danger of an unpleasant encounter with those much more eager to lay eyes on him than the police. Benkei, therefore, spent much of his time in the outlying villages, only venturing into the city at night. It was on one of these wanderings that towards evening he got caught in the rain, and went into the

Kōshindō of Yotsuzuka to rest. This was a subsidiary structure, only used for occasional temple services, and at night was closed and left to itself. Wearied with the day's walk he leaned his staff against the temple wall and went to sleep. Toward morning he was aroused by voices, one of which was loudly chiding some delinquents. They were just on the other side of the wall, and Benkei, peering around the corner, saw squatting on the *rōka* a huge, roughly dressed, soldier-like man. His tangled mass of hair, fierce eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and scarred features did not belie the name given him. For some failure in carrying out his plan, Onikuro, the famous bandit, was now engaged in dressing down his band. Meekly they received his denunciations of cowardice. "However", he ended, somewhat mollified by their obedient behaviour, "some of these common *samurai* are good swordsmen. But these are few in number. Show a bold front, and you will have half the battle won. And look ye to it; the next time, the coward will have me to deal with as well as *samurai*." With this little spice to his discourse he glared so fiercely that any such would have wilted under it.

Benkei did not wait to hear more. Grasping his staff he glided to the end of the building Then pulling his hood well over his head, bowing his shoulders to make himself as small and squat as possible, he slipped down on the ground and made his way heavily around the corner. As he expected he walked directly into an ambush of some two dozen of the rascals, and to find himself confronted by an array of pikes at his breast. A chorus of disgust, however, went up when they found they had only secured a mendicant friar. Too superstitious to do him any great harm, Benkei however could reasonably put on an appearance of great fear. He protested so heartily his good-will, his readiness to aid them, that Onikuro (Black Demon), catching at the last remark, turned half-jesting as he ordered his men to fall back. "Perhaps," said he, "as we have caught such poor stuff as yourself, you can show us the road to better." Benkei seemed immersed in deep thought. He said: "there is a man as to whom it would

do no harm if the gods should use you as their instrument of punishment. Watanabe Genba of Fushimi is rich, greedy for more wealth, and avaricious as a carp. Why do you not attack his house?" He looked gravely around on the band, as if admiring their martial appearance. The men caught at once at the idea. Onikuro was thoughtful. "The man is rich. So I have myself heard. But it is said that he has many retainers, and himself....."—"Is of no account at all," interrupted Benkei. He keeps a good *yōjinbō** in the shape of a band of rōnin. Himself, he is the rankest coward. Frighten him enough and he will order his men to yield. He can bestow on an unarmed friar a beating, but to a soldier...," and he rubbed his shoulders in a reminiscent way. Onikuro seized the hint. He thought the friar was acting in good faith and seeking revenge. "To-night, or rather this morning, it is too late. To-morrow night you will all be ready to meet me at midnight near Fushimi. As to shoulders, some one else's shall ache beside yours," and he roughly buffeted the crouching monk. "Ya-a! Every blow I hope shall be returned with good interest," replied Benkei enigmatically.

It was toward eleven o'clock on the following night that the *monban* (gate-man) of Genba was aroused by a thundering knock at the gate. Peering through the wicket he saw a giant monk, his priest's robe illy concealing the armour beneath it. "Open quickly," demanded Benkei. "Your master is in great danger, and I have come to aid him."—"But," answered the *monban*, "the orders are strict. The gate cannot be opened until an hour after sunrise to-morrow. Please come again, and I will admit you"—"Open at once," was Benkei's stern reply. "Stupid fellow! Your master is in the greatest danger. Open, or I shall beat the door in."—"At least wait a few moments until I can notify the master," pleaded the guard; and without waiting for Benkei's answer he betook himself hastily to Genba and told him who was without demanding entrance. Genba was aghast. There might be something in what Benkei said, and yet once in the

* Guard-stick. "*Dorobo no yōjin suru,*" to provide against thieves (Brinckley's Dict.)

house there was no telling what it might cost him. Any way he looked at it he was indeed "in great danger." So with a sigh he told his wife to get ready a bag of gold, sufficient to satisfy even a giant's maw: this to meet eventualities. Then he girded up his loins and went out to meet Benkei. It did not take long to put him in possession of what threatened him. By accident, sleeping at the Kōshindō, Benkei had overheard the consultation of Onikuro and his band, and their intention to attack his house. Thus Benkei put it. For the sake of old times and Genba's generous subscription he had come to give him his aid. This Genba was only too glad to accept. He was no coward. An avaricious man he readily would have fought to the last drop of his blood in behalf of his goods. But after all his *rōnin* were only attached to him by bonds of money and support. He was not in the position as yet of a lord of the manor except in name. He was one of those *gōshi* (gentleman farmers) pushing their way into the *buke* (military) class, a feat quite possible in the unsettled disorderly twelfth century, for it was not until the seventeenth century that the lines stiffened to almost prohibit movement into the upper classes. Benkei's arm and practice he already knew and respected. The latter's instructions were complete and emphatic. "Clear everything breakable from the rooms. The screens we cannot help," and he looked regretfully at the handsome silk *karakami* and the lattice work," (Genba was somewhat "loud" in his tastes). "You and your men get in the *kura* with the women, and leave the matter to me. I need no help, and in any event the thieves will be so badly mauled as to be easy victims to your swords." Such a generous proposal was heavenly music to Genba's ears. To get rid of the thieves, and probably of Shinbutsu, at one stroke was too good to believe. He complied, chiding gently and smiling in inward beatitude. The apartments were cleared out, brilliantly lighted, the gate left open, and all retired into the *kura* to await the fast approaching hour. Benkei established himself in the little room in the rear which contained the family god-shelf and Butsudan.* It

* Family Buddhist shrine. Size and elaborateness varies.

was large enough to give room for his halberd, small enough to protect him in flank and rear.

It was not long before the murmuring sound of the approaching band was heard. Astonished at finding the gate wide open the thieves were at first suspicious. "Evidently there has been a feast, and the guests have just gone," argued Onikuro. "All are busy in the rear. Forward men!" Forward they all swarmed into the silent mansion, poking hither and thither to find something valuable, in material or mankind. One of them came running back from the rear. "There is a huge monk praying behind there," he announced, with something of terror in his face and voice. "He is praying for us and for our souls."—"Is he!" quoth Onikuro. "We will go and thank him, and send him as messenger to Emma-Ō* to announce our coming if necessary." Heading his men he hastened toward the rear from which came from time to time the sound of the *suzu* (little bell) and the intoned chant of the Buddhist mortuary service. Onikuro violently threw aside the *shoji*, and the little band of outlaws filled the width of the apartment. There, squatted facing them, was their acquaintance of the night before, to their eyes grown enormously in size and height. "*Namu-amida-butsu! Namu-amida-butsu!*" chanted Benkei. "All robbers who violate the thresh-hold of this house, Onikuro and his band of miscreants, shall hearken to my preaching of the Lotus of the True Law. Thieves though they be, close to the end of their present existence, in their next life may they figure as human beings, purified of their sins blotted out by the merit of the Lord Buddha. Let them not be reborn as women, cats, or even asses. *Namu-amida-butsu! Namu-amida-butsu!*" He punctuated his chant with the sound of the little bell. Never did Benkei's deep voice itself sound more silvery gentle and solemn in tone. The priest in him really was praying for the souls of these men, so soon to be sent to their account by his own hand. Some murmurs of terror were heard. These were roughly suppressed by Onikuro.

* Judge of the dead, and god of hell: Yama of Indian mythology.

"You fool!" he said, cuffing his first messenger and the most obvious and nearest recalcitrant. "You must be bewitched by a fox.* I will soon finish the fellow myself. Then we will hunt out these skulkers. Support my efforts now with good will." Whirling his sword he advanced on Benkei who had risen to meet the band. "So, Bōzusan (Sir Priest), we meet again. Your shoulders seem to itch for another kind of beating. See to it that your head stays on your shoulders."—"Look rather to your own", growled Benkei, as he swept aside Onikuro's sword with his great halberd. His long weapon kept the band at a distance and did terrible execution. They could not get under the reach of Benkei's long arms. Great was the tumult and the groans of the dying, some cleft by Benkei's weapon, some cut down in the crowding and confusion by their own companions. At last Onikuro stood alone. His few remaining companions had fled. Benkei, the staff of his halberd cut through, at last had drawn his long sword and prepared to finish the enemy. Onikuro had no stomach for the fight. He turned to flee, but Benkei was on him at once. Tearing the sword from the bandit's grasp, Benkei hurled it to the end of the apartment. They grappled, to fall with Onikuro underneath. "Dog of a thief", growled Benkei. His knee on the robber's chest he examined his *metazashi*, the edge of which was hacked like a saw from parrying the thrusts of the enemy. "Never mind; it was too good to use on you. One way is as good as another". He grasped the robber's head with both hands. The despairing eyes of Onikuro started from their sockets. Twist, turn, twist, grunt—and Benkei literally tore the head of the dying thief from his shoulders. Then he turned with the gory trophy to meet the astonished gaze of Genba and his *rōnin*. No longer hearing sounds of the strife they had ventured forth to find out the result of the battle.

Genba did not under-rate the feat performed almost

* Fox and badger (*kitsune* and *tanuki*) are supposed to be favourite disguises for malicious and evil spirits. Cf Chamberlain's "Things Japanese."

BENKEI RISES TO THE OCCASION AND ONIKURO.

under his own eyes. He quickly grasped the important feature of the affair; that the most dangerous robber band operating near Miyako had been nearly exterminated. Of the sixteen men who had poured through the gate less than an hour before, ten lay dead, sprawled through the apartments. Two others meekly held out their necks to receive the finishing stroke. As there could be no inconvenient questioning from Rokuhara these witnesses were quickly disposed of. Four of the thieves had escaped, more or less injured. "You are indeed a wonderful man; Onikuro, Oniwaka", he said mischievously, but with genuine admiration. Genba if stingy was just. For service received he duly paid. The mendicant priest was one man; the conqueror in single combat of Onikuro's band was of another stamp. He doubled and tripled his intended gift. At a sign O'Kin lead forward her maids with several trays on which lay bars of gold and silver, bags of gold dust, more than enough to cover any claim of several armourers and swordsmiths. Benkei himself was startled at the size of Genba's generosity. He refused and accepted in the same breath. Perhaps he had a little compunction, knowing the origin of Onikuro's raid. Poor fellow! The devil was pushing him in the shape of his debts. Always gently protesting and refusing he lined the folds of his under-garment, the inside of his helmet, nay the very hollows of *kote*, *haidate*, and *sune-ate** with the precious metals. Then arranging with Genba that the affair should be reported as the feat of the latter's men-at-arms, he took his way in the night for the long walk over the hills to Ohara.

§ 4.

Now Benkei, when not labouring under excitement

* Armlets, thigh-pieces, greaves.

or design was one of the most amiable creatures upon earth.* His first thought, when he found himself in funds, was of his two creditors. Besides, an examination of his weapons showed him at once that there would have to be a replenishment in that line. Halberd and swords were hacked and battered until they more resembled saws than warlike implements. "And barely ten men put out of the way. This will never do." Thus mused Benkei. The alliance with Munenobu must be renewed. As Munenobu undoubtedly by this time had been brought into communication with Saburō-bei through common misfortune, the latter also must profit by the late wind-fall. The next morning early he was at the armourer's forge. Saburō-bei was only too delighted to see him. Paying him a good half more than he originally agreed Benkei ordered some trifling repairs to the armour, which the armourer readily undertook for one who now promised to be a paying customer. Benkei then bent his steps toward the forge of Munenobu. Here his welcome was equally enthusiastic. But the proposition to forge new weapons was more coldly met. "Fifteen men disposed of in these days of peace!" thought Munenobu. "My queer customer must certainly be a *dorotsuku* (highwayman) to cut throats—and purses," glancing at the pile of gold.† However the repair of the weapons he readily undertook to have finished in a few days. But as to new ones he finessed. This necessitated a report to Rokuhara. He who had weapons to grind presumably came by them rightfully. In themselves they were a certificate of character. Not so he who had weapons to acquire. So he said: for such as you desire the material must first be secured. And I am not the one to secure it. For such weapons as are fit for your worship I need one thousand swords."—"One thousand swords!" interjected the astonished Benkei—"Just so," calmly continued the smith. "You see it is only the points and edges that take the

* So was Mr. Bob Sawyer; at least on the authority of the veracious Benjamin Allen.

† 土ツク. A colloquialism *Tsuchi* (earth) is here allied to *doro* (mud), not to *dōro* (highway)—say "tramper."

required temper, and these parts only can I use for such a transcendent weapon as you require. Be sure, however, that in three days you shall have these swords in as good condition as they ever were." Feeling sure he had countered well and, without offense on his inconvenient customer Munenobu watched Benkei, plodding straight down the roadway, his head down, and deep in thought. "One thousand swords!" said the hero, half out-loud. Then as an idea struck him he fairly laughed with glee. "Why not! One thousand is a magic number. Thus Hidehira of Oshū has one thousand steeds in his stables and takes his pride in them. Miura-taya Tametsugu collected one thousand suits of armour. And Benkei—shall collect one thousand swords, and so go down to fame."* In the appointed time he was back at the forge, eager to receive his weapons and begin his task as collector. The smith noted his earnestness. Benkei once more asked him, as if to assure himself of the wonderful fact. "A bad business for some one," thought Munenobu as he watched him move off. And so it was. Benkei was on the way to his object in life: to find out the pretence of the warlike exterior of the Taira *bushi* and to secure his thousand weapons, and to meet the Minamoto prince of his dreams.

Benkei lost no time in setting about his self-appointed task. At first matters went well. The more cowardly either gave up their weapons promptly, or taking flight were promptly over-hauled by the swift-footed giant. A forcible shake or two ensured prompt delivery. The braver could make no stand against their antagonist. The Taira *bushi* of Miyako had rusted in sloth and luxury, and their swords were quickly knocked out of their hands, more accustomed to fingering *fuye* (flute) or *biwa*, with songs to the moon and flowers as subjects of these songs. In this way Benkei secured sometimes as many as ten weapons in a night's raid.

* The same idea had occurred to Inishi no Mikoto in the reign of Suinin 6 A.D., when on a tiresome job out of court circles: so Benkei had a predecessor. Cf Nihongi (Aston) I, 183. As to collections, there can be added the "thousand girls" of Fujiwara Kinyoshi, among them Tokiwa.

Naturally the news spread quickly. All kinds of surmises were made. The description of the assailant, given by the victims, agreed in that the robber was of wondrous stature, clad in a priest's robe, and with the face of a demon. It was some such frightened wag that started the tale of the so called priest being a *tengu*.* This at once caught the popular fancy. Kurama-yama was close to the city, and the story of a goblin king, who held his court in the recesses of its hills, was a common household tale and bug-a-boo to frighten children disposed to stay outside after dark. They were the more assured of its truth inasmuch as the Tengu-bōzu, as the apparition was now named, never took valuable objects other than swords. Swords only were his game. Besides there were no men, priests or other kind, of such gigantic stature. It must be the goblin king himself, seeking weapons for the practice of the more youthful *karasu* (crow) *tengu* and *ko-no-ha tengu*.† These must learn to handle weapons with wonderful skill. With their bamboo practice sticks they were getting too slip-shod and careless. With real weapons, and in encounters with obstinate humans, there was too much danger of losing a slice off a wing ; or, more disastrous yet, a few inches of their lengthy noses.‡ Thus the rumour waxed and spread. It soon came to Benkei's ears, and was grist to his mill. He now accosted his victims with— : "come ! deliver up your sword without further fuss. I am the Tengu-bōzu of whom people speak. I shall kill you first, eat you afterward...." Few cared to argue the matter, and casting their weapon as far off as possible to gain a good start they took to more or less rapid flight. Benkei grumbled a little at the distance he had to go to secure the weapon of the more vigorous and

* A long-nosed goblin in human shape, with large wings. It was supposed to inhabit the recesses of the mountains.

† 木ノ葉天狗.? literally tree leaf: *ki* (or *ko*) *no ha*. Extraordinary qualifications gave rise to such ideas in the popular mind. The leader of the rice riots in Yedo in 1787 A. D. got the name of *tengu*. He was a young apprentice. T. A. S. J. XXII p 272 Cf, Droppers.

‡ From a number of tales, it was quite possible to injure, even in rare cases kill, these super-natural beings. They escaped through their super-human skill and knowledge.

frightened; and he began to grumble more at the harvest which became leaner and lamentably scarce as his exploits and reputation got abroad.

For a short time his prospects improved. The exploits of the Tengu-bōzu came to the ears of the Rokuhara Kebi-ishi-jo. For the peace of the city it was a matter which had to be looked into. If the complaints of some of the carpet-knights came to the ears of those too high up, some one would have to pay severely for negligence. A few less energetic attempts of a night-watch met with a severe check, merely furnishing further material for Benkei's growing collection. The city was then divided into ten districts, and to each district fifty men were specially assigned to catch if possible the Tengu-bōzu. Benkei did anything but avoid these patrols. His tale of swords grew by leaps and bounds. He flitted rapidly from one quarter to the other. Catching these worthy men by two's and three's he easily forced them to prompt delivery. In the more favourable positions of the narrow streets he did not hesitate to set upon a dozen. Beating down the advance guard, the rest took to flight and he garnered in the whole harvest. On at least one occasion he cornered the whole band of fifty men in a narrow street where only three or four could properly face him. The first row prostrate he used the fallen as a flail to knock down the rest, and then returned home to add fifty new and glistening weapons to the nearly completed task concealed under the floor of the Ohara hut. Naturally the victims said nothing. They, however, came to an agreement to make a large and pompous display in the day-time to hood-wink people, thus saving their hide and swords, and putting a good face on the matter. Munenobu could have told a tale. But he had kept silent too long. To divulge his suspicions would merely have made him *particeps criminis* in the eyes of the officials at Rokuhara. These already had his previous complaint docketed. And here he was again, in partnership with the man he accused! Besides Munenobu was uncertain as to the humanity of his customer. How could the *bōzu* be human when he knocked down a patrol under the shadow of Rokuhara

itself, and was reported as having held up another in the same hour of the watch near the Sanjō Bridge? He too had his doubts and feared the Tengu-bōzu.

We have at least one thoroughly authenticated account of an exploit of the goblin-priest in this first year of Jishō (1177 A.D.); as much so as any other event of this period and authority in Japanese annals. There lived in Miyako a certain Morimichi Okura Hisatada, fencing master to Taira Munemori, favourite son of Kiyomori, and made by his father master and guardian of the city. Hisatada was a man of great reputation in the use of all knightly weapons, especially the sword, and had under him some one hundred and thirty pupils engaged in learning the art. One night a party of these were gathered in Hisatada's house. The master being absent temporarily the conversation turned from the less serious discussion of fencing to the more serious matter of the exploits of the Tengu-bōzu. Nearly all had a loss of which to complain. All were equally sure of his goblin nature. "Nay," said one Kawaiiye, "he is more than *tengu*. He is a *jishaku-tengu* (magnet *tengu*). With the best of will to fight I met him only to find that my sword naturally flew out of my hand into his grasp." Some others could have told the same tale, but they kept silence and their gravity. Quarrels between disciples of the same master were unseemly. Besides, Kawaiiye's excuse was quickly grasped by others who volunteered their experience of like nature. "Ya-a-a! What nonsense!" said Hisatada, who silently entering the room had heard most of the conversation. "It is nothing but a robber priest, and if I should meet with him, neither he nor you would have occasion for further talk. Unless the heads in the Kamogawa* can talk. Come! Where has the fellow been seen recently? I should like to test his skill at arms." He began to put on a complete suit of armour. "You fellows, keep watch. I will either kill him if necessary, or drag him back here alive if possible." All the disciples greatly rejoiced, confident in their master's

* Of criminals: so exposed on a board or pole.

skill and the discomfiture of the Tengu-bōzu. They swarmed around Hisatada to aid him. On went a fine suit of plate armour handsomely sewn with red cording. The *kabuto* (helmet) was a beautiful piece of work, the *hachi* (radiating ribs) being adorned with worked lines in *shakudo* (gold-antimony alloy). These were broken at due intervals by the knobs of *hoshi* (little projecting steel points) which gave it great strength. The device (*mon*) of Hisatada ornamented the *shihō-jirō* (four quarters),* and from the *shi-ten-byo* (four knobs encircling the *hachiman-za* or socket placed on the *kizuza*, itself a thin rim circling the crown) floated two plumes made of heron's feathers. From the *maye-zashi* (frontlet), springing from two sockets of the *haraidate*, there towered aloft two fan-shaped horns sufficient in themselves to strike terror even in the soul of a *tengu*. The third socket held a beautifully modelled figurine of a *kirin*.† Close over neck and face hung the long *shikoro* (neck-cover) with its attached *menko* and *yadare-gane* (upper and lower vizor and gorgette). These were made of small plates closely sewn on leather. Guarded by the *mune-ita*, the last named hung down closely over a flexible coat of mail (*tatami-dō*) with plates much wider than those of the *shikoro*, as also was the case with the *kusadzuri* (skirt pieces attached to the corselet-*taces*). Intermediate in size were those of the *watagami* (shoulder braces), *sode* (broader shoulder pieces), the *kote* (sleeve), the *tetsugai* (gauntlet), and the *sendan-no-ita* and *hatsu-no-ita* (beneath the arms). The square scales of the *ita-haidate* (thigh pieces) were beautifully inlaid with a gold-silver alloy, adorned with Hisatada's *mon*, and the *suné-até* (greaves) were likewise made of small curved plates giving great flexibility. All was closely sewn together with strong *hiodoshi* (scarlet cording),‡ two heavy strands passing across the

* Some *kabuto* were so divided into two parts, *katajiro*; others carried as many as eight, *happo-jiro*. Cf Conder: "History of Japanese Costume," Transactions IX p 254.

† "Unicorn" says F. W. Eastlake. See Trans. XIII 211 seq. It does not look much like ours of the West.

‡ Perhaps from the red standard of the Heike. This is a retainer. The nobles of the great house are said to have affected light-green.

chest from the *kamuri-ita* (the top scale of the *koté*), a third connecting the opposite plates, from one *koté* to another. Wherever the armour was not hidden by ornament the black lacquer shone amid the general tone of dark green. With the red glare cast by the reflection from the lacquered inside of *shikoro* and *mayezashi* Hisatada looked a most formidable warrior. As indeed he was—on the floor of the fencing school. Against the priest's robe of Benkei on the field of battle it was another matter. Sternly forbidding any support *Hisatada* grasped a torch, and this complicated product of the smith's forge stepped out into the darkness amid a chorus of admiring murmurs. "I will not see the *tengu*; be assured of that," he said as he departed.

Benkei meanwhile was having a very dull evening and business. The night was overcast, and he had taken his station near the little Sanjō bridge, a narrow passage which allowed him to corner the more readily any antagonist. He had given up all hope for the night, and was ready to depart over the bridge to take the mountain road to Ohara. It was not a favourite haunt of his, as being too close to his daily route to and from his lair. However, the Rokuhara knights often passed in that direction on missions to and from the *gōshō* to the temples clustered on Higashiyama. A clatter of armour caught his ear, something unusual, for the average knight was by no means so completely equipped in the more peaceful capital. A belly-guard was considered quite sufficient. Moreover the wearer in this case seemed to be looking for something or someone. He carried a torch over-head, and threw the light from it into dark corners. Benkei's eyes glistened. Here was at least a well-tempered point, for the inferior weapons of the Rokuhara *yakunin* put him somewhat out of temper. At once he stepped into the circle of light to announce his mission and desires: "I am the *tengu*..." —"*bōzu*, and the *jishaku* (magnet)," said Hisatada, taking the words out of Benkei's mouth. His victim plainly meant fight, so he fixed his torch carefully into the end of the bridge post. Benkei watched these manoeuvres with delight. With more and more pleasure he scanned his

prize. At first he did not understand the reference to the *jishaku*, but it did not take him long to grasp this phase of the legend. "Y-a-a!" said Hisatada baring his weapon. "I have the mission of taking such a complete rascal as yourself to the Rokuhara Kebiishi-jo. So go in front of me without further trouble. You may find mercy by exposing your accomplices. Beside you are of good build for a man-at-arms, and the Taira are always in search of such," Hisatada cast the approving eye of an expert over Benkei's muscular frame. It was like the deep rumble of Kiyomizu's *waniguchi* when the answer came. "Yes, I am the *tengu bōzu*, and as *jishaku tengu* I draw everything of iron to me. So! So! Ya-a! Gu-u-up! Gu-u-up!" *Naruhodo!* Hisatada, flat on his back, his sword whipped off some twenty paces by a blow of Benkei's halberd, lay gasping under the increasing pressure of the giant's knees. What was within easy reach Benkei quickly stripped off himself. Then releasing his half-naked prisoner he stood sternly on guard. "Let me have everything: *metazashi* (dagger), *yoroi-shita* (under-armour), *koté* (armlets), *suné-até* (greaves)." Hisatada pleaded strenuously for his nakedness, but Benkei had only one reply. "I am a *jishaku*. Iron flies to me. Come! Off with the whole of it." Thus he stripped the unfortunate knight, to order him away from the scene of battle. Casting the now useless torch into the stream, he himself made off with his booty, the blackness of the night covering even the direction of his swift retreat.

As the master's stay lengthened the pupils felt more and more sure that Hisatada had met, fought, and probably was dragging thither his unwilling prisoner. It was with some excitement that a man running was heard approaching the guard-room. A quick knock came on the door. "Who are you?" asked Kawaiiye. "Let him in anyhow," growled one Hasegawa. "We are more than a dozen. Why stand so on ceremony?" More importunate came the knock, with a pleading to open quickly. Kawaiiye threw back the *amado*, and a figure shot into the light from the cold night of early spring. At first they were stupified. Then they bowed in salutation and

to hide their amusement. With the exception of his shoes (*kutsu*) and a breach-clout Hisatada was as naked as when he was born. He looked gloomily around the circle, to catch any sign of disrespectful mirth. "Yes," he said slowly, "I have met the giant bōzu." He laid heavy emphasis on his last words; "the *jishaku-tengu*." They could well believe him. There was no iron about him, except his glance.*

* Hisatada had put on about every thing except a *hōrō*, a soft wadded quilt the mounted knight hung from the rear as protection against arrows from that direction. Unwisely he had not thought of presenting his posteriors to Benkei's gaze.

# CHAPTER IV.

## USHIWAKA-MARU AT KURAMA-YAMA.

USHIWAKA KILLS CHŌHAN:
JORURI-HIME: MISASAKI HYOYE:
USHIWAKA MEETS ISE SABURŌ.

"Beware the Jabberwock my son!
"The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
"Beware the jubjub bird and shun
"The frumious Bandersnatch.

"He took his vorpal sword in hand:
"Long time the manxome foe he sought—
"So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
"And stood awhile in thought.

"And as in uffish thought he stood,
"The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
"Came whiffling through the tulgy wood,
"And burbled as it came!"

(Through the Looking Glass.)

### § 1.

We must now turn our attention for a short time in another direction. As the crow flies it is a short distance from the solitary hut on Ohara moor to Kurama-yama

and its imposing monastical establishment. But as yet master and man, knight and devoted retainer, Yoshitsune and Benkei, are passing the days unconscious of the powerful influence acting to bring them together. The one is seeking the ideal *bushi*, the man to be as his right arm and as himself in his confidence. The other is seeking the ideal captain, strong, unyielding, gifted—Hachiman-Sama himself come down to Earth. Almost from babyhood Ushiwaka had known the cloisters, the shaded groves and wilder mountain side of Kurama-yama.* Tokiwa, his mother, had noticed the growing uneasiness of Kiyomori. On her marriage to Fujiwara Naganari she had taken with her Ushiwaka, and for some years he lived in this home of his step-father.† When seven years old Tokiwa withdrew him from notice altogether by sending him to the Tokōbō to be brought up as a priest. The *sōjō*, Tokugyō,‡ received him gladly. He had already trained in Buddhism Sama-no-kami Yoshitomo and now the son was to pass through his hands even as had the father. Moreover, Ushiwaka gave every promise of rewarding effort by his own brilliant accomplishments. He took to study as a duck to water. He was so indefatigable in his efforts as only to find a rival in that noted Chinese scholar, who spent nights studying his precious volumes by the light reflected from the snow on the roof top. Such application had its reward. He was not only studious but capable. "From a sentence learned he could evolve an hundred applications. By once reading a book he could recite it by heart. A second reading gave him thorough comprehension." No wonder that he stood in accomplishments beyond his fellows. Even the senior priests were less learned in the Wheel of the Law than this wonderful boy. Thus the years passed.§

* About nine miles north of Kyōto. They have a number of relics here of Yoshitsune.

† According to the Yoshitsune-Chijun-ki.

‡ Or Ennin.

§ The romancers attribute to Ushiwaka, now aged thirteen years, a reputation for knowledge in theology and tactics which, needless to say, is the product of their own enthusiasm and hero worship. This need not be pressed on western readers. Great generals of thirteen

Now there was living at the Midō Hall of the Dōjō temple of Shijō (in Miyako) a priest named Shomonbō. As a layman his name had been Saburō Masachika, and he was the son of a concubine of Kamada Hyoye Masakiyo, his father being the most valued retainer of Yoshitomo, and dying with him at the house of Osada Tadamune. His mother had been the wet-nurse of Yoshitomo. At the time Masakiyo was assassinated in Owari by Osada the boy was eleven years of age. His mother had kept him in concealment, and seeing no sign of the Taira losing their grip, being alone and helpless, the only advice she could give her young son, then nineteen years old, was to become a priest. "Thus you will find support in life. All men must have some staff to lean upon, the interests of others intertwined with and supporting them. I am as the dead leaves of the trees in autumn. A gust of wind carries them away to decay and oblivion." Partly to please his mother, partly because the Minamoto interests were indeed prostrate, Masachika

(Tametomo the famous archer and cousin of Ushiwaka is another instance), and statesmen of twenty years are fit consumption for the Japanese reader of these early traditions. Besides, Yamada contradicts his version by making Ushiwaka in the next chapter take up the study of tactics under Motoharu and Hōgan. Ushiwaka at this date was a good healthy boy of his age; with no knowledge of war, women, or anything else; and with a strong liking for tales of war and the history of the Minamoto House, which amounted to much the same thing. Yamada gives a list of the distribution of the Minamoto princes. It is interesting, apart from any questions of its accuracy: Mutsu Jūrō Yoshimori in Kii; Hangwan Ishikawa Yoshikata in Kawachi; Tada Kurando Yukitsuna in Settsu; Hyōgo no Kami Yorimasa in Miyako; Sasaki Genzō Yoshihida and his son in Omi; Gama no Kwanja Noriyori in Owari; Onoro Zenshi in Suruga; Ukonye Yoritomo in Izu; Bettō Satake Masayoshi and Saburō Shida Yoshimori in Hitachi; Kwanja Kiso Yoshinaka in Shinano; Azuma Done in Kōtsuke. Kiyomori had sifted them well, if not wisely. The possibilities of a wide-spread conflagration were great. One familiar name seems to be missing—that of Yukiiye Jonah no Kami, for he was the Jonah of his tribe. Only "seems," for he figures here as Mutsu Yoshimori. The wise ones (like Yoritomo) shot him over-board. Not so Yorimasa and Yoshitsune, and they suffered for it. *Hangwan, Kurando,* Hyogo no *Kami,* Bizen no *Kami, Hyoye, Kwanja* etc. are all titles. Their frequent occurrence attached to names soon gets familiar. The youth of Japanese heroes in romance and history perhaps finds its explanation in "substitution." The older and managing retainers being the real agents.

determined to follow her advice. He therefore entered as disciple at the Midō. Two years later, at the age of twenty-one years, he removed for sterner studies to the Anrakūji of Dazaifu in Tsukushi*, to return at twenty-three years of age to the Midō. Here his austere life, rigid practice, and kindly character secured for him the title of the Saint of Shijō. He was so different from the average monk of the time, that a little holiness went much farther than usual—by force of contrast.

But he was thus, by residence in Miyako, brought into contact with the unbridled luxury and insolence of the Taira. These nobles, with their drinking and roistering, their dancing girls, their effeminate garments and manners, their brocades and dainty weapons, their powdered faces and blackened teeth, disgusted the monk, son of a warrior and retainer of a fighting clan, and who had only turned his back on the world and fighting because there seemed no fighting to be done—on the right side. Ready enough was he to put aside the priest's robe for the more congenial career of a warrior. The Buddha did not forbid fighting against the powers of evil. "Put off the robe of mercy, and don instead the armour of Jikoku Tamon.† But the prospect of battle seemed slight. The leaders of the Minamoto were lying headless in their graves. The younger members of the clan were widely separated, and kept in confinement and under strict guard, and besides were anything but promising material as far as outward signs went. There was, however, a prince, eighth son of Yoshitomo, living at Kurama under the name of Shanawo, and once called Ushiwaka. As a priest Shomonbo heard much of the wonderful learning and ability, the great application, and the charm of manner and person

* It was the centre for the Japanese outposts against Korea and the Continent. As in 663 A.D. when Tenchi, then Prince Imperial took up his head-quarters there and made a mess of things. The military governor swallowed the civil governor. Fujiwara no Hirotsune thus revolted, and in 740 A.D. the establishment was suppressed. It was re-established in 745 A.D. It had charge of every thing on the coast. Yoritomo made no real change. Dazaifu in those early days was a distant and honourable place of exile and disgrace. Here Sugawara Michizane cried his eyes out.

† Dhritarâshtra, the Deva king who guards the East in the Heavens.

of this youth. To him he determined to get access. One day, therefore, he took staff and bowl, and wended his way to the Tōkōbō of Kurama. Here he knew the *sōjō* well, was kindly received, and prepared to pass the night. Little sleep, however, did he get or intend. Rising in the darkness he passed silently through hall and cloister. There was a light within the chamber of Ushiwaka, and gently poking a hole in the paper *shoji* he could contemplate the youth at his ease. Ushiwaka's eyes glistened as he turned the pages of the volume he was perusing. Shomonbō was highly pleased. Every movement, even the unconscious twitching of the face muscles showed a youth of great energy and intelligence. Pushing the *shoji* apart he abruptly entered the room.

Ushiwaka displayed no astonishment. As a disciple he rose to give his senior the only cushion in the room; Shomonbō, however, prostrating himself in obeisance before the son and master of the House. Then he plunged at once into his discourse to arouse Ushiwaka to undertake a war of revenge. His theme was the old one: "a man shall not live under the same heaven as his father's slayer." He urged his illustrious descent from Seiwa Tennō, the great deeds with which his father Satenkyū* had upheld the family name as warrior. His own good faith he supported by his close but humble relationship through the position of his mother. "Remember," he said, "you are now thirteen, an age at which your brother Ukonye Yoritomo had distinguished himself. You should prepare your mind and body for the great task. In the days of Han, when Chikaku of Chō was encompassed on all sides by Chō-jun, he summoned his retainers Teipei and Kyōku, and entrusted to them his child then but three years old. The faithful men brought up the lad with great difficulty, but to the accomplishment of his great deed of vengeance. Thus we, retainers of the Minamoto, to whom we owe everything, await your call to raise an army of righteousness and vengeance against the Taira." Shomonbō ended. For a few minutes Ushiwaka kept silence. Then instead of ready

* A title of Yoshitomo.

assent he entered on an elaborate series of doubts—the strength of the Taira, their control of court and military power, the scattered condition and poverty of the Minamoto. All these poor Shomonbō tried to meet. He was more and more impressed by Ushiwaka's lofty appearance, his brilliant complexion, his large nose, and his fluent language. In dialectics the well-intentioned monk was no opponent for this skilled youth. Plead as he would he was met at every turn. Ushiwaka flatly preferred religious contemplation to a warrior's task. At last confused and with shame at what seemed his own inefficiency, his eyes red with sorrow and weeping, Shomonbō said, "Shanawo-dono was my last hope. Since there is no prospect of driving out the Taira under a firm and illustrious leader there is nothing left worth living for." Drawing his dagger he opened his garment, intending then and there to plunge it into his belly.* Ushiwaka, seeing that he had pressed matters far enough, seized his arm to prevent him. "As you can understand, my position at Kurama is a difficult one. I too wish to raise an army of vengeance and righteousness against the Taira. At first I distrusted you, and wished to try you. Now I see you are really in earnest in your hatred of the Taira rule. It is not a good time for me to try and get away from Kurama as I am so closely watched. Be of good heart, and be sure I will consult you when the propitious occasion arises." Shomonbō was overcome with delight at these words. Through the darkness they had a long conversation on the future movement. Then respectfully prostrating himself before his young master Shomonbō took his leave. A smile flitted over Ushiwaka's face as he listened to him gliding away. Then he rose and took his hand from the closed roll, preparatory to putting it into a secret receptacle. It was a book of Sōnshi—on tactics.

Ushiwaka, however, did not confine himself to the theory of the art. Profound as was his knowledge of the Wheel of the Law his real interest lay in his plan of vengeance. The months passed, and at the age of fifteen he was deeply

* To the Japanese a man's god was in his belly. The heart was rather the seat of sentiment (*shin*) than of life.

versed in the scriptures of Kai and Tai. To him the inner interpretation of the Dainichi-kyō, the Kongō-chō-kyō, and the Soshitchi-kyō " was as easy as water running down a hill-side.* But he thought far more of the five conditions and the seven practices of tactics, the skilful appliance of regular and irregular rules of fighting, and to plan to make an enemy surrender without giving battle." Tactics, fencing, archery, horsemanship, were the means required to carry out his projects. To aid his purposes he decided to seek the Kibune shrine, hidden far off in the recesses of the mountain in the ill-famed Sōjō-ga-tani. This little valley was reputed to be the haunt of *tengu*, even to be the seat of the court of their goblin-king, a story which gave rise to the tale of Ushiwaka having learned swords-manship from the *tengu*, and with some colour of truth.† His only way was to slip off at night. Putting on his belly-armour, and taking a gold-hilted sword in his hand he took the path through the deep woods, in the open spaces of which the bright moonlight cast fantastic shadows from the lofty cedars and pines and the sharp-pointed erratic shaped rocks and cliffs. Here and there could be seen monkeys skipping from tree to tree giving shrill cries, or the grunt of the wild boar could be heard, aroused and making off through the underbrush. Thus he came to the shrine, which was without light or keeper. Kneeling in prayer he besought the god to assist his endeavours to learn the art of war. He offered beads and lands,

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* In reference to Dainichi-kyō Nyorai (Vairotachana) and Kongō-shitsu (Vajrasatta). The Soshitchi-kyō perhaps has reference to Vairotchana as third member of the Triratna i.e. as Dharma. Cf Eitel also under Trikâya. These were doctrines particularly affected by the Shingon sect, as to which see Dr. A. Lloyd's paper in Trans. Vol XXII. p. 388 seq. on this system and the central position in it of Vairotchana, " the Kongōkai (Vajradhâtu) or Diamond World," and the "Taizōkai (Gharbadhâtu), Womb Element." Kōbō-daishi, founder of the sect is identified with Vairotchana.

† Sōjō-ga-tani=Bishop's Vale; named from the ascetic Sōjō Ichiyen. The tale of the *tengu* is firmly believed by all but the more enlightened; and, it is to be suspected, partly by them. Illustrations are nunerous of this event in Ushiwaka's life. With the Japanese story-teller's it is worth noting how they carry description along, even in monologue, in the first person.

"a parish of one thousand chō",* when circumstances would allow him to fulfill his vow. Divine aid was just as expensive in those days in Japan as anywhere else.

He arose much heartened, and felt that the god had heard him and would grant his request. In this retired spot he could practice the military exercise at ease. Seeking for an omen he determined to try his sword on a huge rock close to the shrine. Wonderful to relate it was easily split without injury to the weapon.† He then turned his attention to huge trees, which were cut through as easily as if blades of rice. Thus every night Ushiwaka returned to practise the military art. "Yei!" he shouted as he unsheathed his weapon; "Ya-a!" as he faced the object of his attack; "Tou!" as he dealt the deadly blow. These are known as the three sayings of Kurō Hangwan Yoshitsune.

It was on one of these nights, when he was thus exercising himself, "frisking like a monkey through the tree-tops", that he heard a loud laugh behind him. Turning he saw a *yamabushi* of prodigious height, towering some ten *shaku* (nearly eleven feet). Ushiwaka reddened with anger that the stranger should thus not only spy on his exercises, but laugh at him. "Who are you?" he demanded. "Why do you intrude on my privacy; and *why* do you laugh at me?" Thus he stood grasping firmly his slender weapon. The stranger bowed respectfully, and smiled a little at the threatening attitude of the youth. "Nay, be not angry," he answered. "I am a pilgrim monk, an enemy of the Taira, and engaged in going around the country to arouse the Minamoto *bushi* from their lethargy. I know your illustrious lineage and much regret that there is no one to teach you fencing. None, however, can surpass me in its practice, and I will gladly show you all my knowledge of the art." Ushiwaka was greatly delighted. His first lesson showed him how

* 2450 acres.

† If this seems hard to believe the pilgrim can go and see the rock. There are some pretty stiff tales in this veracious history for the twentieth century western reader to swallow, but his intelligence can be trusted to sift out the miraculous, and to rest assured that the rest is as well grounded on fact as most Japanese—history.

USHIWAKA AT SŌJŌ-GA-TANI.

little he really knew. But he was earnest to learn, and the *yamabushi* eager to teach. For one hundred nights, every night rain or shine, Ushiwaka made his way through the solitary wood to the rendezvous. At the end of that period his teacher confessed the youth to be his equal in skill, and more active through his youth. Ushiwaka "could jump over a vale and up a high cliff just as if he were a butterfly flitting up and down in a garden. By throwing his sword at it he could kill a bird on the wing. With a stone he could kill a beast running for its life, and he never missed his mark. Moreover he understood all the secrets and laws of movement and transformation."* It was with joy the *yamabushi* took his leave. "Now I can tell the *bushi* of the Genji that a master is growing up, unsurpassed in the military art, and who can lead them to victory in battle." Whether he disappeared in smoke and an unsavoury odour the romance does not tell. Popular imagination has turned him into the *tengu* king, to reappear at the critical time of Tosabō's attack on Horikawa.

Matters, however, were not running at all smoothly for Ushiwaka in other directions. Among the many priests of Kurama-dera there was a monk named Izumi. He was a man of very bad nature and habits, and sought out Ushiwaka. The only reason why he was not killed at once was because Ushiwaka did not like to defile the shrine of Bishamon. When the monk approached him, therefore, he merely grasped him by neck and ribs, and casting him on the ground broke the bones of his arms by twisting them. For this treatment Izumi harboured intense ill-will against Ushiwaka. Noticing his nightly excursions he followed him into the mountains, to return with black tales of the acolyte's conduct which he carried at once to the sōjō. To him he accused Ushiwaka of cutting down trees, cutting off the unripe heads of rice, trampling down the growing crops of the farmers, slaying and eating birds,

* We must be careful here to turn to the text of the romancer. The Japanese take all this quite seriously. After all it is no more wonderful than some of the things which have place in the fifty years of New Japan.

monkeys, and boars.* In addition he charged him with rambling the streets of Miyako by night, and killing and wounding people. "If these things come to the ears of Rokuhara, a sad day will it be for the monastery." Thus he terminated his denunciation. Tōkōbō *Sōjō* did not exactly believe it, but he feared for Ushiwaka who thus promised to secure the ill-will of his fellow-monks. He therefore called into consultation Kakujitsu *Sōjō* of the Chiryōdō. To this Hall, therefore, Ushiwaka was transferred. Kakujitsu (or Kakunichi) changed his name to Shanawo and kept him closely confined to the monastery. His warlike exercises having leaked out, all were seriously alarmed for his safety, and Tokiwa's influence was likewise brought in to induce him to shave his head. This Ushiwaka energetically refused to do. "Two of my brothers have become priests; for me to do so would be unfilial. If anyone attempts to shave my head I shall test my sword on his body." Naturally he was kept all the closer. However, he succeeded in getting permission to visit the shrine of Bishamon in the day-time, to pray and recite *sutras*, and to secure merit. It was not merit for which Ushiwaka prayed. "Bishamon-Sama send me a feudal lord with many retainers, to enable me to raise my army of rightousness and vengeance."

Never were prayers more earnest, and never was an answer so pressingly needed as to those Ushiwaka sent up at the shrine of Bishamon. Indeed the situation was becoming dangerous for the lad. The more so since his refusal to accept the tonsure, and thus outwardly to define his position to the world. Kakujitsu was a partisan of the Minamoto, but a luke-warm friend to any warlike undertaking at that time against the Heike. He was far more inclined to force on the urgings of Tokiwa and more timid friends; nay, even to take some drastic step to bring their wishes to a favourable issue. The passing of time threatened every day to bring more powerful and hostile

* Flesh of any kind is forbidden the orthodox Buddhist monk. The divine nature of the Yamabushi is plain since Izumi could see Ushiwaka, but to him the teacher was invisible. Yamabushi is a wandering friar. We deal much with them later.

interests into the field, which would find a summary exit to any obstinacy. Partly accident, partly design interfered to act in Ushiwaka's behalf. Hyōgo no kami Yorimasa* had a younger brother named Fukasu Ryū-no-Suke Shigeyori. He took his name from Fukasu in Shimotsuke, where he held a fief. A certain part of the year the jealous Taira administration required his presence in Miyako, and it was at one of these periods that he paid a visit to his son Kakujitsu, *sōjō* of the Chiryōdō. He knew of the presence of Ushiwaka at the temple, but as if merely struck by his appearance asked who he was. He did not seem particularly surprised or impressed to learn that he was the eighth son of Satenkyū (Yoshitomo), and the conversation passed on to more personal topics. As soon, however, as he returned to his house he sent at once for a certain Sanjō no Kitsuji (Kichijo) Suyeharu, a rich trader in gold and gems and the finer articles demanded by the luxurious tastes of the capital. For his raw material this took him on periodical trips to Mutsu and the fief of Hidehira, where he was the better known being by origin a native of the province. In those days and times this journey required a man of determination and courage. Shigeyori knew his character, and gave him instructions to first try and have a personal interview with Prince Shanawo. If he found him to be as intelligent and determined as his exterior promised, to make arrangements to take him with him in his next journey down to Mutsu. "That will be soon," replied Kitsuji. "My dealings with the factors of his lordship Hidehira are frequent and close, and in a few days it will be necessary for me to depart to his court. I will be all the more welcome if I can bring him a prince of the Genji, for it is the one thing he wishes before the close of his long life, to have such a prince to put at the head of a movement against the Taira whom he hates. This is all the more the case as he distrusts the power of Ukonye Yoritomo, now in Izu; so that while furthering the Minamoto interests, he does not

* The cousin who jibed at Yoshitomo, and eventually sided with the Taira in the battle of the *gōshō* in 1160 A.D. *Hyogo* no Kami, *Ryū*-no-Suke, are (land) titles.

look to create too over-whelming a rival so near his own fief.

Everything was thus in train to work in one direction, and withdraw Ushiwaka from the care of the Kurama priests. The next day Kitsuji betook himself to the shrine of Bishamon to get the lay of the land, and pray for the powerful aid of the god in his new venture down to Mutsu. While so doing he noticed a youth who answered in every way to the description given by Fukasu Shigeyori. "He had a face like a bead, lips like pearls, and eyes so piercing as to inspire awe. All his features indicated a great man." Kitsuji at once moved over to his neighbourhood, and with head devoutly bowed in prayer accosted the youth as Shanawo and laid his mission before him. At first Ushiwaka did not pay the slightest attention to him. He went on praying as if he had no ears, allowing Kitsuji to pour out all he had to say. Finally, instead of the numbled *formulae*, Kitsuji heard the welcome question: "Who are you that you come to me on such a mission? I am not Shanawo, son of Sama-no-kami Yoshitomo. However, I know Ushiwaka well, and if you can give me some account of yourself and this Chinjufu-Shōgun Hidehira* I can put the matter before him. "I indeed," replied Kitsuji, delighted at the turn the interview took, "am but a goldsmith, living on his lordship's bounty, and trading down to Mutsu from Miyako. The humblest, however, are of use in such matters, and only thus can his lordship Shanawo avoid suspicion, and escape from the watch kept over him by the Heike. His lordship Hidehira is the descendant of Tawaratōda Hidesato.† After the thirteen years war against the Abe, Hachiman-Tarō Yoshiiye had to turn his arms against Iehira and Takehira. In this he had the assistance of Fujiwara Kiyohira, and the war finished Yoshiiye gave this latter the great fief of Oshū. This, in one way or another, has been added to by his son and grandson until now there is nothing like it in Nippon. 'Fifty-four days journey is it from East to West through its fifty-four districts. It is a land unsurpassed in the

* A title become almost hereditary in these Mutsu Fujiwara.
† See Introduction, pages; 106, 198.

fertility of its soil and the bravery of its people, and its feudal lord commands fourteen divisions of archers, five hundred thousand cavalry, and one hundred and eighty thousand foot soldiers.* In power he has no rival in the North, and he is as anxious to have you come as farmers are for rain after a long drought.' "

All this was as music of the *biwa* to the ears and soul of Ushiwaka. He at once disclosed his identity to Kitsuji, which crafty man was by no means surprised, for he had remained in admiration at the *aplomb* with which Ushiwaka carried off the situation. They withdrew to the greater seclusion of the Chiryōdō, where they could converse in greater privacy and have a wider sweep of their immediate surroundings. Here Kitsuji could lay the plans of Shigeyori before Ushiwaka. His younger sister being a concubine of Shigeyori gave him a position of some confidence toward the latter. To depart in daylight it was agreed was difficult, and yet Ushiwaka was so guarded that it was nearly impossible for him to select any other time. Finally they arranged that he should slip out of the monastery toward dawn, to meet Kitsuji at the Jūzenji beyond Awata-guchi. Then they would at once take their flight to the North. After midnight, when the whole monastery had long been lulled in sleep, Ushiwaka arose to dress himself for the journey. On the excuse of an approaching ceremony in the next few days he had had his hair top-dressed,† his face powdered, and his eyebrows carefully picked. " His dress was of white silk beneath which shimmered a figured brocade from the looms of Chōsen. Over all was thrown a long *shitatare* (gown) silken and of gauze-like texture, its raised pattern showing in striking contrast to that beneath it. A girdle of fine white silk brought all together gracefully at the waist, and through it he thrust a sword made by the

* These numbers are pretty strong. I put them in from the romancer (Yamada) as typical. Shinshinsai brings Yoritomo up to the Sumidagawa with 800000 men! "Fifty-four days, etc."; divide by ten, and the extent and power of Hidehira's fief would be approximately accurate. A swift courier might cross it in three days; and a day's visit to the fifty-four districts would take fifty-four days.

† So did Jingo kōgo some centuries before. Cf Nihongi I 228 (Aston).

hands of Tomosada Bizen, and known as the Uzumidori. Its scabbard and hilt was finely lacquered and ornamented with gold. A *metazashi* (short sword), confined in a brocade embroidered sheath, with delicately raised pattern on the hilt completed his costume." To bid any farewell to Kakujitsu *sōjō* was out of the question. Nor did he dare to do so with his old tried friend and teacher at the Tōkōbō. However, he approached the wall close to Tokugyō's apartment, and made a last prayer. Thus he sought to express his grateful feelings for the guiding care through the intricacies of the Wheel of the Law, a teaching conscientiously directed day and night to its discipline. "Please excuse my ungrateful conduct, in consideration of the high mission which inspires me." Then catching the tone of the temple bell striking the middle of the watch he played his flute for the last time in his old surroundings. Tears of regret flowed from his eyes as he fingered this familiar companion, made of the *kanchiku* coming from far beyond the sea.* At the stroke of the bell his tears ceased to flow, he slipped the instrument into the folds of his garment, and cheerfully started to the place of meeting where his new life was to begin, satisfied at having so successfully accomplished all the conventions down to the minutest particulars His thoughts were now to be turned to war, and to winning over Hidehira to raise an army of righteousness and to accomplish his vengeance. It was the third day of the third month of the fourth year of Shōan—6th April, 1174 A.D.—and Ushiwaka was then fifteen years old.†

* Chinese bamboo=*kanchiku*. Ushiwaka's skill on the flute (*fuye*) was celebrated.

† Yamada has "second month," but here and elsewhere he is wide of the mark on dates. The Yoshitsune Chijunki gives as above; also the Gempei Seisuiki.

## § 2.

It was the early hours of the morning when the yawning watchman of the Midō of Shijō introduced the night wanderer into the cell of Shomonbō. Startled, he was more than delighted to learn of the mission on which Ushiwaka was bent. Donning a more fit robe he accompanied him on part of his day's journey. Passing through the yet dark and gloomy wood of Sanjō, they continued on eastward until the Jūzenji Jinja was reached. The others had not yet arrived, but the wait was not long. At dawn Kitsuji and his brother Kichiroku appeared with some twenty pack animals in their train. Kitsuji was leading a beautiful cream-coloured stallion, "on whose back was a handsome saddle lacquered in gold dust distributed in a pattern starred something like the clear night sky of summer." On reaching the shrine he at once dismounted to make his obeisance to Ushiwaka. The horse was now brought forward, and merely as if willing it Ushiwaka bestrode without visible effort the glittering harness. Kitsuji proposed to to take a slow pace, and so spare their stock. Not so Ushiwaka; for as he said, although Tōkōbō was kindly disposed, Kakujitsu would certainly send men in pursuit in the course of the next few hours. Better was it to break down a few animals, and so pass Omi and into Minamoto country. Kitsuji thought this a decidedly bold plan for such a young leader, without resources or retainers; but who acted as if he had an army at his call. However, they said good-bye to Shomonbō, who returned to Miyako to look to the future with renewed hopes of the good cause. Then they all pressed forward across the ridge to Biwako. Osaka and Shinomiyagawara, famous in legend and poetry,*

* Osaka is frequently mentioned in the Kojiki and Nihongi. The barrier stood on the crest of the divide between the lake and city. Awata-guchi is noted for its potteries.

were mere milestones on the road. It was daylight when they reached the lake, to rapidly press along its highway. Mikami-san stood up beautifully in the morning light. A recent out-of-season snow-fall still covered its flanks with a white mantle in sheltered slopes, and gave greater colour to the illusion created by its Fuji-like shape. Crossing the Seta bridge they had to stop for a few minutes to breathe their horses, and to look at the entrancing scene. In the distance rising from the mirror-like surface of the lake were the slopes of Hieisan, misty bluish, in outline melting into sky in the yet uncertain light of early day. Peering from its mantle of pine and cedar were the roofs of its scores of monastery buildings, sweeping along the crest and almost merging into the establishment of its great rival, enemy, and off-shoot, at Miidera. Dotted here and there at intervals from Sakamoto to Ōtsu were clusters of peasants' and farmers' huts, where every village girl, unlike the fifty daughters of Danae, was said to have her fifty husbands in the ranks of the fighting monks of the monasteries on the slopes above. The sound of the bells came booming across the water, peeling and answering from hill to hill. It would almost seem as if they were calling to the lazy city beyond to rouse itself and pursue the prey which was escaping. Thus the party rode on to take the post-road beyond the bridge, along which they could move with still greater haste. Roads in those days were the merest farce in contrast with what we call such to-day. This great North Road* was one of the best leading to the oft rebellious Kwantō, and which had to forward armies at need. And yet it was a mere track through field and forest, with here and there a cleared space in which camp could be made by the wayfarer, thus to spend the darkness in watching and anxiety. At night-fall their journey across Omi was half completed, and they stopped to rest for the night at the house of a rich customer of Kitsuji. This man was not long in noticing the awkward

* Mr. J. E. de Becker has given a picture of these times and a little later in his "Feudal Kamakura," of which we can only wish there was more of it.

manner of Kitsuji toward the youth who sat below him in the humble seat at the meal. His position made the merchant feel sadly out of place, to rectify in little ways his attitude to such unusual company. Now fifteen years before the host had entertained another guest in his house, one on his way to die at Utsumi in Noma to the grief of all. The resemblance was striking enough between father and son; and the worthy host, pouring out *saké* presented it in reverential attitude to his youthful guest. Seeing tears in his eyes, Kitsuji, to test him, asked: "who do you take him to be?"—"It is not for me to speak names in this presence," replied the *goshi* (gentleman-farmer), "but may your lordship succeed in raising an army of righteousness and in accomplishing the vengeance so long delayed." Ushiwaka accepted the cup thus presented and drained it amid a significant silence. The subject then was changed, and the wine cup was quickly passed by the girls in attendance. Earnest for their safety and the successful progress of the cause their host had them up and off before dawn. After they had crossed the Oyechigawa beyond Oiso-shima they passed Bamba, Samegai, Kashiwabara, the barrier of Fuwa (Seki-ga-hara) where Kitsuji was well known to the guards, Toga, and so to Aoba. Here Ushiwaka sought out and lodged with the *toshiyori* (elder-man) of the place, one Oi by name. His daughter Enjū had been a beloved concubine of Yoshitomo, her elder sister holding the same relation to Rokujō Hangwan Tameyoshi.* Years before Oi had been entrusted with the *sotoba* (grave-stick) of Chūjūtayū Tomonaga, who unable to drag his wounded body farther had here been despatched by his father, Yoshitomo. Ushiwaka sought out his brother's grave, to pray a volume of the Hokkekyō, and to shed tears of sorrow with hope of vengeance. "An excellent habit to get rid of in the one case, and to acquire in

* "Otowaka and his younger brothers," three in number, are thus set down to the credit of Tameyoshi, father of Yoshitomo. The chronicles differ, and this is probably the correct account. Tokiwa's children figure in history under their priestly names, which *status* did not prevent Gien having a son. Oi's elder brother, Naiki Masatō was killed in Hōgen; and his younger brother, Heizaburo, later was the priest Genkō—Washizu.

the other," was the sage comment and advice of Kitsuji. Thus they pressed on, to pass out of Omi and into the safer province of Mino. At Akasaka they were free as to any immediate pursuit which might be sent out from Rokuhara.

Their security was more fancied than real. They were safe enough at present from the clutches of the Taira police, but had run full into all the dangers into which the state of the country plunged Kitsuji on these long trips through the mountains and plain to the North Country. Just at this time a band of robbers was operating in the country between Tarui and Akasaka.* They were headed by Kumasaka Chōhan Nyūdo, a native of Kaga, and even for that rough country eminent in his chosen profession of highwayman in all its essentials of robbery, arson, and murder. He was a most complete villain of his kind, the redeeming qualities being his undoubted courage and energy. Operating under him at this time were some seventy ruffians of approved ability in their own peculiar line. Kumasaka Chōhan seems to have drawn into his circle all the notable thieves of his day.† The more prominent members of his troop were Yuri-no-Tarō of Dewa, Gon-no-Tarō of Shinano, Kama-no-Tarō of Totomi, Azabu-no-Matsuwaka and Mikuni-no-Tarō of Echizen, Surihari-Tarō and Surihari-Jirō‡ of Omi, Okitsu-no-Jirō of Suruga, Toyo-oka-Hachirō and Toyooka-Seshirō of Kotsuke, Senjō-no-uyemon, Mibu-no-Kozaru, and Kawachi-Kakujō of Miyako, a very complete list from the Thieves Calendar of the day. All these men were artists in their particular line. The scene of operations of the gang was close enough to Miyako to tap the trade seeking exit North and West through the mountains, or to the East Coast through the sea-plain to the North. At the same time it was distant enough to enable the police of the capital to close their ears to the sad chorus of com-

* Not far from the Ibigawa in Fuwa district. At a short distance is Gifu. To-day Akasaka is a large and prosperous town.

† Or else the romancer, in this case Yamada. His list is catholic in time and place.

‡ Tarō=elder brother; Jirō=younger brother. Dewa, Shinano Tōtomi etc. are names of *kuni* (provinces).

plaints rising from the victims, and to cast the burden on the local authorities, who in turn promptly returned it. No one lost by this operation except the merchants (which as a class did not count); and judicious remittance of part of the booty to interested persons in Miyako and local centres threw new opportunities in Chōhan's way.

It was nothing wonderful, therefore, that Kitsuji, who had made inquiries in Miyako before starting, expected no trouble so close at hand to the capital. With an easy mind as to the immediate future he had set out from Miyako, and removed of all present pressure they put up for the night at an inn kept by the elderman of the place. The people of the inn were of course well informed as to Chōhan's movements, but they knew better than to give any warning to the prospective victims. They thus ran no risk, or rather certainty, of being the victims of his wrath, and stood to gain some part of the booty. On his part Chōhan had followed the movements of the caravan ever since it had passed the barrier at Ōsaka. Indeed Gon-no-Tarō had carefully kept it in view, meeting it, passing it, travelling the same road with it, under various disguises as post courier, peasant stopping his work in the fields to stare at them, mendicant friar (in which guise he had spent the night with them). Finally assured of their direction and state of progress he had left them near Tarui, to collect the scattered band for the night's operation. The plan for this was easily and quickly arranged, and near midnight the inn was surrounded and closely guarded by the band of seventy men, now tolerably assured as to the transfer of Kitsuji's precious packages.

Meanwhile Kitsuji and his brother had long retired to rest. Ushiwaka alone, suspicious of the inn-keeper and his people, who seemed for some reason ill at ease, was on the alert. In the middle of the night the travellers were aroused by the noise of a band of men endeavouring to force an entrance into the inn. Fortunately this could only be effected from one side; unfortunately, Kitsuji thought, for when aroused his first idea was that of a descent upon them by officers from the Rokuhara Kebiishi-jo. The outlook in

the rear, however, was through a garden, protected on the south by a high retaining wall. What cannot be easily ascended, can be descended. The thieves kept guard here until means could be procured to mount and also attack this side of the inn. Meanwhile Surihari-Tarō, Surihari-Jiro, and Yuri-no-Tarō, with the other notables and a supporting party of thirty men broke their way into the front. They all carried torches in their hands, and the carts in which the booty was to be carried away were promptly brought into line before the inn. The word was passed to respect everything belonging to the inn. It was the goods of Kitsuji which were the primary object of the raid. Secure them in the first place, and kill Kitsuji afterward, for against the rich merchant Chōhan had a particular spite.* This cry made the brothers shake in their *tabi* (socks: the Japanese use clogs not shoes). On the contrary Ushiwaka was delighted at the prospect of battle, and the opportunity to test his skill in fencing with real weapons. Quickly giving his belly guard a tug to see that it was securely fastened, grasping his sword, he threw a veil over his face and concealed himself behind a folding screen which stood in the little ante-chamber to their part of the house. As Surihari-Tarō entered the room he noticed someone behind the screen, but the veil over the face made him think it was a woman, some *jōrō* or *shirabyoshi* called in for the night.† So he passed on, a fatal step for him; head and hand, the latter still clasping the torch, were neatly sliced

* This is nothing unusual. One would think that Chōhan would have nurtured this goose to lay more golden eggs. But this is not Japanese logic. Thus to-day, for a larger order a higher price is charged, on the ground that the object is more desired. "Small profits and quick returns" has not reached the smaller mercantile mind. This raising the price only applies to monopoly economics, and has its limitations there. But on losing the opportunity the Japanese *akindo* (merchant) says "*shikata ga nai.*" If he has not gained, neither has he lost. He still has the goods. Thus—*more Japonico*—does the plebeian treat the *scientia scientiarum* of Abelard.

† *Jōrō* (prostitute): *shirabyoshi* (dancing girl). In not first class inns the jōrō to-day is summoned to the inn, and in gayer summer resorts where "the quarter" does not formally exist the police wink at her presence in tea houses; which gives tourists the idea of general moral laxness.

from the body. Ushiwaka now turned his attention to Surihari-Jirō. The latter's astonishment at the apparition of this shining blade was quickly turned to wrath and dismay. Thus struck down, close to their own home, his desire to avenge his brother was all the more quickened. With a savage cry, brandishing his sword he leaped on Ushiwaka. The latter, however, easily avoided his blow. His skill acquired in the woods of Kurama now stood him in good stead. Strike as he would the robber's sword passed either over or under the mark. Finally, making a desperate blow at Ushiwaka, who had taken flight to the ceiling, the sword stuck fast in one of the rafters. Before it could be withdrawn the head of Surihari-Jirō was quickly whipped off, mournful company for that of the brother already lying on the floor.

The noise of the battle had now attracted the attention of others of the band who were rummaging the inn for the whereabouts of the travellers. They now came pouring toward the apartment where Ushiwaka awaited them. The first to advance to the attack were Kama-no-Tarō and Gon-no-Tarō. Both striking at the same time and from the same side they fell victims to the same blow. This struck off the raised arms of Kuma-no-Tarō, and cleaved Gon-no-Tarō completely through from neck to loins.* As yet the robbers could not realize the opponent confronting them. It all seemed dream or accident, not the wonderful feat in arms of this mere stripling. Sanjō-Uyemon and Mibu-Kozaru hurled their torches at him; but the one was cut in half in its flight through the air, and the other was quickly trampled on and extinguished. Then they all surrounded him and set upon him at the same time from all sides. "How could a god even of three faces and six hands escape them"† But where was he? Apart from his wonderful skill in the art of fencing, Ushiwaka put in

* The old Japanese sword was quite capable of these feats. It was a wonderful and careful piece of forging, worthy of an artist's hand in metallurgy.

† Bishamon (Vâisramana). Kongōyasha Myōhō he is called elsewhere. Kongō-shitsu?

operation all his knowledge of tactics and transformation. Like quicksilver he flowed under their fingers, now here, now there. The din was terrific. "The clashing of the swords was like the grinding of a lion's teeth. The sparks of fire struck out were like the leaves of the maple." The robbers in their confusion suffered from their own random blows. Thus Ushiwaka killed Azabu-no-Matsuwaka; Kawachi-no-Kakujō was cut through to the girdle; Sanjō-Uyemon he sliced off at the knees; Mikuni-no-Tarō and Okitsu-no-Jirō killed each other in the confusion; Mibu-Kozaru and Toyo-oka-Hachirō, severely wounded, how or by whom they knew not, tried to flee, but Ushiwaka pursued them, and with one blow cut the former from right shoulder to left thigh bone, with another he opened the midriff of Toyo-oka, and split him up from pap to shoulder blades. Even Kitsuji and Kichiroku took heart. They too donned their belly armour, and sallied into the garden to attack several smaller fry who had secured entrance by scaling the wall. Several of these were killed, the rest fled, and invasion from the rear was stopped. Meanwhile Toyo-oka-Jirō and his supporters fled. Ushiwaka, the lad of fifteen years, surveyed the room piled with the dead lying heaped amid the broken screens. Eleven of the leaders, with a number of the riff-raff, were thus disposed of. He could well feel proud. From Dewa to the Go-Kinai the Japanese Alsatia had suffered serious loss.

Meanwhile Chōhan Kumasaka could hardly believe his ears. When he saw the flight of Toyo-oka-Jirō toward Tarui he was astounded. "Cowards!" he shouted after the flying band. "What manner of creature has done such work as this?" He asked the question of a frightened robber, only held where he was by Chōhan's grasp. When he heard that it was a lad of thirteen or fourteen years he shook his head. "Like a flying bird passing swiftly over the rice fields, or a butterfly flitting among the garden flowers? He must be demon or deity." Then he asked as to the fate of the torches hurled at him to break any spell. The reply was no more reassuring. "Yes," he muttered. "The first was the act of the god of war, severing the thread of fate. The second quenched

all our luck in battle. Our name is indeed as mud." He dismissed the remnant of his men to seek refuge where they could. At first he intended to follow them. But the old man was proud of his prowess. He was not sixty-three years of age, and still with crooked elbow could hold up a thousand *kin* (1323 lbs. Av.). He was so active that with a heavy sword he "could slice a butterfly flitting amid the flowers, or a swallow flying swiftly over a willow." As to men—none ever had faced him before. He had thought so little of this raid on a miserable merchant that he had not even mixed in the affair, sending in the others while he stood guard outside the entrance. He cast an eye at the carts standing ready for the booty. These, and the thought of his dead companions, stirred his wrath. "Life is worth more than anything else," he had told his men in ordering them to flee. Not so! Like the others he must try his luck with this demon fencer.

So he turned and entered the house, "like a moving hill." He was clad in court costume, but without sleeves. He wore *haramaki-dō** on his huge body which towered nearly seven feet. On his head he wore the *chōshu*, a loose cap with iron centre-piece. His long curved sword remained in its scabbard. For the present he relied on his known skill with the halberd, the long black-lacquered shaft of which he held under his arm. Ushiwaka heard the tramp, tramp, as of cavalry.† Chōhan entered the apartment. His wide open eyes "glared like a mirror a hundred times polished," as he sought the object of his wrath. "The hairs of his white beard stood on end like silver needles. He was a demon gone daft." Ushiwaka was in no way terrified by this tremendous sight. "By Yumiya Hachiman!‡ You were needed to complete the tale. Stretch out your neck to receive my blow." Thus he received his visitor. Chōhan gasped with surprise at the sight of the slender youth. Ushiwaka was crouched

* An elastic form of armour, permitting adjustment to size.

† Say the "horse-marines." There is something Gilbertian and "Mikadoesque" in the most serious of Japanese situations. One can credit Mr. Gilbert with a profound study of the race.

‡ "By Hachiman (god of war) of the feathered shaft and bow."

at the end of the apartment prepared to spring. A little sliding door at the rear offered him a means of retreat if too hard pressed. "You! A wretched stripling!" shouted Chōhan in rage as he bore down on him. The huge halberd whirled like a wind-mill in a strong gale. Ushiwaka flitted hither and thither, now to appear before, then behind the enraged robber. Chōhan thoroughly held up his reputation. Finding the halberd useless he cast it away and drew his sword. All his skill "in the positive and negative ways of fencing, now open and now shut, now upper and now lower, sweeping in the six directions and brandishing on the ten sides," all these he displayed in his best manner. Ushiwaka, however, sectioned him at will. His armour he cut off, a piece here and a piece there. Flying like a bird he sliced Chōhan now in this place and now in that. Chōhan tried to catch him with his hands and lost both in the process. Then Ushiwaka stood aside and watched him. The blood poured in torrents from his wounds, until rendered dizzy by its loss the robber fell on his knees. In a trice Ushiwaka was on him, and pressing him to the ground cut off his head. Then he rose to receive the timid and grateful thanks of Kitsuji and his brother, indebted to him for life and goods. As for the headman and the villagers who now poured in, they regarded him with awe as a *tengu* (goblin) youth. The robbers' heads were hung on a tree on the outskirts of the village. Thus Ushiwaka and his party left the neighbourhood of Akasaka (Red Hill), where the memory of his deeds is yet green in the minds of its inhabitants.*

* There are one or two points to be considered here. Wind-mills were not a feature of Old Japanese landscapes, nor of New Japan, except in toy shops. After all the reference is merely a comparison, and in his account, also Yamada uses it. Again, the "ten sides can be taken to refer to points of the magnetic compass, and the "six directions" are north, south, east, west, nadir, zenith. Both are Buddhist expressions. They have no more particular reference to dimensions in space. Of the "fourth dimension" the Japanese never heard until these days of Meiji—as to which they were no more unfortunate than their neighbours. The opinion of our "vulgar herd" in the West, as to the wits of the man who tries to prove something more than length, breadth and thickness is more emphatic than polite.

USHIWAKA KILLS CHOHAN NYUDO.

§ 3.

Leaving the forest of Koyasu, now sadly depleted of its enterprising rascals and bad characters, crossing the Sunomatagawa and Kisogawa,* the party at last reached Owari, Kitsuji now felt very confident of the successful issue of his journey, in every sense of the word. Ushiwaka was pleased at reaching Atsuta, for the Bettō of the Atsuta shrine was Fujiwara Suyenori, father-in-law of Yoshitomo, and third grade in court rank. Now at this famous shrine there was dedicated a *miya* to the worship of Yamato-take, and here also was deposited the famous Murakumo or sacred sword.† There could be no better place, or person, at which and by whom the ceremony of *gembuku* should be performed (assumption of the *toga virilis*), than at the sacred place and by the father of Atsuta-gozen. Ushiwaka did not want to appear before Hidehira in the garb of an infant. After all the feudal lord, in the military sense, was but a retainer of the great Minamoto house, and had received his government from the hands of Hachiman-Tarō (Yoshiiye). Suyenori readily agreed both to the idea, and to perform the ceremony for this brilliant lad to whom all who came in contact with him took a great affection, and which came all the more natural to himself. Ushiwaka therefore put on a *yaotome*‡, offered gifts to the shrine, and remained all night in prayer beside his armour. The next morning his hair was tied up in a cue, his eyebrows

* *Kawa* (or *gawa* in compounds) means river. Both named are large streams. Gifu lies on the Nagaragawa (another name for Sunomatagawa). The Tōkaidō crosses the river at Sunomata.

† Or rather the Kusa-nagi-tsurugi of Susa-no-wo. Cf. Introduction. The children of a concubine belonged to the chief wife, who was to be reverenced as legal mother: hence Ushiwaka's position to Atsuta-gozen, wife of Yoritomo. The scene of Ushiwaka's *gembuku* is sometimes placed at Kagami in Omi, at the gōshi's house.

‡ *Yaotome* (八乙女)? It is not in Brinkley's Dictionary.

were shaved off, and artificial ones pencilled in, his teeth were blackened, and he donned an eboshi head-covering,* the top of which was turned to the left in accordance with the rule of the Minamoto clan. Equally important was the choice of his adult name. As eighth son he should call himself Hachirō, but he argued thus:—"my uncle Chinzei Hachirō Tametomo was beaten in the battle of Hōgen, and exiled to Izu. Such a choice would bring the worst of luck. My birth name should be Kurō. My adult name Yoshitsune. Thus I take it in part from my father. All present admired his wisdom and facility in argument." Suyenori gave a great feast in honour of him who henceforth was to be known as Kurō Hangwan Yoshitsune. Then in a few days, taking leave of Suyenori and the mother of Sama-no-kami (Yoshitomo), Yoshitsune and his party started toward Mikawa, where they expected to find Fukasu Shigeyori.

In this, however, they were disappointed. Of Shigeyori there was no sign; and so they put up perforce for a more prolonged stay at the house of the *sonchō* (village headman) of Yahagi in Mikawa, one Kanetaka, to await developments.† If Ushiwaka felt any impatience at the delay he made no sign, already exhibiting that quality of outward control under all conditions which was the conspicuous feature of his career, and which, with the exception of his break with Kajiwara Kagetoki, was one secret of his great ability as a leader of men. However, there was no hardship involved in this involuntary stay. The *sonchō* was a man of considerable wealth, and his house and its surroundings and attendants were all on an elaborate scale for the day. Nor was he of poor lineage, being of a class of men known as *gōshi*, rich farmers, sometimes adventurers, in other cases tracing their family line to some *muraji* or *miyatsuko* of rusty antiquity' original settlers on the very scene of their descendants,

* Of many kinds. Cf. Brinckley's Dictionary. The long woollen cap, familiar to Canadians on winter pleasure bent, has something of the shape. Cf. *samurai* in the illustrations given.

† On the west side of the Yahagigawa. The big town of Okazaki lies near the east side of the river.

operations. This latter was the case with the elder of Yahagi, and Ushiwaka wandered with delight through the beautiful gardens which showed the care bestowed on them by generations. Tiring, however, of the pines and box (*maki*) trained and nursed into their curiously distorted forms, tired even of the beautiful outlook over the roofs of the clustering village beyond to the river, a few days after his arrival, toward evening, he was sauntering in a yet unvisited quarter of the establishment. Here facing the south was a a little enclosure which showed a careful but far less formal hand devoted to its care. The clumps of *ajisai* (hydrangea) as yet showed only the glossy dark green of its handsome leaves, but *jinjoki* filled the air with its sweet scented blossoms, and even a white *tsubaki* (camelia), ill-omened flower, with its waxen petals was carefully trimmed of all wilful sprigs and discoloured leaves. An aged plum tree was propped up in one corner, and some twisted rolls showed that the gardener also turned his or her hand to expressing thought in *tanka* verse. Ushiwaka spread one of these on the palm of his hand, and was struck by the brightness and beauty of the sentiment expressed by the writer. He felt the beauty of the scene. Two spreading botan-zakura (peony-cherry) cast their shade, their blossom laden branches now in full bloom, and every sun spot seemed to glitter with the golden light of the yamabuki (yellow rose). He seemed to be in Yoshino or Ide, famous for these beautiful flowers.*

Now as luck, good or bad, had it, the sonchō had a grand-daughter, Jōruri-hime (Pure-Emerald-maid),†

* The *botan-zakura* and *yamabuki* flower about the middle of April in the latitude of Tōkyō Bay. The *tsubaki* is in some disfavour. Its flowers fall at a touch, reminding the Japanese of a severed head. The white *tsubaki* often has a long pointed petal, most beautiful of its kind. Tanka is the short 32 syllable poem.

† 淨瑠璃. I go by the ideographs. Jō (淨) is not found alone. Its negative is found in fujō (unclean). Ruri (瑠 璃) is emerald or lapislazuli—Brinkley's Dictionary. Ono-no Otsu, a dear lady friend and attendant of Oda Nobunaga (16th century) collected into form the many songs and recitatives of the Jōruri-bushi and Jōruri-monogatari,

fifteen years of age, and "so beautiful and graceful that the moon and flowers could hardly vie with her in fascinating the human heart. Sixteen years before, in the days of Hōgen, Chūnagon Fushimi Moronaka, on his way to Shimotsuke and exile had passed a night at Kanetaka's house. On this occasion the noble sought out the daughter of the house, and in due time a daughter was born. Her mother, a devout worshipper of the image of Yakushi Nyōrai (Bhâishajyaguru) at the Hōraiji temple (Shitara-mikawa) gave her the name of Joruri-hime. When the girl was yet a little child the mother died. Thus she was an only child with fond grandparents, who were glad to look forward to securing a husband for her, and so to keep her always in their home.

Naturally every care had been bestowed on her education, on her whom "her parents loved as a bead in their hand." She was a master hand on *biwa* and *kōtō*, with which she accompanied herself to the mournful songs so often found in the musical repertoire of Japanese women. It happened that just at the time Ushiwaka was strolling in her garden she had taken out her Tsukushi harp (*kōtō*)* to wile away a few moments with practice of a song she had not long before composed in honour of the old and favourite plum tree, the words of which yet fluttered in the breeze on the white scroll attached but a day or so before to its gnarled branch. It was "a strange attraction" the romancer tells us, that made Ushiwaka loiter and listen to the flute-like voice of the singer. Nothing strange it would seem to anyone who knows

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Tales of the loves of Yoshitsune and Jōruri-hime. The name in this sense is secondary. Piggott—"Music and Musical instruments of Japan" calls Jōruri-hime—"Maid of Paradise." Cf pp. 22, 38. See also in Notes to this Chapter.

* The samisen is a popular and vulgar instrument. According to Piggott (loc-cit 38) it was introduced from the Loo-choo Islands about 1560 A.D. Chamberlain (Things Japanese—"music" p. 337) says that it was brought from Manila, above 1700 A.D. As to the facts concerning Jōruri-hime I turn mainly to the "Yoshitsune-Chijun-ki" and the Dai-Nihon Jimmei Jiten. Her story is very ancient. The Tsukushi harp (築紫琴) is often mentioned. Piggott says nothing about it.

THE LOVE OF JORURI-HIME.

youth, its own heart calling to the opposite sex, and furiously thumping at the same time. By an impulse he drew his own instrument out of his bosom, and with his flute Usuzumi answered the singer, in strains "so sweet and subduing that a fish would rise to the surface of the water, and a bird flit to ground to enjoy them." Naturally this ready reply secured—silence. Ushiwaka, a little surprised and disgruntled moved slowly away. He inquired carelessly of the maid as to who lived in that part of the house, to look so carefully after the garden and to play so exquisitely on the *kōtō*. "It must have been the Ojōsan, Jōruri-hime. None other here has such skill in music or woman's art as she," and the little maid Reizei, glad and proud of such a congenial subject, bragged in most respectful terms of the accomplishments of her mistress *

The curiosity was not one-sided. The *kōtō* of Jōruri-hime was silenced at the sound of Ushiwaka's flute, but a kindred curiosity took her eye to the *shoji*, and a little finger enabled her through these double windows to satisfy her soul and catch a glimpse of Ushiwaka. As he had been struck by ear, so little Jōruri-hime was doubly wounded in ear and eye. Her heart was in a parlous way. Calling her maid she told her to make inquiries as to who the handsome youth could be. As a little patriot in this faithful house she felt sure that he could be nothing less than a *chūjō* of the Genji.† Fuel was added to the fire on learning who Ushiwaka really was, and Jōruri-hime felt she must either write or die; and the former was the easier and more convenient of the two, it let off steam so to speak. She was not of an age to look very deeply, and so she painted her little scroll in impassioned terms for Ushiwaka's eye. This she gave to her maid, who, taking the place of the usual attendant, found no difficulty in slipping it into the sleeve of his *kimono*. Here it did not

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* Ojōsan: the usual term of respect for the daughter of the house.

† Chūjō: a military officer of high rank. Hepburn says, next to *Taishō*, and as usual *Sakon* and *Ukon no chūjō*, i.e. of the Left and Right It would be, say, as Major-General to Lieutenant-General.

rest long, and its discovery gave him a feeling "not at all unpleasant," as the native scribe puts it in his prosaic way, when women, and not blood-spilling and punching, are in question. Man is fire and woman is tow says the proverb. The tow had been wafted straight by love's breeze into a blazing conflagration. Seeking the good offices of the smiling little *neya*, under her guidance in the darkness Ushiwaka glided along the smooth *roka* to reach the distant and secluded apartment of Jōrurihime. Here the little maid bade him farewell, and pushing the *shoji* gently apart the prince entered the maiden shrine. Well; it was all very human. Thus "for the first time in his life he sauntered along the mountain path of love, the path which leads to so much pain and pleasure. And she, delighted at his visit, wished that long as time should last so should this their exchange of love's vows endure." Such of course could not be. For ten nights did Ushiwaka abandon his solitary couch for these labours of an Eastern Hercules. At the end of that time came Fukasu Shigeyori, and stern war again raised up its horrid crest. Shigeyori had been delayed through an illness, and it was now necessary to push on all the more rapidly. Thus the lovers had to part, with a promise from Ushiwaka to reappear, and the gift of Usuzumi. It was with a sinking heart and smiling face, *more Japonico*, that Jōruri-hime formed part of the household, bowing respectfully before their departing lord, so young and handsome, so proudly fierce on the war-horse brought by Shigeyori. She felt death in her very soul as the company rode forth and disappeared among the neighbouring hills. And death it was. I would like to spare little Jōruri-hime, the Pure Emerald maid, but the crusty prosaic old chroniclers will not allow it. Blood they will have; in one way, if not in another. It was only a few weeks later that another visitor entered the house; grim, not handsome; stern, not smiling. The one most of all dreaded by mortal men. Little Jōruri-hime was brought home from the dark waters of the river. And so they sent her on *her* longer journey—alone.*

* Reizei, it is said, shaved her head, became a nun, and spent the rest of her life in prayer for her mistress.

But blood our native scribe will have and we are well on the way to it. The days passed and Shigeyori's own lands finally sheltered them. Here a stay was made of many days and long conferences held for the more serious plans of war. It was neither desirable nor necessary that the party should any longer hold together. Fukasu Shigeyori was to work up the Minamoto sentiment on his present ground, to have it in readiness for the now certain future call. Ushiwaka wished to have an interview with Hyoye Misasaki, Lord of Takano in Kōtsuke. In his childhood this lord had called at Tōkōbō on Kurama-yama. Ushiwaka, the mere baby, was then asleep on the good bishop's knees, and soon to become his more immediate charge. Misasaki inquired who the child was. "Why, the Taira must be fools! This is like leaving a tiger or lion loose on the plain." He picked the boy up and swung him aloft in the air. "He will be a great man in his day. Whenever you need aid Hachirō-sama* be sure to turn to me." Hence Ushiwaka was all the more earnest to see this friendly prophet of his early days. Kitsuji, who had been on business bent in the district, was recalled and sent on to await him at Izumi, a hamlet of Tsuga in Shimotsuke. Ushiwaka made a detour to reach Misasaki's mansion. After some little difficulty and wandering, the guidance of a peasant landed him at the castle gate. The whole impressed him favourably as one looking for ample resources in men and money or supplies. The gate was a massive and imposing structure, the moat wide, and in the interior courts were seen many *bushi*, engaged in the various occupations of polishing armour or weapons, fencing or other athletic exercises, or swaggering and swearing the Japanese equivalents for "great oaths." To Ushiwaka seeking entrance a courteous and careful answer was given; and he was held in guard, so to speak, until a message could be taken to their lord. Misasaki had about disposed of the morning's business, mainly accounts from his steward and officers as to delinquents in one form or

* As eighth son of Yoshitomo.

another. It was with surprise that he heard of the visitor inquiring for him. Much water had passed in the intervening years under the bridges of the Kamogawa, and he had totally forgotten the episode at Kurama-yama. His views had now much changed. His two sons were in the train of Taira Shigemori. Many favours were received from Rokuhara, and his adherence to the Minamoto clan was the merest form. He was a little surprised when, on being ushered in, Ushiwaka asked for a private interview. Thinking that it must be some special message from Rokuhara he dismissed his attendants and prepared to hear what Ushiwaka had to say. The latter at once entered on the subject of his mission, his raising an army to avenge the Minamoto and drive out the Taira from Court and Capital. He recalled the incident at Kurama-yama. "Now," he concluded, "you are the first I have thought of, the first staunch adherent of the Minamoto to whom I apply, sure to receive aid."

Misasaki listened with head down, but busily thinking. Ushiwaka, feeling his ground sure, concealed nothing of the plans. None of them seemed particularly dangerous to his new host. Besides, the very youth of the applicant, a mere lad, inspired him with contempt. For pity there was little use in those harsh days. "This," said Misaki to himself "comes from a loose tongue. I had forgotten all about my visit to the Tōkōbō, but this boy remembers it as if it happened yesterday; or else others have trained him in the tale. It will be no good thing for me if it ever gets to the ears of Rokuhara. Meanwhile I have two sons with Taira Komatsu, and my interests are anything but those of the Minamoto." He looked up from under his eyebrows, as Ushiwaka went into details. "A fine-looking lad. The scheme itself will fail at this time. The Genji have no leader, and are poor. But this boy has the making of a great man in him. I had better cut him off now. 'Later it takes an axe to cut down a giant trunk, where before was a mere sprout from the seed'. If I send his head to Rokuhara I will gain much merit for myself and advancement for my sons. As for merit of another kind.....", and he smiled a little at his

proposed treachery. This he put in operation in a skilful manner, praising the idea of the rising of the Genji, but putting in strong light the present difficulties. "Make up your mind to stay with me. Thus you can learn thoroughly the art of war, and stir up all the Minamoto interests in the district." But his tone was too cold, his interest too frozen, not to arouse the suspicions of the clever youth in front of him. Ushiwaka assented to all his proposals, and determined to make his escape that night in the darkness. The maid brought him supper alone in his apartment, without any usual courteous and customary attendance of the master. Misasaki drew back from such over-rank treachery as striking down his guest at table, and mingling blood and salt. Ushiwaka asked her where were the two sons of her lord. When she told him that they were in Miyako and of the train of Komatsu Shigemori he knew very well how matters stood. Sleep aids good digestion. The meal had hardly been removed when Misasaki entered, and seating himself began a dull and droning conversation with the evident intention of talking him to sleep. He was so interested in this mission, lulled by his own soft words, that he did not notice Ushiwaka inch by inch sliding his sword out of its scabbard. Finally it was entirely in hand, and as this tireless talker almost nodded himself from his efforts, Ushiwaka flashed the blade before his eyes, and the next moment his head rolled to the end of the apartment. Wiping the weapon on the *kimono* of the victim, Ushiwaka heaped up the screens on the dead body. Then taking the lamp he set fire to them, and took his way hastily through the darkened rooms. The *amado* was quickly slipped back. Reaching the stable he secured his horse, and as the gate was too strictly guarded he backed off a little, and putting his horse at the wall leaped it and the moat together. As he made off in the darkness he heard cries of "fire!" and much confusion from the direction of the castle. Misasaki had not been at all inclined to brag of his intentions, anywhere outside of Miyako. Ushiwaka, therefore, had been put in a very honourable but very little used part of the house. The fire had ample time to

gain great headway before it thrust itself on the attention of the inmates. The disappearance of the strange lad aroused some suspicions, and inquiries were made. Misasaki's jovial habits, however, were well known to his people, and they came to the conclusion that host and guest had perished together in the fire caused by an accidental over-turning of the lamp.*

## § 4.

All that day, and the following day, Ushiwaka pushed his way over the rough mountain roads of Shinano and Kōtsuke. It was a succession of climbing wooded ridges, fording wild mountain streams, at places crossing broader valleys, to-day cleared and a smiling expanse of rice field or *hatake*, at that time covered by forests of oak, cedar, and pine, and spotted here and there with clearings. The scene has not changed much after all†, and it was only here and there that he could find a peasant to give him directions as to his way, or to act as guide for a short distance. Toward night fall on the second day it seemed as if he should be emerging out of the foot-hills bounding the eastern sea-plain, and yet the tangle of winding valleys, and the ridges cast athwart them, seemed to be as unending as ever. Moreover a recent snow-fall on this

* Yamada tells this story of Misasaki. The Yoshitsune-Chijun-ki speaks of his visiting Fukasu Shigeyori in Shimōsa, and there killing a horse-thief, to the great benefit of all. Horse thieves were regarded in the 12th century Kwantō much as in our West thirty years ago. Further notice of this tale I did not find. It may refer to Misasaki. He could well be a country squire and a horse-thief also. Shimōsa and Shinano are wide apart.

† Let the idle tourist take the path directly back and north from the hamlet of Yumoto (Nikkō), and skirting the little lake cross the landslide and climb to the top of the Toyotōge(?). All around there is a tangled mass of the central forest, a very typical scene. According to the local map it looks as if there was a pleasant short walking trip to Kawamata or Nokada, and so returning direct to Nikkō or via Kawaji on the beautiful Wakamatsu-Imaichi road.

high land had made the land-marks more difficult to detect. It looked very much as if he would have to seek shelter for himself and horse under some giant pine, thus to spend an uncomfortable night for both. He hailed with joy the appearance of the glimmer of a light. It was not so far as it at first seemed in the gloaming, and he soon halted before a large but rough and badly used hut; or series of them, for the establishment evidently housed men and horses. The palisades surrounding it seemed to allow inspection and easy escape rather than resistance, and its wild appearance was due more to poverty and age than to neglect. Fastening his horse to a neighbouring tree Ushiwaka approached the house and knocked on the closed *amado* (rain doors). The sweet and silvery voice of a woman, a young woman, answered from within asking the business of her caller. "I would ask for shelter for the night. Lost on the mountain paths I have been overtaken by darkness, and see no sign of any other habitation than this." Thus Ushiwaka sought to secure admittance. But alas! The lady's husband was absent, and as he was "extremely pitiless" she besought her would-be guest to avoid this ogre's den and seek other quarters. For the pitilessness Ushiwaka did not care a button, especially as he knew nothing of such a useful article. He urged his ignorance of the country and roads. Then in compliment to his unseen interlocutor: —"beauty in colour and fragrance in scent is appreciated only by those who understand." This apt quotation from the classic poetry, so fashionable at this time, assured the lady that she had a proper character to deal with. Reluctantly on his account, and willingly on her own, she opened the *amado* to give him welcome and admittance. Then with the aid of a maid she set a supper before him, much better than the looks of the place gave reason to expect. When the time came for him to retire for the night she warned him to extinguish his light. At dawn I will arouse you, and you can continue your journey without any suspicion of your having been here. Your horse will be looked after in a shed (*koya*) close by, and it is so late that its presence will not be detected among the others."

Only part of this arrangement did Ushiwaka put into effect. From the lady's polished manners he suspected that the lord of this wild manor had turned highwayman, perhaps was a bad and difficult character to deal with. So he left the light burning, but lay down as if to sleep, covering his face with the long sleeves of his *shitatare*, and with his sword half drawn beneath him. A little after midnight the husband made his appearance. He was a tall frowning fellow of over six feet in height. His age could be put at about twenty five years. "In his court dress, stamped with a reed pattern, his yellow vest thrown over a corselet, he gave unmistakeable signs of one accustomed to command. He wore a large sword, and carried in his hand a short boar spear." Four or five stout fellows, with torches in hand, trooped in after him. They were a wild looking lot, and to a stranger's eye a very bad one. They were "like *devas* of unwrought wood, the outlines only hewed out in the roughest manner by a peasant artist". They were armed in a variety of ways, their bows and arrows, axes, sickles, spears, weapons which traced their source to the farmer's stock, making a very hap-hazard collection. On learning of the presence of the guest—his sharp eye had noticed the horse—the master was not slow in showing uneasiness and some wrath. However he listened to the apologies of his wife who answered for the good faith of the stranger. "He is very young, and plainly of gentle birth. Besides, when he so aptly recited the poet's fancy on 'beauty of colour and fragrance of scent' I felt sure he was no ordinary person, thus travelling alone and perhaps in difficulties." —"Oh! you have doubtless acted quite right. After all we too are refugees. Any knight, travelling alone in this wild country is certainly on no good terms with those who hold sway in Miyako. Heat some *saké* and carry it to him, for he must need some stronger refreshment than our mountain fare."

Ushiwaka heard this conversation with pleasure. At first, from the rough appearance of the band, he thought he would have to kill them all. When, therefore, the maid appeared with the *saké* he rose at once to join

company with his host. They both sat down to table, the master putting his sword under his knees, and unstringing his bow in sign of good faith. Ushiwaka refused to drink, pleading youth and inexperience with the liquor. They were soon in friendly talk, and the host, much taken with his guest, offered him his aid in threading the way through the mountain valleys, for the plain as yet was nearly a day's journey by the shortest route for horses. "Meanwhile be at your ease for the night. My men are wild looking, but they shall keep a good guard against any intruders—if you fear such." Summoning them he gave strict orders for the remainder of the night. It did not take long to find out that the mountaineer was on no friendly terms with the powers that were supreme at Miyako. To Ushiwaka he seemed excellent timber as a recruit for his enterprise. No matter what his life was now, he was plainly a man of good lineage. He therefore disclosed his true name and plan. "I am Ushiwaka, son of Sama-no-kami Yoshitomo, and my present name is Kurō Yoshitsune. I am engaged in raising an army of righteousness and of vengeance against the Taira, and would be pleased to take you as my retainer." The effect of this address was magical. The *danna* (master) at once fell prostrate on the floor in the respectful attitude of one before his lord. Wiping his nose*, as soon as he could control his joyful emotion he began. "My father was Futami Yoshitsura, Bettō of Ise. Having boarded, quite innocently, the vessel of Kujō Shōnin he became involved in the latter's enterprise. This brought him in bad reputation with the clan in power, and he was dismissed from his office and exiled to Izu. With no hope of an early return he sent for his

* Perhaps an accompaniment of the deep sucking sound or inhalation with which the Japanese to-day often accompany a salute. It is to be remembered that the burnishing of the nasal appendix is common among our own people, especially rustics, the sleeve or the back of the hand being the ordinary refuge in the usual absence of handkerchiefs. Indeed it is much to be desired that Young Japan had stuck to the habit, as the neighbourhood of any school or *kodomo* (child) makes evident. "Very nice, but—very snotty", is the verdict often passed by foreigners on infantile Japan.

wife, who came to join him. Becoming pregnant she went to the house of an uncle. It was in the seventh month that she received the news of my father's death, and two months later I entered the world. My father's name being Yoshitsura, my name is Ise Saburō Yoshimori. For long I have been trying to come under the notice of a prince of the Genji. The Taira being so completely in control of the country, and being unwilling to serve or countenance their usurpation, I have turned robber as the only occupation fit for a *bushi* unable to find his true employment. But I have never neglected my prayers to Hachiman-Sama and to Marishiten. They certainly have guided you through these mountains to my cabin.

Where both sides find their wishes so completely met confidence is easily established. Ushiwaka gave his host and wife an account of his adventures on the road to meet Chin-jufu-Shōgun Hidehira. At the account of the defeat of Kumasaka Chōhan Nyūdo and his band they were amazed, and Ise Saburō was the more delighted at serving under such a captain. In witness of acceptance of their service Ushiwaka poured out cups of *sake* and handed them to these new retainers, and to Yoshimori he granted part of his father's name.* He then told them of the necessity he lay under to join Kitsuji. An early start was to be made, and as it was now near dawn preparations were made. Ise Saburō having made everything ready for his own departure addressed his wife:—"My own absence will now be prolonged. The men and the place I leave in your charge. If I do not return in a year then you can take a husband whenever you like without objection from me." It was with tears in her eyes that the young woman begged to be allowed to accompany them to Ōshū, but this only made Ise Saburō angry. "Do you want me to appear at the court of Hidehira with a woman in my trail. The *bushi* would laugh at me. They would say, "there is a *samurai* who loves his wife so extravagantly that he must even drag her along in his lord's train.

* Yoshitsura being written 能連, Yoshimori was now to write his name 義盛 from Yoshitomo 義朝.

However, since you make difficulties the only thing for me to do is to pronounce the formula of divorce." These words terrified the lady. She controlled her feelings and said :—"I beg your pardon. I was indeed very wrong to think of such a stupid thing. Go with our lord, and at whatever time you return you will find everything in good condition, and I will be waiting on you." Thus the final arrangements of heart and home were made. To directly cross the plain and pass under the walls of Maebashi was safe neither for Ushiwaka or Ise Saburō. The latter therefore lead the little band from his lair near Matsuida across the mountains by the Haruna-ko. Thus they came down to a place called Shibukawa near which Ise knew of a ford to cross the broad and swift Tonegawa. Still clinging to the mountain roads they skirted the plain, not emerging on it until they reached Ashikaga.

The separation of Ise Saburō and his wife was, at this time, not to be for long. At Izumi in Tsuga there was no sign of any pack train, so they continued rapidly along the easy road of the plain. As they approached the castle town of Shinobu-gun they made a detour. They were not yet in Mutsu, and inconvenient questions they sought to avoid. At Atsugashi in Date* they saw a traveller on the road ahead of them. Curious as to the many places, famous in literature and poetry, Ushiwaka sent forward Ise Saburō to make inquiries. The stranger turned back, and as he came nearer Ushiwaka was delighted to find it was Kitsuji Suyeharu Yoshitsugu. He had waited at Izumi ; then, thinking that Ushiwaka must have taken another road, he had continued on toward Oshū. On learning the name and character of the new retainer he was much delighted. "But," said he, "now is not the time for action. The smaller the train with which my lord appears before Hidehira, the more inclined the latter will be to aid him. Such is his nature. Your assistance

* The neighbouring *gun*. The castle town of Shinobu seems to have been Shinobu-mura. Fukushima did not exist. Yamada in his account gives a number of places—thus; the Utsunomiya Myōjin of Futaara-sama; Namekata, home of the poet Sanekata; the marsh of Asaka, girdled with brilliant *katsumi* (iris, sweetflag); and the slopes of Asaka-san, the haunt and subject of inspiration of many poets.

will be of great value when the time comes to make the great movement. So please do not fail to appear. Meanwhile it would be better for you to return where your presence will be needed, for a household should not lose its head with so little preparation." This sobering advice carried the day, the more so as Ushiwaka himself urged its good sense. Perhaps his own recent experience with Jōruri-hime made him unwilling suddenly and uselessly to detach Ise Saburō from his home. The latter bowed to the mandate of his lord, and commending Ushiwaka to the devoted care of Kitsuji—no extraordinary thing, for the older man looked with some misgiving on his young captain, the only soldier in this company of merchants—he took his way back to Ashikaga and Matsuida. Three years later his lord had but to summon him to find him ready at his side. Thus did Ushiwaka-maru find Ise Saburō Yoshimori, the first of the devoted retainers to join his lord.

Meanwhile the travellers proceeded in very safe country. At Shirakawa (White River) they passed into the territory of the great lord of Dewa and Mutsu, Fujiwara Hidehira. Rich in resources, well governed, well guarded by the active *bushi* which swarmed in every castle town, highways and by-ways were trodden without fear even by the peasant girl; a great contrast to the dangerous and unsettled state of affairs in the Go-Kinai. "Pine and bamboo of Takakuma cast their shadow over the little party. They crossed the Abukumagawa and the plain of Miyagino, passed Tsutsuji-yama (mount of azaleas), Shinogano, Mazaki-ga-shima with its noted Aneha-no-matsu (pine), and at last reached the Kurihara temple." Here Kitsuji left Ushiwaka to carry the news of the arrival of the Minamoto prince in Oshū. His precious goods were duly reported to the household officials; his other prize in the presence of Hidehira himself. The old warrior listened with delight to the tale of the flight of Shanawo from Kurama-dera. He knitted his brows over the *gembuku* at the Atsuta Daijingū, for he would have been well pleased to have stood sponsor himself. He heard with glee of the warlike exploits of his new protégé at Akasaka, and Kitsuji

did not spare the colours. Hidehira was sick in bed, but he at once sent for his sons, Nishido Tarō Kunihira and Date no kwanja Yasuhira, the elder an open-faced bright young warrior and admirable horseman, the latter a low-browed sulky youth as much given to intrigue as fighting. Their father gave his orders. "Last night I had a most pleasant dream, for in it I thought a dove flew into my apartment.* Sure enough, to day I learn that Kitsuji has brought down with him from Miyako the young Minamoto prince, Shanawo of Kurama-dera, now known as Kurō Yoshitsune, eighth son of Sama no kami Yoshitomo of the illustrious line of Hachiman-Tarō. Take an escort and go at once to welcome him." Obedient to the orders, and delighted at the opening prospect of a fight to the southward, the young men put on their most splendid armour, and at the head of three hundred and fifty mounted *bushi* took their way to Kurihara. Hidehira meanwhile undertook a grand purification of himself and surroundings. He himself plunged into the bath, and ordered that the garden be swept of all fallen leaves and that all dry grass or weeds (*kusa*) be carefully picked. Men and women swarmed to carry out the preparations for the coming ceremony of reception.†

The journey from Kurihara was not long. Yoshitsune appeared in Hiraizumi, magnificently dressed, and with a train of fifty priests from the shrine. Hidehira was deeply impressed by the fine appearance of the lad, one born to command and a warrior's life. There were tears of joy in the old man's eyes as he welcomed him and seated him at his side. "Be at ease of mind," he said. "Here in Oshū there are three hundred and sixty-eight feudal lords to act as your guard. As for Taira Kiyomori he would not dare to send an army or to set foot in

* The dove is the emblem of Hachiman (god of war); whose cult was the object of the Minamoto.

† This grasspicking is a most serious business. The care with which a Japanese garden is swept bare of every blade is phenomenal. One feels sympathy for the little *neya* often seen bending at this minute task. There then remains only the grotesquely trained shrubs and distorted stones. In rainy Japan the excuse for it is that decent grass or turf is rare.

this province. We make little account here of Miyako and its Rokuhara-tei." Then turning to his sons he told them of the debt their house owed to the merchant Kitsuji. This significant hint brought its reward in its kind. Kunihira gave orders to his attendants, "and they brought forward one hundred furs of bear, fox, and badger, one hundred eagle tails, ten horses with white fur trappings." Yasuhira did likewise. The retainers also made suitable offerings to the pile of gifts. The old man Hidehira laughed and laughed at Kitsuji, whose goods were thus piled around him until he disappeared within the mass. Then himself producing a quiver full of gold dust :—" this will be perhaps as much to your taste, for of goods you have now an ample supply." Kitsuji prostrated himself on the ground, overwhelmed with such magnificence. He prayed aloud to Bishamon of Kurama for his great good fortune in life and goods, thus brought him ever since Ushiwaka had joined his company at Awata-guchi. The *bushi* laughed and applauded, a good deal puzzled that any human creature should lay such stress on life and wealth. Indeed he made a good thing out of this trip. With the fine Miyako silks he had brought down to exchange in Mutsu, it was a long train of pack-animals that accompanied him on his journey to the South.

# CHAPTER V.

## THE ADVENTURES OF USHIWAKA-MARU.

Yoshioka Kiichi-Hōgan and Katsura-hime: The Rikutō Sanryaku: Ushiwaka kills Tankaibō:

"In days of old, when knights were bold,
"And barons held their sway;
"A warrior bold, with spurs of gold,
"Sang merrily this lay.
"'My love is young and fair.
"'My love has (raven's) hair,
"'And eyes so (bright), and (girdle slight)
"'That none with her compare.
"'So what care I, though death be nigh,
"'I'll fight (and) love (and) die.'"
(Old song, adapted to Things Japanese).

### § 1.

Kind as his reception was, Ushiwaka was not long in learning that Hidehira was not likely to favour any haste in making a forward movement. The old man had thoroughly learned patience and caution in the stormy times in which they lived. The years, so long to the impatient youth, seemed very short to the aged warrior and statesman; and with their passage the rottenness of the fabric built up by Taira Kiyomori became more and more evident, until it promised to fall soon of its own weight. Ushiwaka was compelled to admit the

force of his counsellor's reasoning. He therefore all the more vigorously devoted himself to the perfecting of his skill in military exercises. This, however, was only part of the necessary training. A commander in war must know strategy and tactics, which to him are far more important than skill in the use of arms. When he approached Hidehira on the subject his views were readily met, and he was placed under the charge of a certain Satō Shōji Motoharu, a member of Hidehira's own clan. Motoharu much regretted his lack of knowledge and skill in teaching his subject to such a brilliant and intelligent youth, and of such great lineage and expectation. Ushiwaka, however, found that his teacher knew practically everything of the art of war as then practised; being more modest in his claims than in his accomplishments. Months and years thus passed. It was the second year of Angen (1176 A.D.), and Ushiwaka was perfect in all that Motoharu had to teach. It was with gratitude that he heard his teacher's judgment on the subject. "Are there others so accomplished as yourself in matters concerning the military art?" he asked. Motoharu smiled a little, and answered: "men of my calibre are numerous as the well filled rice ears in autumn. However, here you have little more to learn. Indeed there is but one man in all Nippon to whom I would recommend your attention, without further waste of time beyond practice in the military art. His name is Yoshioka Kiichi Hōgan. He is learned and expert beyond all others. It is in his charge that the Tennō has placed the famous volumes of the Rikutō Sanryaku, a charge now only granted to the most famous student of tactics of the day."—"But what is this book?" asked Ushiwaka. "At Kurama, so near Miyako, I never heard its title mentioned. And you, teacher, now speak of it for the first time."—"Indeed", replied Motoharu, "I can tell you little concerning it. An eastern barbarian, such as I, can hardly expect to know of such matters*. But its history is as follows:

* A jesting reference to Kwantōbei—eastern bumpkins.

"In the reign of Daigo Tennō, in the first year of Engi (901 A.D.), Uda Taishō Tennō* sent Ōye Koretaki to China to secure as many important books as possible in history and the arts, classics, and military tactics. For this purpose he was well supplied with funds, carrying with him many bags of gold dust. On the whole his mission was brilliantly successful. By large and judicious gifts to the Emperor Shōsō, then the reigning monarch of the T'ang dynasty, and to Ryūzū his famous general and master of military tactics, he secured their aid in completing his collection of volumes. This done, it was necessary to learn to read them, and being written in the ancient script this took took some years. It was therefore not until the first year of Shōkyō (931 A.D.) that he returned with his collection, among which was the famous Rikutō Sanryaku. This was written by one Taikōbō. 'It dealt exclusively with military affairs of all kinds and the art of winning battles. In it were to be found the forty-two mysterious ways of building a castle, the eighty-two regulations for pitching an encampment, the twenty-eight expediencies in fighting. It covered all matters of military judgment and precision; and, in sum total, was a concentration of the thirty best books on the subject.'"

"Having completed his task of collection and study, Oye now returned to the Court at Miyako. Here the Rikutō was received with especial reverence. The Tennō made it a hereditary treasure for all the *kuge* interested in the military art. An elaborate ceremony was held on its presentation at the shrine of Hachiman-Sama, when it was placed in the charge of Sama no Kami Mitsunaka, as the most virtuous, intelligent, and the greatest tactician of the Court.† 'At this ceremony a *kagura* was performed, and green and white offerings were made at the shrine. In the centre was placed a statue of Kōsehikō, with Taikōbō on the right and Chōryō on the left, for through them the volumes came down to Chōshōbō and so were

* Ex-Tennō, father of Daigo. He reigned 888-897 A.D.

† He (912-997 A.D.) was son of Minamoto Tsunemoto (for whom see the campaign against Taira Masakado), and later was Chinjufu Shōgun. Hence he was of the Seiwa Genji, and his fief was at Tada in Settsu. The *kagura* is a sacred temple dance.

preserved to posterity. Koretoki then offered prayers to Hachiman Daibosatsu. He drew forth a lot from the divine curtain, turned it over eighteen times, and then placed the volumes in the hands of Mitsunaka, who had previously gone through a purification of mind and body lasting three days and three nights. This ceremony henceforth was adopted as the mysterious *formula* attached to the worship of Hachiman by the order of the *bushi* (knights). As for the book itself it was soon translated from the difficult archaic Chinese into our language of Nippon. It then acquired the name of Kunninshū, and some generations later was in the possession of Oye Masafusa. When Hachiman-Tarō (Yoshiiye) was unsuccessful against the rebels of the Kwantō headed by Abe Sadatō, he returned to Miyako and asked a reading of the Rikutō Sanryaku. By the order of the Tennō it was read in the Court by Masafusa. Hachiman-Tarō then returned to his task of defeating the rebels, and this time they were swept away like chaff, such was the virtue of the precious volume in the hands of a great general.'* Since then it has been kept as a most precious treasure, and as I have said it is now in the hands of Kiichi Hōgan, renowned as the most learned student of tactics in the land. Therefore I strongly advise your making an attempt to see and read the precious volume. Say nothing, however, to Hidehira. Although the vigilance of the Taira has much relaxed the mission is not without danger, and he would be sure to oppose your exposing yourself to such danger in Miyako. A warrior must run many risks, and you would find it to your advantage to make the trial."

Naturally Yoshitsune was on fire with impatience; as Motoharu expected, for like most of the fighting *bushi* the seasoned warrior did not entirely sympathize with the cautious plans and slow policy of old Hidehira. It was not difficult therefore for Yoshitsune to make his plans for a leave-taking, and sure that his reasons would be properly reported to Hidehira he made off by night within a few days of the conversation with Motoharu. The monks of Chūsonji at Hiraizumi, where he had taken up his

* See however Ariga, Dai-Nihon Rekishi II. p. 3.

residence, were puzzled and anxious over his disappearance, but they received the hint from higher quarters to let well alone, and not to talk. The fugitive soon reached Matsuida where he found Ise Saburō Yoshimori. Together they travelled through Shinano to meet Kiso Yoshinaka, and the cousins met for the first time. As they neared Miyako they separated. Ise Saburō to go to the quarters Shomonbō had established at Yamashina.* These now became the centre of the movement headed by Yoshitsune against the Taira. He himself went to the house of Fujiwara Naganari in the Ichijō quarter. This residence, however, with his mother was too dangerous, and he soon made Yamashina his head-quarters also. Many were the conferences necessary to be held over military affairs. Yoshitsune clung steadily to his mission, to get in touch with Yoshioka Kiichi Hōgan and to read the famous Rikutō. This was so dangerous that even the astute Shomonbō could devise no plan. He tried to dissuade his master, but Ushiwaka held firm to his object. "Human will can penetrate stone or metal." This was his only reply to argument. Finally he succeeded, through the efforts of Fukasu Shigeyori, in getting access to the household of Hōgan as a student and retainer. A little ecclesiastical pedigree, maintained in an interview, smoothed the way for him, as Hōgan had ostensibly dropped worldly affairs, shaved his head and donned a priest's robe, and now devoted himself to the Chinese classics and the Buddhist sutras, a pursuit in touch with the wobbly condition of the times.

The history of this Kiichi Hōgan is not without interest as illustrating the extreme possibilities in those days of a successful career from small beginnings. The son of a *bushi* of Iyo he had from boyhood displayed great skill in fencing and the use of other weapons. To this, in the course of years and arduous study, he added a profound knowledge of tactics and strategy. Recommended by one Shiki-no-Tayu Norimori he was taken into the service of Fujiwara Yorinaga as fencing master, and named by him

* A little south-east of the city, on the road to Otsu and Biwako.

Kiichi. Yorinaga, in his struggle against his brother Tadamichi, was in sad need of such timber. Kiichi did his best in his line with the poor material furnished him in the struggle of Yorinaga and Sutoku against Go-Shirakawa Tennō backed by the Taira and Minamoto Yoshitomo. His urgent representations to leave the capital on the death of Toba Hōō were neglected. The death of Yorinaga on the battle field enabled Kiichi to take a very lukewarm stand, and it was not long before he was found with the rising tide. The undoubted talent of the man, added to which were grave but pleasing manners, brought him under the notice of the Court. As an acknowledged authority in arms and tactics he was taken into the Court service, having changed his name to that of Kenkai Yoshioka Hōgan. All wanted to learn what he had to teach. His *clientele* was rich, extravagant, and of the highest in the land, whether *kuge* or *bushi*. Officialdom in Court and Administration joined in heaping favours upon him. At Omiya Imadegawa,* on the outskirts of Miyako, he had a fine mansion, equal to that of any *kuge*. The land was given him outright by the Tennō, and surrounding the place was a moat twelve feet in width, crossed by three bridges which at night were raised to prevent passage. The strictest discipline was enforced throughout this establishment of the now retired master of war. Here he lead a life, as the romancer puts it, " housed as was the greatest of the *kuge*, and wrapped in an ease and luxury rivalling that of the Tennō himself." To his charge had been entrusted the Rikutō Sanryaku, and the famous volumes were kept in a huge stone chest, on which was riveted a great lock worked in the finest steel, duly hardened as if itself the edge of a sword blade.

Now Hōgan, if retired from active operations, was still a good judge of material. For this reason he took a great liking to the new disciple, all the more so as every day he wondered more and more at the proficiency of one so young in the sutras and classics, for at Kurama-dera these

* Imadegawa was in the north-west quarter of the city, beyond the gōshō (palace).

were made an object of great study. He therefore devoted much attention to his training, and prophesied to Shigeyori that the youth would have a great career. The latter took this very coldly, as if he had small interest in the object of his recommendation. This all the more drew off any attention of Hōgan. This did not, however, in any way advance the plans of Ushiwaka. He almost began to despair of a successful issue, when chance threw it in his way. One day, when wandering the beautiful garden, and lost in surmise as to where the famous stone chest could be in which was kept the Rikutō, he heard the sound of a Tsukushi *kōtō*, touched by so light and practised a hand that it seemed fairy music rather than by human fingers. Now Ushiwaka knew that Hōgan had two sons, occupying posts in the Taira household, and three daughters. Of the latter, two were married and no longer lived at Imadegawa. The *kōtō* player therefore must be the youngest child and daughter, just entering on her fourteenth year and called Katsura-hime* (Fragrant Flower maid). To think is often to act. Seeking the source of the music he found it came from an isolated little kiosque at the bottom of the garden, the entrance to which was on the other side of the *maki* (box) hedge. Peering through a crack in the boarding he saw a sight that carried him off his feet; and for the time all other things, the Rikutō included, went into oblivion. The *kōtō* player was a girl of wonderful beauty. Just budding into womanhood "her loving lips betrayed her charming nature." She was exquisitely dressed in brocade and embroidered gauzy silk. Her long hair hung gracefully down her back and nearly to her feet. But beauty of face and person, great as they were, figured but in a secondary sense as compared with her grace of posture in every movement she made. To the enamoured youth she seemed "an Amatsu Otome (Heavenly Maid), more charming than an angel

* A flower. "Cercidiphyllum Japonicum" says Brinckley's Dictionary; Olea Fragrans (Hepburn). From my gardener's account it is a climbing plant (of at least twenty varieties) with a flower not unlike an asagao (morning glory), its white tinged with red or purple, and with brilliant yellow stamens and pistils. It blooms in April at Yokohama.

(*ten-nin*) in the drama Yohagi." The love affairs of Ushiwaka had all of them so far been rather sudden flames. This was equally so, but this time he felt sure that it was a real passion. He felt (always at the time) that he would have given, not his immortal soul (for as a good Buddhist he was very hazy as to that part of his personality), but all the armies of righteousness, plans of vengeance, Rikutō, life itself for one night in Paradise, or the arms of his Amatsu-Otome; which was very much the same thing—from his point of view.

Love intrigues usually take one course. They are the most outrageously conventionalized affairs, from the days of Menander to—this first decade of the twentieth century. The plot never varies, only the stage setting. Ushiwaka sought counsel and confederacy in the maid, in this particular case named Koju. "Without regret on my part I would have my life like a morning dew-drop, vanishing with the appearance of the sun." But even such energy of desire and willingness of sacrifice did not move her. It was as much as all their lives were worth (It was not as the sequel showed). If Hōgan found out he would kill them all without mercy. Even in honourable marriage he could not hope for success, for Hōgan looked to place the girl very high. Ushiwaka persisted. Said he:—"You can easily arrange matters so that your responsibility will be nothing. Simply convey a letter for me. If I cannot declare my passion I will die. If she refuses to let me approach her I shall die. And if at Hōgan's hands—then I must die." Thus urged Koju consented, and patiently waited the lengthy letter and longer time Ushiwaka required properly to transfer his passion to paper. Matters were now in train, and *ruat coelum*. When Koju returned to the apartments of her mistress she found everything in a favourable stage setting. The evening meal had been disposed of, and the little waiting-maids (*musumé* substitutes for western pages) thought more of bed than eavesdropping. Seating herself not too far from Katsurahime she awaited her opportunity. The lady was in a favourable mood, her mind running on the flowers and the moon. "'Of all the seasons of the year Summer and Autumn seem

to me most charming. The grasses and the gay garden plants, still with all their adornment, seem to feel the approaching chill of winter's breath. Even the insects are singing their death songs from their grassy coverts. And the storks in uneasy flight seem to feel that they must seek their home nearer the sun. Everything inspires sentiment and pity; everything!'" Thus mused little Katsura-hime. This was naturally finding her just in the vein the sympathetic Koju desired. The handsome face of Ushiwaka, so ready to die for one interview with his mistress, aroused vague feelings in her own breast of perhaps something more than sympathy. She broached the subject at once:—"Yes, and it is the season when flute and *biwa* strike the ear most soothingly under the sad bright light of the autumn moon. But speaking of music, there is here in the house a young man wonderfully skilled in playing the flute. He can charm the very birds from the trees and the fish from the water. Moreover he is desperately in love with yourself, for hearing you touching the *kōtō* he peeped through and caught a glimpse of you in the garden pavilion." Then as Katsura-hime made a movement a little haughty in her astonishment—"Oh! I would never have dreamed of speaking of him to you, but really the lad is so love-sick that he is perishing of unsatisfied passion. I do not want to see him die on account of a matter that after all is perfectly natural and innocent. The Buddha has said 'woman is sinful'. To atone for past sins we should at least always show kindness. It will do you no harm to read his letter, even if you refuse to see him or to answer it. But for your own sake I would once hear him on his flute." Now all this was very new to Katsura-hime. In the skilful hands of her maid and her curiosity she soon became as wax, and the letter carelessly placed open before her eyes was as feeding her to the flames. It was couched in passionate lover's tones in which Ushiwaka profited by past and recent experiences. Katsura-hime was new to the game, and inexperienced. From thought she came to expression, and thus to consent to hear the flute player stationed outside her lattice.

It was a disturbed night for all involved. Katsura-hime was lost in thought and pleasant dread of this new venture taking shape before her. She little knew into what strange countries of experience she was advancing her little person. Ushiwaka tossed restlessly in speculation as to the success of his venture, across which still flitted visions of the great stone chest with its precious contents. Koju the maid, who alone looked to the immediate ends, spent the night in busy thought as to how to bring the affair to a speedy climax in the manner safest to all involved. The next day she carried her message to Ushiwaka to warn him to be on hand with his flute that night near the pavilion, but on their side of the hedge. Ushiwaka was overwhelmed with delight. He asked her questions as to her parents, where and how they lived. Apart from her affection for her mistress, and her kindly feeling for the young man's handsome face, this meant much to Kujo and her future. As she told Katsura-hime, the youth was entirely out of place in the position he filled in the household. There was something strange behind his presence. "Not only is he thus highly accomplished, but he is the finest fencer among all the *bushi*. The master himself says that he has never seen his equal; and he predicts a great future for him." Naturally Katsura-hime was all the more anxious to get a glimpse of this wonderful youth. It was the fall of the year, and the nights were getting longer. Ushiwaka appeared near the garden pavilion to touch his flute to strains fitted for mutual love, and with a skill he had never yet been able to reach, so great was the inspiration of passionate desire. "Even the insects ceased their chirping. The lady in her turn peeped through the *shoji*, just a little pushed apart. What she saw was this. In the garden, lit by the brilliant moon-light, stood a beautiful youth. His dress of white silk was adorned with a pattern of fine marking. Over it was thrown a *shitatare*, marked in larger designs of flying storks. His girdle was of white silk. His face was powdered and his teeth blackened. His eyebrows were traced nobly skyward. He called to her mind Chūjō San-in-Chūnagon Arihira,

handsomest of the handsome known to Miyako, but went far beyond his prototype." Inspired with her own sudden passion she seized the Tsukushi harp to answer her lover's strains. Thus they played accompaniment to each other. The listening Koju was almost carried away herself by the passion of scene and music; but keenly watching the absorbed attitude and passionate expression of her mistress she suddenly glided up to Ushiwaka. Giving him a push—"Go to her at once. The time has come." It was the psychological moment, when Katsura-hime's face, framed in her long hair, was lowered on her bosom and concealed by her slender fingers through which shone tears of tender passion and pleasure. "Strength of emotion has its way. With loosened girdle they exchanged pillows," dryly says the chronicler. "Let us leave them alone, with the flowers and the moon," says Mephistopheles roaring with laughter. And Koju glided off from the now darkened stage setting.*

## § 2.

Inspired by his passion Ushiwaka was very faithful in his attendance. Every night he disappeared within the shadows of Katsura-hime's bower and her affection. But with time came clearer judgment and renewed desire to see the famous volumes of the Rikutō. One way of approach was through his mistress, for his admission to these inner apartments at least brought him within sight of the famous chest. He therefore one night broached the subject to her. "Now that we are vowed to lifelong devotion, and have given each other our mutual pledges of love, I have no fear to tell you that my outward appearance is mere show. I am posing here as your

* Fujiwara Arihira was a noted dandy, debauchee, and *littérateur* 892-970 A.D.

father's disciple and retainer, but my real object is to get a look at the famous book, the Rikutō Sanryaku, which he keeps so closely locked in the *kura* at the bottom of the inner court. This is just at the end of your garden, and we can surely secure the key and get a look inside the chest." Katsura-hime was very properly shocked at her lover's temerity. "That is certainly impossible," she replied earnestly. "Please dismiss such an idea from your mind. If my father should discover it you would lose your life, for the strictest orders from the Tennō himself are that none shall have access to the book. It has been years since even on a ceremonial occasion the chest has been opened." Ushiwaka then used such persuasion as lovers can use who are deep in the affections of their mistress. From positive refusal Katsura-hime got down to—"let us, at all events, await our opportunity." Ushiwaka was keener to spy out this than she was, and so he soon got his look at the famous book kept so closely hidden in the stone chest. It had often been used, for it was covered on the margin and between the lines with the remarks and notes of its custodians. Hōgan's hand was not missing, but for half a dozen years he had turned his attention to other matters than war, and the entries were not recent. Ushiwaka felt safe from interruption. Night after night he sought the *kura* (store-house), and Katsura-hime held a light while he copied volume after volume. These saw their way safely to the house of Shomonbō at Yamashina. At the end of sixteen nights the last of the sixteen volumes was copied, and the stone chest was finally closed and locked for the last time, to the great relief of Katsura-hime.

Now walls have ears, and if Hōgan knew nothing of the raid Ushiwaka had made on his strong box, he had heard a good deal of what was going on in his daughter's pavilion. In rage and disappointment his first idea was to kill them both. In the case of Ushiwaka two things restrained him, fear and his age. He knew he was no longer a match for the youth in arms, if he ever had been. Besides he comforted himself as to impotence on this point by the prohibition of his *status* as philosopher. This made

USHIWAKA AND KATSURAHIME.

pricks to purse or person a matter of outward indifference, no matter how he fumed inwardly. No Chinaman who made any pretence to such pursuits ever made a fuss over the deflowering of a maid, no matter how near a relative. It was the maid's business on her own account to make quick connection with the bottom of the nearest and deepest well. As to his own daughter he made little of the accomplished fact, his disappointment being largely due to balked ambition. However, if of no use to him in one way she could be in another. Running over the names of his disciples, past and present, he smiled a little as one Tankaibō Shirakawa came to mind. This fellow, from Kitashirakawa,* had the strength of fifty men. Both he and his daughter should be pleased at his selection—in their different ways. Tankaibō was a bad fellow. Wild and dissipated he managed in the disorderly times to pick up a living as a free lance. To assassinate Ushiwaka he was just the instrument. Now "the instrument" was much riper to hand than Hōgan thought. Katsura-hime was kept very close, and Tankaibō was the more inflamed with the description current of her charms. Gossip had spread the news of her liaison with Ushiwaka, and Tankaibō was in a great state of rage. He had determined to avenge himself on his own account, for his fixed idea was to marry Hōgan's daughter, and in time succeed to the old man's court position and influence. To this Tankaibō could properly aspire—as Hōgan's son-in-law—for in arms he was an expert and most formidable.

In this frame of mind he received the summons of Hōgan. When he learned the old man's wishes he could not conceal his delight. Hōgan's explanation was short. "I am too old, and my studies in Chinese philosophy forbid my showing any passion or interest in such a trivial affair as a woman's honour. Bring me the fellow's head, and I will not only give you my daughter, but let you read the famous volumes of the Rikutō. But take care. Your opponent is one of the most skilful men at arms I have

* Shirakawa is a quarter of Miyako to the east on the mountain slope (Higashiyama). Kitashirakawa may be a more local name of part of the quarter.

ever seen. However, my enemy's head secures my daughter's hand and a great position in the future. Tankaibō made small bones of the matter. The slightly built youth was but a crunch for him, fit to meet Bishamon himself or better. "Have your *saké* heated and ready. You and his head shall soon feast in company." Thus he went off, bragging and rejoicing; vengeance, wife, and position, all in a few hours to be in his grasp. Hōgan had arranged with him to send Ushiwaka to the Gojō-Tenjin, and he was to plan his assassination in the most convenient manner.

Hōgan then sent for Ushiwaka. The latter found him, clothed in a priest's robe of white silk, and pondering over the Dai-mu-riō-jiū-kiō.* He seemed in raptures over the blessedness of Dharmâkara, the noble-minded Bodhisattva, and the dazzling world of Paradise opened to the vision of men in this moving forward of the Wheel of the Law which is so difficult to understand. Hearing the entrance of Ushiwaka, after a moment's absorbed reflection he pushed aside the little table to address him in much the same terms as he had addressed Tankaibō, with the rôles reversed and the daughter left out. His quarrel with Tankaibō he based on the latter's anger because he refused to let him see the Rikutō and to give him his daughter's hand. The latter he did not offer to Ushiwaka, but after complimenting him on his skill as swordsman he offered him a perusal of the famous volumes of the Rikutō, placed in his charge by the Tennō. "A man like you," he added, "has a great future before him. Equipped with such knowledge there is no reason that in time you cannot fill my place. All my influence with the Taira shall be exercised in your favour, and there is no limit to your successful career." It cost something to Ushiwaka not to betray his rage at such careless expression of confidence in the stability of the rival House. Moreover he scented the falseness in Hōgan's tone, and was on his guard. "I shall be only too glad to repay in some way the kindness of my master's efforts to instruct such a stupid person as myself, and for his good opinion of my poor

* A Mahayana Sutra devoted to a description of the Paradise in the West where rules Amitabha (Amida)—the Sukhâvatî Vyûha.

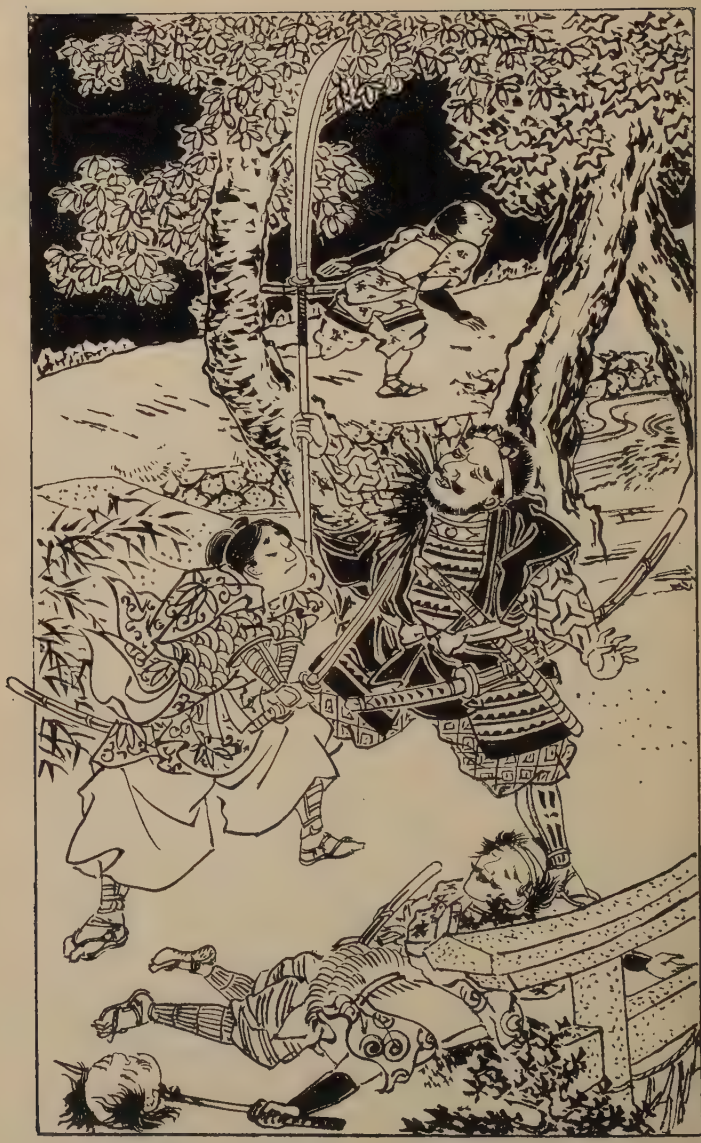
accomplishments. Your enemy's head shall certainly soon confront you. Where am I likely to find him?"—"Go to the Gojō-Tenjin at dusk. I know he goes there at that time nearly every night to pray for a successful opportunity to attack me." Thus answered Hōgan. He resumed his reading of the Scripture, and Ushiwaka bowed in respectful leave-taking.

The latter's first visit was to Katsura-hime. When she heard of the mission she gave way to tears. "He has discovered our connection, and takes this way to kill you. Oh! How can we secure your escape? This Tankaibō will not come to the shrine unattended." Ushiwaka was much touched at the staunchness of her affection. "Do not weep over that part of the affair," he said. "I fear, however, that we must part for a time, and I have come to say farewell. The issue of battle is always uncertain, but as for Tankaibō and his aids 'I can kill them all as easily as I can disperse the fallen maple leaves.' But your father will devise better means to get rid of me. You should, however, know the real name of the father of our child and as our connection is to endure through life. I am Ushiwaka, known at Kurama as Shanawo, and now bearing the name of Kurō Yoshitsune. I am the eighth son of Sama-no-Kami Yoshitomo, and my mission in Miyako is to start a movement against the Taira. Keep silence and be faithful, and we shall soon meet again." For Capulets and Montagues it was too early and distant for Katsura-hime ever to have heard. But she took as little account of family feuds as ever did Juliet. The Maid of Miyako and she of Verona thought on much the same lines. Vowing devotion to her lover and his cause, and confidence in the success of his mission, she melted in grief in his arms. Flattered by both, Ushiwaka stayed long to comfort her, and it was late in the day before he glided from her apartments.

Then he armed himself for the fight in front of him. "His dress was of white silk, and over it he threw his fine *shitatare*. Beneath it was a longer court robe of Chinese silk, in yellow with elaborate pattern. He put on a belly-guard, and at his girdle he wore a sword sheathed

in a light green scabbard." Thus arrayed he made his way across the city to the Gojō Tenjin. The shrine was deserted, and Ushiwaka prayed the god earnestly for good luck in his venture. Although past the hour, no one appearing he felt sure he was too early. Knowing Tankaibō's character he hid behind some trees which formed a thick copse close to the shrine. He was none too willing to desecrate the sacred place with his enemy's blood. It might haunt him in later days.* He did not have long to wait. Tankaibō soon appeared, accompanied by four experts in the art of handling weapons. He himself "had on a court robe of brown silk, the band of his belly-guard being worked in wisteria pattern. The scabbard of his long sword was a mass of inlaid work representing demons in ferocious attitudes." He had a *metazashi* thrust in a leathern sheath at his girdle, and carried a naked halberd under his arm. With his seven feet of stature, and a beard of fifty days growth he was most formidable looking. After praying at the shrine the party made inquiries as to any visitors. "Yes, such a youth was here some half hour gone, and praying took his way onward"; thus answered the shrine-keeper pointing toward Imadegawa. "It is just as well he prayed," chuckled Tankaibō. He turned to his friends. "Come! We must hasten or he will get safely back to Hōgan's, and I intend him to present himself in another fashion, and keep my word and reputation." So they hastened away, not to get very far without interruption. As they passed the *torii* at the entrance of the shrine precincts Ushiwaka appeared at the road-side. Tankaibō viewed him with amazement. His frowning brows and brightly glancing eyes were as terrible to bear as those of Hachiman-Sama in person. "Come, you scoundrel!" said Ushiwaka. "You have presumed to keep me waiting, and my patience is exhausted. Stick out your head well, so that I can strike it off without too

* Having slaughtered with or without reason, and with or without more or less intrigue, any who stood in his way, the Japanese spent much energy and underwent much anxiety in placating the angry spirit of the—removed.



YOSHITSUNE KILLS TANKAIBŌ SHIRAKAWA.

much trouble. You have lived long enough." Tankaibō received this gaping. He soon recovered himself. "You moth! You have yourself approached the flame which is to destroy you. However, you should be glad to die by such a skilful hand as mine. But first I shall stir you up with my spear." He might as well have tried to stab lightning. Here and there his adversary played around him. Tankaibō became frightened at such rapidity of movement. He lost his head. A giddy feeling came over him. Almost in a dream he felt that the spear was snatched out of his hand and thrown away into the ditch. Dazed, before he could recover himself his head was off and rolling to the side of the road. Then Ushiwaka turned his attention to Tankaibō's companions. Two showed fight and were quickly killed. The other two ran for their lives without drawing weapon. These Ushiwaka allowed to go uninjured.

It was very late at night. The mansion of Hōgan was tightly closed. Ushiwaka lightly leaped the ten foot moat and the eight foot wall. No one was awake within but Hōgan himself; and, at the other distant end gazing out at her dismantled little garden, Katsura-hime keeping sorrowful watch. Hōgan had misgivings at Tankaibō's failure to appear. He had confidence in the sturdy giant in spite of his younger pupil's skill. The long reach of the one made up for the light agility of the other. "Cho! Tankaibō should spit him like a *shigi* (snipe)", he muttered. After all perhaps they had accounted for each other—to his gain. However, he took to the more immediate interest in hand. As Ushiwaka lightly made his way through the dark corridors and approached Hōgan's apartment, he heard the old man in prayer. Vigorously did he pray, for the soul of the deceased—ex-page, (Ushiwaka). Vigorously did he implore the mercy of Emma-ō* for his ex-retainer, now a wanderer in the River of Souls. In a rage the living representative pushed back the *shoji* and made his appearance. If Katsura-hime owed her life to Hōgan, he in turn now owed

* Yama-God of Hell (India).

his life to his daughter. Hōgan could not repress his astonishment. The least he expected was that Tankaibō would badly cripple his adversary. Ushiwaka carelessly swept the table (*zen*) clear of the sacred writings. "Here master is my offering", and he laid the three heads on the table. "The other two men ran away, and as they had not drawn their weapons I allowed them to escape. Now I shall be only too glad to see the famous volumes of the Rikutō Sanryaku." For none of this was Hōgan exactly prepared. He had speculated on such a possible outcome, but as in many cases of unlikely possibility he did not have his answer ready. So he parried. "You have done marvellously to despatch so many enemies. As to the book I must first get the Tennō's permission. But for that you can readily wait. Meanwhile accept my appreciation of your great feat at arms."—"I have only been putting in practice your own teaching, master. For the rest I am too well satisfied with your kind praise not to wait." Thus replied Ushiwaka. With finesse and dubious phrases they took their leave of each other. Hōgan did not know whether to think the youth a deity or a demon in making such an easy job of Tankaibō. Katsura-hime was much more sure of her ground. Ushiwaka at once sought her apartment, and it was not until the grey light of dawn that he again passed wall and moat to seek safer quarters with Shomonbō at Yamashina.*

* Katsura-hime's little romance was a short one. On the 2nd day of the 3rd month of the 3rd year of Angen (1st year of Jishō?)—2 April 1177—she gave birth to a girl which cost the mother her life the next day. The Kurama-ki (Record of Kurama) records that she was buried on April 6th in the temple precincts of Tōkōbō. Being a girl, this child (brought up by Hōgan) was not disturbed in the pursuit after her father, years later.

# CHAPTER VI.

## BENKEI MEETS USHIWAKA-MARU.

Ushiwaka beats Benkei: Benkei carries off the bell of Miidera: The death of Sekihara of Echizen: Kumai-Tarō-Takamoto becomes a retainer of Ushiwaka.

> "Voyez vous cest homme qui vient. Par ma foy,
> "il n'est paoure que par fortune: car ie vous
> "assure que, a sa physiognomie, nature l'ha pro-
> "duict de riche et noble lignee: mais les aduen-
> "tures des gens curieux l'ont reduict en telle
> "penurie et indigence."
>
> (Rabelais).

### § 1.

Benkei was in sad straits. Of his thousand swords he still lacked one, and this one it was his heart's wish should be of the finest temper. But *samurai* after night-fall had become extremely scarce, and such as there were carried weapons of a quality not worth the taking, to Benkei's mind. Enviously he watched some great noble passing through the streets in his *norimon*, surrounded by armed *bushi*, and amid waving torches. Some respect, however, he had to pay to numbers, official rank, and the safety of his own skin. Forbearance in such cases was a necessity. At times he looked at his own weapon, in

speculation as to whether now it was not the only one in Miyako fit to complete the collection. This, however, hardly answered the purpose, so as a last resort he betook himself one night to the Gojō Tenjin, and prayed earnestly to Tenjin-Sama that the noblest of weapons should cross his path and should thus come into his hands. To his astonishment the image palpably winked assent with its left eye, and Benkei went rejoicing on his way to take his usual stand near the Gojō bridge, much inspired with hope after such an experience and omen.

His watch was long and tiresome. The moon rose late, and toward dawn it was difficult to distinguish its light from that of the coming day, Benkei, much disgusted, had about given up hope for the night, and his thoughts and steps were already turned toward the Sanjō and Ohara when he heard the sound of a flute coming nearer and nearer through the deserted streets. Benkei had acquired such reputation as the Tengu-bōzu, and was so proud of it, that he was both astonished and vexed. "Who can be so imprudent as to dare thus to announce himself as abroad at this unusual hour?" The flute player was not long in making his appearance. Judging from his dress and walk it was a youth who thus prowled the streets out of hours, "clad in white court dress and *shitatare* of finest brocade (*nishiki*). He wore a finely lacquered belly-guard, and spreading skirt." The main thing that caught Benkei's eye was the magnificent sword passed through his girdle. "Hiu-Hiu-Hiu....." plaintively wailed the flute as its owner came along on his high clogs (*taka-ashida*), passing Benkei who had retired into the shadow of a corner. It is said that a flute can warn the performer of coming events. Thus Ushiwaka knew that something was impending, but sure of himself he continued steadily on his way. As for Benkei, overcome by the sweetness of the strains, hardly knowing what he was doing, like a tame poodle he followed in the broad moon-light, until stumbling up against the post of the first gate to the Gojō bridge he was aroused to the real situation.*

* As to the flute, what musical instrument does not interpret feeling? Shinshinsai in his story refers to the kindred tale of warning

He could lose no further time. A few rapid strides and he confronted Ushiwaka at the entrance to the bridge, than which no finer place could be found if their interview took on a serious phase. This Benkei never anticipated. "Ya-Yo! You are a bold fellow to be out at such an hour. Have you not heard of the Tengu Bōzu? Well, I am he. You must give me your sword. Then I will accompany you and see that you reach your destination without harm. Come! Give it to me at once." Thus Benkei in full confidence roared out his demands, no longer in the deep silvery tone of the great bell of Miidera, but a jangling as of all the *waniguchi* gone mad together. It was a fearful challenge It frightened Ushiwaka not at all. Raising the veil which concealed his features he thus gave Benkei his first view of his opponent. He saw "a forehead rising in shape like Fujisan, the eyebrows lightly sketched, the teeth blackened, a smile sweet as that of a woman." There was something so divinely beautiful that Benkei felt all his strength leave him. "His hairs rose up straight in their 8400 pores," and he sweated like a pig. However he made the effort to throw off such foolish superstition. As priest he knew better. Besides, the answer of Ushiwaka put matters back on a business basis. He laughed at Benkei's demand. But such a silvery laugh, like the tinkling of the little *suzu* in the darkened precincts of the temple. "My sword? I am sorry for you if you have such a desire. I feel utterly unable to part with it. This is a family heirloom; forged and tempered by Bizen Tomonari who first fasted a hundred days before undertaking the work. So you are the *Tengu bōzu*. I have long heard of you and wanted

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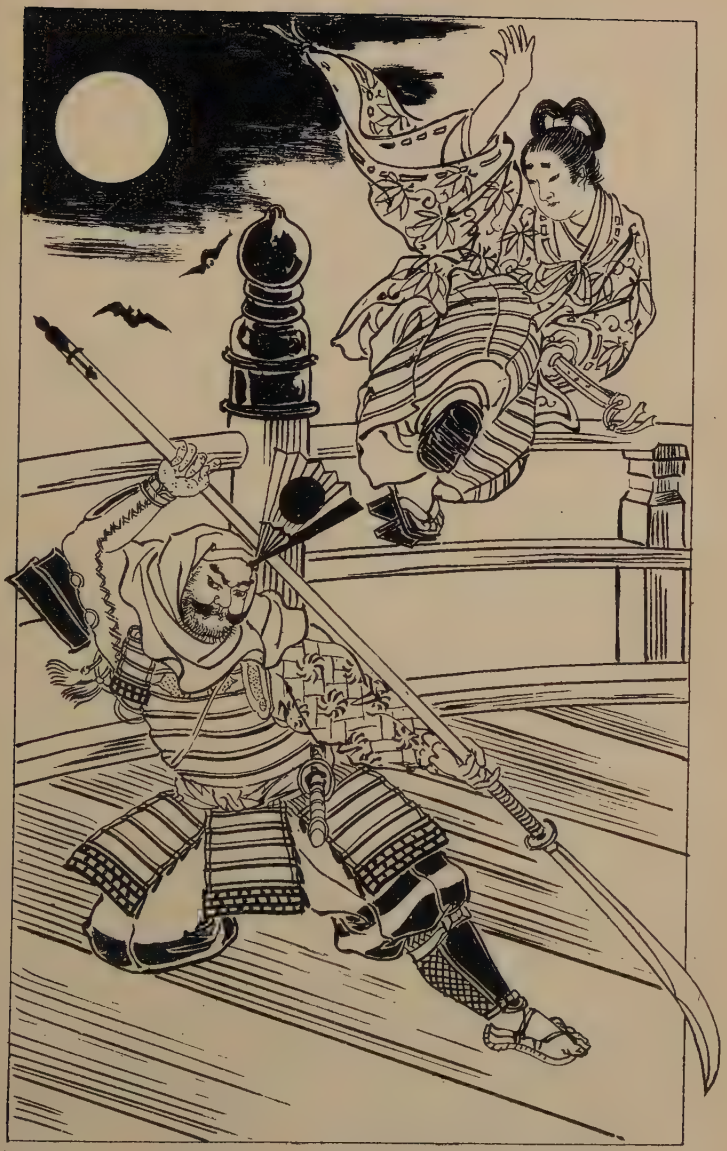
thus given to Hakamadare-no-Yasusake, when followed by his treacherous younger brother intent on assassination. The romancers differ. Yamada, with finer touch, makes Benkei *one* sword short in his collection; Shinshinsai says "a few." The latter also satirically points out the difference between the skill of Ushiwaka and that of school boys returning from *ennichi* (a fete day). The criticism can be extended to the trumpet. The ass is not indigenous to Japan, but apart from vision one would never believe it. Vision alone determines the human origin of this prevalent braying. The Japanese think it all "very military," without considering that it is now the common call to—dinner!

to get a look at you [which was true]. Come! If you want the weapon you must take it," and contemptuously he put the flute to his mouth, and made as if about to proceed on his way.

Benkei was now both angry and amused. To be so challenged by a mere stripling! He put out his hands to tear away the weapon by main force, only to receive such a stinging blow across the wrists from the flute that both arms dropped to his side as if paralysed; and all the more so as Ushiwaka at a bound sprang back some three ken.* "Oh! Since I must discipline you, well and good," he growled. Drawing his long sword he advanced rapidly on Ushiwaka who seemed rather cornered between rail and gate. Benkei made a vicious sweep to cut him in half; but there was no Ushiwaka. In amazement he looked in every direction without seeing sign of the youth. Then the silvery laugh was again heard, and looking up there was the intended victim seated on the top of the gate, fanning himself and getting great amusement out of the situation. "Now at least I have you" grumbled Benkei. Seizing his long spear he made a sweep upward. Ushiwaka avoided the blow, and flying down struck Benkei a severe blow on the head with his war fan (gunsen).† The red sun painted thereon seemed to flash and dazzle him. The jeering laugh of Ushiwaka beside him roused him up. Throwing down the halberd he again drew his sword. One vicious sweep after another missed its mark. Benkei fought well. Too near the side of the bridge, and missing his mark, he sank his sword deep into the wooden beams. Before he could withdraw it Ushiwaka leaped at him giving him a severe kick in the

* A modest eighteen feet. Japanese gates (*mon*) are lofty structures of twenty to forty feet or more in height.

† *Hi no maru gunsen.* The frames were of iron: used by high military officers in ancient times (Brinckley's Dict). As to Ushiwaka's sword, that he should cling to it is natural. Minamoto Mitsunaka (912-997 A.D.) had two of these famous weapons, forged by a smith in Chikuzen, who fasted for a week and then spent seventy days in the forging of the weapons. These were hereditary treasures of the Seiwa Genji, and had names—Higekiru and Hizamaru. So likewise had the other militant family—the Taira. Their weapons were called Kogarasu and Nukemaru. (Ariga) II. p. 3.



BENKEI AND USHIWAKA AT THE GOJŌ BRIDGE.

forehead. Struck in this vital spot Benkei lost his sight and fell to the ground. Ushiwaka picked up the sword and lightly leaped up on the rail, some nine feet high. "Oh! you miserable fellow! You wretched fencer!" (Benkei writhed at this). "You challenge me to get my sword and here I have yours. Shame on you, dressed in a priest's robe. Come! Be off with you! Try to get at least a little better set of morals to correspond to your dress. As for your weapon it is too wretched a thing for me to keep from you, even if I could do such a thing." He examined it; then bending it threw it back to Benkei. Benkei, more ashamed and confused than defeated picked it up, straightened the weapon in a way, and started to thrust it into the scabbard as if about to make off; but as Ushiwaka sprang down he turned quickly and made a swift slice at him. In a trice Ushiwaka was back on the top of the bridge rail. This was too much for Benkei. God or *tengu*? He for the first and last time in his life took to flight. Ushiwaka took up the halberd and cast it far ahead for him to pick up in his flight. It was with merry laughter in his ears, then the plaintive strains of the flute, that Benkei beat a swift retreat. In after days he often told this story on himself.

But Benkei was not one to yield so easily. He had needed but *one* sword, and there was now *but* one sword which could complete his tale of weapons. Every night he now spent in his search for the *tengu* youth. Not that Benkei believed in *tengu*. That was too much in his own line. But he wanted another try at such a formidable opponent. Failure again stared him in the face. Once again the streets of Miyako were becoming safe. No one had been interfered with, and *samurai* were again venturing forth without fear of molestation. This time Benkei resorted to Kiyomizudera, to pray to Kwannon-Sama to accomplish this new desire. With Tenjin-Sama he felt decidedly out in his impatience. It was the 18th day of the ninth month (11th October 1177 A.D.), and it happened to be the celebration of the *okomori*, on which occasion the great temple was thronged all night by the multitude of people offering prayer. Benkei entered intent only on

making his own supplication. This he did in earnest tones :—"Kwannon-Sama ; grant me but one thing. I want not wealth nor fortune. I only desire to secure the sword of that young knight I fought with on the Gojō bridge just one month ago. Kwannon-Sama! Kwannon-Sama!" Tired of omens Benkei started to leave on his mission of continuing his search. Above the voices of the multitude there rose a silvery tone which he at once recognized. He was not long in locating it in the person of a veiled youth seated close to the grating. "Come! make way for me. I am an official of the temple." Thus Benkei roughly pushed and trampled a passage through the crowd until he reached the side of Ushiwaka, engaged earnestly in reciting a volume of the Hokkekyō. Once there Benkei stood, legs wide apart. In the dim light of the temple and the eyes of the multitude he seemed a huge Ni-ō dressed in priest's garb. He gave Ushiwaka a slight push, but the latter went on praying and without paying any attention. "Come!" said Benkei. "Is this boy or girl? This is no place for you at the night hour. Get out of here. I am an official of the temple," and he gave him a harder poke with his sword hilt. Ushiwaka then noticed him. Lifting his veil and raising his eyes, which sparkled a little with wrath, he said :—"You miserable mendicant! you hedge priest!* What is such a wretchedly dressed fellow as you doing in such a respectable gathering? Get you hence. Kwannon-Sama will hear your prayers as well under a tree stump or rock as here in her temple." Benkei laughed. "Ya-a!" he answered. "I am a priest. We will pray together and see who does the best." Squatting beside Ushiwaka he started rapidly to intone the Hokkekyō on which Ushiwaka was engaged. Now Benkei in his various training at the Kumano Shingū and Hongū, and at the Saitō Hall under Kankei, was a chorister without peer. Ushiwaka at Kurama in his turn had no equal. "His sweet tone of supplication is said to have stopped the chirruping of noisy crickets, ashamed of their discordant

* *Nanji* etc. The speech in Shinshinsai is decidedly rough. But so it is in all the romances.

chorus. His voice, like to that of a golden bell, harmonized with Benkei's louder, deeper tones." In their different pitch both voices were marvellous, and this harmony of their joint recitation silenced all around. Unfortunately for Benkei his companion had too much start. Ushiwaka soon finished and took his leave; while Benkei, according to the practice of the time, had first to finish his recitation. Hasten as he could, when he left the temple it was to see the distant form of the youth disappearing in the crowd. Thus he was left alone in the multitude, ready to shed tears of rage and disappointment.

It was nearly four o'clock in the morning, and he started down to return through the city to his lonely hut at Ohara. He entered on the Gojō bridge, and stopped for a few moments to contemplate the scene of city, river, and temple-crowned hills. "The moon, brilliantly shining, cast a golden light, which reflected from the surface of the transparent Kamogawa made the river look like a golden serpent twisting and coiling through its bed." Then the sound of a flute mockingly struck his ear. Benkei started up in joy. He had not lost his opponent. Indeed Ushiwaka was waiting for him. Impressed by the audacity and obstinate courage of the giant he felt that perhaps his search for the ideal retainer was at last to be accomplished in this wandering priest. At least he would give him another trial, and find out who he was. Benkei was not slow to enter the fray. "Ara! Katajikenashi (here *is* luck)". He confronted Ushiwaka with drawn sword. "Come, little master! This time I must have your weapon, or we must fight to the end."—"Perhaps," replied Ushiwaka enigmatically. He untwisted his veil which floated in the air from his hand. Drawing his sword:—"You obstinate fellow, even if priest and robber! Here it is, my inseparable companion. Try and get it." With a stamp on the ground he disappeared.* Benkei fought desperately. He swiftly

* That Ushiwaka could make himself invisible would be nothing wonderful. We have seen the art practised so far back as Temmu Tennō in Japan. And in our own dear land (America) ninety percent of the murderers are not detected; and of those caught only two percent

swung his sword, now here, now there. Ushiwaka kept just on its edge, or behind him, or leaped easily upon the high rail. Benkei showed himself an artist in attack, and Ushiwaka urged him on jeeringly and with approbation. Benkei was becoming tired out with his efforts. His opponent was as easily reached as a young monkey frisking at the top of a lofty tree. In a last blow Benkei's sword got entangled in the floating veil. Dizzy he wavered, and in moment Ushiwaka leaped on his back and dealt him a severe blow on the hands with the heavy war-fan. The sword fell to the ground. Benkei twisted and writhed to free himself. Then he started to run, but at the end of the bridge sank to the ground. Ushiwaka bestrode him and kept him firmly pressed down. "Benkei wept with sorrow. His cry sounded like the whining of a wild animal. His tears dropped like shot." All his hopes were dashed "Alas! that there should be such a wonderful captain soon to rouse up and head the decadent Taira clan. For life I have no further use. Please cut my head off at once. But first let me hear your name."

Thus spoke Benkei in despair. Ushiwaka's answer was to leap down and pick him up. "I am no Taira prince. Do not think or say such a thing. I am Ushiwaka, later known as Shanawo, and now as Kurō Yoshitsune, eighth son of Sama-no-Kami Yoshitomo. I have long been seeking such a man as you for my retainer. Come! Tell me who you are; for with the exception of myself you are the greatest warrior and best man-at-arms I have met." Thus in his turn spoke Ushiwaka. Benkei prayed long and earnestly in thanks to the Lord Buddha for granting him the meeting with the Minamoto prince. Then he told the tale of his father Benshō, Bettō of Kumano; of himself, Musashi-bō-Benkei. With delight Ushiwaka found him so worthy of favour, one of his own clan and blood if rumour was true.*

are hanged. Or is it convicted? And this is the twentieth not the twelfth century.

* Benshō—that is Tansō, Bettō of Kumano—was said to be the son of Hangwan Rokujō Tameyoshi, and therefore half-brother of Yoshitomo: which would make Yoshitsune and Benkei first cousins. Tansō's nominal father was one Tankai.

"Come!" he said, "now you can have my sword. Here, take it and carry it for me as we return to Yamashina." It seemed a ridiculous sight, the slender youth playing his flute and followed by the giant, passing in the morning light up the wooded slopes toward Yamashina. Ushiwaka was astonished to see Benkei suddenly stop, clap his hand to his forehead, and then clap his hands in most fervent prayer to Tenjin-Sama and Kwannon-Sama. After all the gods had granted his prayer. Not as he had understood it, but on so much better terms. And he gazed long and earnestly at the noble weapon resting at last in his hands—the sword of the *tengu* youth.

§ 2.

At Yamashina Benkei found himself in most congenial company. Among the *bushi* that Yoshitsune had collected around himself were such fine swordsmen as Kataoka Hachirō Hirotsune, Sugime Kotarō, Kamei Rokurō Shigekiyo, and Hitachibō-Kaison; for this latter, after wandering through the thirty three holy places and settling down to prolonged and severe theological labours and study in the Onjōji (Miidera), had improved much in mind, manner, and morals. Benkei was not one to harbour grudges against anyone, especially under the white banner, and Hitachibō had cast off all ill-will and envy with his monk's robe. Benkei's first work was to remove the accumulated plunder stored in the Ohara hut. The idea and the collection of Taira weapons was a source of amused interest to all. To none more so than to Yoshitsune, who every day took a greater and closer interest in this wholehearted, acute intelligence, now so attached to him. As *tengu*, there was a bond between them—so he himself put it. Benkei did not absolutely abandon Ohara which made a convenient centre for some of his pranks. As

wandering monk he could well carry on the propaganda of his master, to seek recruits for the army of righteousness. Thus the days passed at Yamashina; not entirely on such missionary work—as we shall now see.*

Before any unlooked for event should precipitate matters, and take him from the scene of his priestly labours; and perhaps a little from the spirit of inquisitive mischief which was undoubtedly a small part of Benkei's character; he thought to leave some memento behind that the monks' tongues in their monkly way could wag about, and keep his memory green with his old friends—for a while at least. How or when he knew not, until one afternoon he found himself standing on the Seta Bridge with faint ideas of paying a visit to Shōji *oshō*, his inductor and sponsor in the holy art of living on other people. Thus idly shifting his gaze through the varying arc of the horizon, resting it for a few moments on Mount Mikami with its fabled story of Tawaratōda (Fujiwara Hidesatō) and the Oto-hime rescued by the hero from the hideous worm which made its lair on the mountain†, it slowly passed over the shining surface of the lake, past Hieisan crowned with roofs and pagodas massed in its leafy foliage, until it rested on Miidera itself, the home of the *oshō* so unconscious of his prospective visitor, and perhaps thereby losing nothing from the particularly

* Shinshinsai makes Washiwo Saburō Yoshihisa a member of the band at this time. This is a slip of the pen, as Washiwo joined Yoshitsune just before the battle of Ichi-no-tani, and as Shinshinsai himself tells the story in a supplement. He also makes out Shomonbō to be an old man. According to his tale Yamashina was built by Shomonbō's father, Kamada Hyoye Masakiyo, a retainer of Gensammi Yorimasa (Yoshitsune's uncle), as a refuge for the latter. We have seen that Masakiyo died with Yoshitomo in Owari at Osada's house.

† Hidesatō was the conqueror of Taira Masakado (Cf. Introduction p. 106). Legend wove its web about the hero. There is a penny wood-cut print, found in Otsu and the Biwa towns, showing him standing on the Seta bridge and destroying the monster centipede coiled in great folds about the conical peak from summit to base. Oto-hime, who stands behind him, looks both pleased, safe, and utterly unenthusiastic. I have an idea that she is fanning herself, or has a fan in her hand. The tale is one of the usual dragon, or big worm, stories; as are its fellows, the stories of Susa-no-wo and his snake experiences.

peaceful state of his then being. But as Benkei looked, or rather glared, for the sun was somewhat in his eyes, the train of his thought was broken by the booming of the huge bell, so noted among all the noted bells near Miyako. Suddenly a wave of demoniac joy filled Benkei's soul and clouded his sight. His ears and mind were filled with the clangour of the bell. Never did his camel appeal so tenderly and sympathetically to the soul of the famous Tarasconian, so many years removed in later time, so distant in space and the constant flux of things in the web of human life and environment. In the deep silvery tone of the huge piece of metal Benkei seemed to hear himself calling to himself. Plunged in reverie he listened in delight, and matured one last piece of devilment. The *oshō* and the visit to the *oshō* were forgotten. He would visit the monastery it was true, and he would leave behind a memento with the monks that they were no more likely to forget than those of Kumano. But it was not to them or for them. Benkei was enough of a partisan of Hieisan to feel a little sore in that direction as to old scores of burnings and re-burnings, hammerings and cudgellings, not yet considered as entirely balanced in the settlement of accounts. If the monks of Miidera sweated a little for it in the results, so much the worse for them.

Benkei did not at once turn his steps to Otsu and the great temple crowning the slopes above. On the contrary, he returned to Yamashina. At dark he took his great halberd and a large lantern, and slowly made his way over the hills. The monastery was plunged in sleep and darkness, but Benkei made no particular haste and it was after the big bell boomed the first hour past midnight that its unwelcome guest stood in its shadow. The figures of the night-watch had hardly passed from sight, on their way to snooze and idle away the next two hours (there was at that time peace with their neighbours on Hieisan across the hills) when Benkei was vigorously at work. Using the ropes which manipulated the beam, he soon made a truss and an elastic knot through which he could slip the butt of his halberd. Shifting

the huge mass to his shoulders, Benkei made off over the tolerably good road skirting the lake. When he reached the slopes on which the great establishments of Hieisan held their sway the going was more difficult and the road rougher. Here he stopped to light his lantern, which he balanced at the other end of the halberd.* Then he sought out a huge rock jutting out of the mountain side, and depositing the bell sought to get what harmony out of it he could. As the puzzled monks of Miidera swarmed, searching everywhere for their precious bell, which, for the first time in its history, did not bellow its tiger's roar,† they were all startled to hear coming from the distant hills a sound which every man and monk present recognized. The plaintive bellow came from their own dear bell, responsive to Benkei's vigorous thumps. These were as uncompromising as if he had the shoulders of all the Miidera tribe under punishment of the handle of his halberd. But little could he get out of his prize. "Miidera! Miidera! Mieru! Mier...u! Kaeru...u! Kaer...itai!" as Benkei gave it a final disgusted whack ‡ Able to get nothing but this home-sick wail Benkei, in a rage, seized the bell and cast it down the cliff into the little valley just below. Bump, bump, it went over rock and tree stump, to land most pitifully bottom up and silent at the foot of the slope. Then Benkei stalked off to the neighbouring Ohara, for he surmised there was yet more to do.

It was a solemn conclave that gathered in the little dale that morning. The monks of Miidera had traced their property to its resting place, and stood before it, glad to find

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* There is a cut representing this scene in the little leaflet issued by Miidera. Benkei was decidedly better looking. In the cut mentioned he is particularly hideous. The Japanese saying is—: "*chochin to tsurigane to, dochira ga omoi ka;*" that is, "lantern and bell, which is the heavier?" (an ill-balance, it might be interpreted).

† *Tora no toki*—hour of the tiger, 3 a.m.

‡ "Miidera! Miidera! I can see it! To return! Oh, to return! I want to return!" I do not stand up for this Japanese colloquial. But after all one cannot expect much from a bell in the way of good grammar; a bell made out of Chinese "cash" at that. These copper coins were much used in casting bells and statues; and thus I cast personal responsibility for the wailings of the Miidera Tsurigane.

BENKEI CARRIES OFF THE BELL OF MIIDERA.

it safe even if badly scratched. But the puzzle was, how to get it back to its usual resting place. This seemed an absolute impossibility, within any reasonable time and cost. Mournfully they watched the sun mount in the sky, without any usual sound or sign of recognition from the silent metal. They got very cold comfort from the bands of scoffing brethren from Hieisan. These stood around on the slopes, watching with undisguised glee the predicament of their ancient enemies. Here at least they were not at fault, although they blessed the hand that did the deed; and the *sohei* of Miidera uneasily fingered their weapons, much more desirous of making use of them, than perhaps having to put their shoulders to the wheel—or rather the bell. But at the height of the embarrassment, a huge *bushi* strode forth. Eight feet in heighth, with a big sword thrust through his girdle and a halberd tall as a young twelve foot pine in his fist, Benkei appeared to the astonished eyes of the assembled monks as personified and threatening force. It was with all the greater pleasure, therefore, that they heard his proposal to restore the bell to its old resting place. "But," said he, "what reward will you give me for doing so? Will you give me all I can eat at one meal, say; will you fill a caldron large as this very bell with *misoshiru* (bean-soup)?" And to be perfectly fair and above-board Benkei opened wide the yawning cavern of his mouth. It is fair to say that this staggered the worthy clerics not a little. But after all, one man's appetite is not to be gauged by the strength of his jaws, but by the size of his stomach; and big as Benkei was, this had its evident limitations (they thought).

Thus the bargain was struck, and all that remained to do was to secure the fulfilment of the contract. On the part of the monks this was easily determined, for all agreed on "payment on delivery." The pledge to satisfy Benkei was selected by himself. Glancing over the assembly his eye lit up, and reaching forward he grasped their beloved *oshō* by the nape of the neck and lifted him bodily out of the crowd. Addressing Shōji he said:—"You, revered teacher, will gladly stand security; and will surely pass a pleasant day with your friends of

Hieisan." These latter laughed vociferously at the jest, and willingly accepted the hostage, curious to see how Benkei, or any other mortal man, would accomplish singly such a task. The preliminaries thus arranged Benkei said to the partisans of Miidera. "Now, get you hence to your own ground. Before the hour of the horse you shall again hear your bell in its old place.* Meanwhile get ready to fulfill your part of the bargain." What had been done once, could be done again. Before it was time to strike this morning hour Benkei appeared puffing and sweating under his heavy load. Now the monks had thought that one man meant one ration—perhaps a little large—but that the kitchen and the stomachs of their company were in no danger of a famine raid. Here they reckoned without their guest. True to his promise their much battered bell pealed musically the hour of the mid-day meal as Benkei sat down to his task. The mess laid before him he contemptuously waved aside. Now among the vessels of the culinary department of the monastery there was a huge caldron, as huge as the famous bell itself, and only used on the occasion of a great feed and festival, when the provender of hundreds of monks had to be stewed in one great mess. Lifting this off its support Benkei set it in front of him, and silently indicated to the astonished cooks to fill up. An angry frown and a clutch at the halberd hastened the operation. Into the caldron went the united feed of the monastical establishment. How many times it was filled and emptied is not recorded. It was with pain, hunger, and accumulating wrath that the discomfited monks watched the stores of the monastery disappear in Benkei's capacious maw, which was anything but the outward and visible sign of his inward and ravenous appetite. He was a little new at Yamashina, and tender of hitting the resources of his master too severely, although none would have delighted more at such an exhibition than Yoshitsune. But no restraint of any kind existed in the present case. At four o'clock and as the sun declined Benkei was still eating

* In this case it would be the ninth hour of the day—i.e. eleven o'clock A.M.

and the cooks sweating as they urged forward their preparations. As the moon rose the giant yet showed no sign of relaxation. After midnight, and when the famished and fainting monks had pulled in their girdle to the last gasp, Benkei began to show signs of repletion. At last he rose to leave. Grasping his halberd in one hand, he seized the huge caldron in the other and emptied the last remnant into his gullet. As if in satisfaction, before putting it down he sank his teeth deep into its iron rim. Then off he strode in the darkness, and his mellow sonorous laugh chimed beautifully with the peal from the rescued bell. Never did the monks of Miidera forget this feat of Musashi-bō-Benkei. To this day caldron and bell can be seen on the terrace of the beautiful old monastery. And for him who doubts the tale; there are the marks of Benkei's teeth, on which the doubter can lay his finger; and there are the scratches on the bell, mementoes of its plunge over the rocks and into the mountain vale.*

## § 3.

Things were not going to the satisfaction of Rokuhara. Let us give a few reasons for this state of the official mind. It was the custom of the time, and afterward, for the different lords and their *bushi* to take turns in doing guard duty at the capital. Now at this time Yoshitsune was merely trying to gather together a body of retainers, and

* The little folder issued by the Onjōji of Miidera tells us that the bell dates from the days of Tawara Tōda (Fujiwara Hidesatō). He it was, who in the *nengo* of Shohei (932-937 A.D.) killed at the bridge of Seta the mighty worm (*mukade*—centipede) of Mikamiyama; and the bell and the government of the land, granted by the Rain God, were the reward. After this time, any insane woman who stroked the bell with her hand was restored to her wits. Not to any great improvement of the sex in that way; for those who could, would not on

to lay plans with such influential members of the Minamoto clan and their Court adherents as he could easily reach near Miyako. This took him into the neighbouring districts, always garbed in simple costume, and often unattended. It was on such a mission that, when crossing the Keage-tōge, he met one of these minor lords and his train of attendants.* Yoshitsune was on foot, and the *samurai* bestrode a horse. Just as he reached Yoshitsune the animal stepped into a muddy hollow, slightly bespattering the scabbard of the prince's sword. This particular youth was not overly endowed with patience, at least where a fight against odds was concerned. The *samurai* with lordly indifference rode on as if nothing had happened, only to find his horse's head sharply jerked up, and himself confronted by the frowning boy. "You miserable, rude, fellow! What do you mean by throwing mud on my garments? Come; get down at once and apologize." Thus spoke Yoshitsune, in complete forgetfulness that he was not at Yamashina or in Mutsu. The *samurai* was both amused and amazed. "Why, you wretched little fellow! You do not know who I am. I am Sekihara Yoichi of Echizen, holding my commission from the Rokuhara-tei, and on my way to perform my guard duty in Miyako. Such fellows as you should at once

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the ground of already possessing them; and those who could not, would not afterward confess that they had, and besides were few in number. So the bell in that way got no particularly good reputation—among the fair sex of Nippon. Moreover, any person guilty of crime who touched the bell could not free themselves. The fifteenth day of the seventh month—which would vary from the end of July to the first of September (July 31st and Sept. 1st are the two extremes)—was set apart for women to worship. The old calendar is presumably still in use at the temple. Benkei's feat is noted as having been performed in the reign of Takakura-in 1169-1180 A.D.

* Keagetōge: the canal plane—Biwa-ko to the Kamogawa—now passes under it near Kyōto. The guard-duty mentioned below lasted three years, to the ruin of the provincial lords thus staying in the expensive capital. Says Professor Ariga (Dai Nihon Rekishi):—"the lord who had been on service as Obanyaku [Palace guard-service] generally returned to his province in miserable condition, wearing straw sandals, and walking on foot." Yoritomo changed all this. The Obanyaku was reduced to six months, and thoroughly organized for rapid change. "This greatly pleased those on whom this burden fell." (Ariga *loc cit*).

squat by the wayside and cover your faces until I have passed by. It is really my duty to put you to death, but on account of your youth I grant you your life." Thus spoke the conceited and presumptuous adherent of the Taira. Yoshitsune flared up in a rage. "You are indeed one without rank or merit; a miserable boaster. Know that my name is Gen-Kurō Yoshitsune, eighth son of Sama no Kami Yoshitomo, and seeking vengeance against the Taira, of whom you shall be the first victim. Our god Hachiman Daibosatsu has certainly sent you across my path to mete out punishment to you. A vigorous pull and push sent the *bushi* off his horse and staggering in the road-way. The next instant his head was rolling into the ditch, its mouth wide open with astonishment and the unspoken answer. The retainers of Yoichi, recovering from their fright, made a stand and attacked Yoshitsune. He coolly stood his ground and fought with great deliberation, easily avoiding their too close attack. This one he killed; for another he sliced off the hands; here he took a leg; again it was the loss of arm and shoulder which unbalanced the poise of the once owner. Such rough surgery was to the taste of none, and those who could ran away. The wounded were left lying on the ground. Yoshitsune surveyed the swords, left scattered here and there by their once owners. "Good material for Benkei's collection." Shrugging his shoulders and sheathing his own weapon he continued on his way to Yamashina. Now the report of this fray was promptly and faithfully carried to Rokuhara where it aroused uneasiness. Here was a Minamoto prince operating within the very precincts of the capital. Word was sent out to try to trace and capture him.

Other events occurred to make this the more pressing. Naturally *samurai* could not be held up in the streets of Miyako with the loss of so many weapons without vigorous complaint to the Kebiishi-jo, and more vigorous action on its part to find the *tengu-bōzu*. Benkei's exploits took an unexpected direction with unforeseen results. The first move of the Kebiishi-jo was to descend on the Ajari, Kankei of the Saitō Hall on Hieisan. They had

somehow connected him with the giant priest. Kankei freely admitted his one time connection with the youth Shinbutsu. Him he had not seen for many months, nor did he know anything of Benkei or the so-called *tengu-bōzu;* although in his inner mind he grasped the significance of the name, as perhaps did the Rokuhara officials. Kankei's answers did not at all satisfy Etchū Zenji Moritoshi, before whom he was brought for examination. He ordered the venerable Ajari to be cast into bonds and prison, and made things generally uncomfortable for him. Kankei used most vigorous and scurvy language in reference to the degenerate Taira. The old man did not hesitate to proclaim his political affiliation with the Minamoto. It was nothing surprising to learn therefore of his approaching banishment to the cold and black mountain slopes of Echigo. This aroused no little indignation, and Benkei roared and fumed when news of the process came to his ears. "It has always been the custom not to do violence to any old man who has passed his sixtieth year. The Ajari is now seventy-four years old, and these miserable Taira have no respect for age or the garb of the priest." He at once determined to take part in the procession which was to conduct the old bishop (*sōjō*) to his place of exile.

The guard for this purpose was not a small one. Rescue by the Minamoto *bushi*, who were evidently stirring, was to be avoided at any cost. Fifty of their most skilful swordsmen formed the escort from Rokuhara. On the day appointed the multitude lined the highway, anxious to see the expected fight with the Minamoto *samurai*. Many artisans were crowded into the ranks. They had especial hatred for the Taira officers, on account of the heavy fines and taxes laid on their different occupations. Slowly the procession got under way. As it entered the suburbs, now fairly out of the range of the immediate precincts of the Kebiishi-jo a buzz of excitement went up. "There he is! There he is!" as Benkei issued from behind a huge pine to bar the further advance of the procession. And the Taira *samurai* too were glad to see him—by daylight. Most of them had already

made his acquaintance and furnished specimens for his armoury, in smaller numbers or by moonlight. Now they were only fifty and he was one, and they were gratified and a little ashamed to find him human after all. Their fears were dispersed by the light of day—temporarily. Their long journey would be spiced by the knowledge of the reward awaiting them for the capture of the *tengu-bōzu*. Thus their return journey would have added savour. So Ashikaga-Tarō Yasunaga ordered forward the attack. Alas! As always they reckoned without their Benkei. The hero laid about him with his great halberd, and no *bushi* could get within a dozen feet of him. He sliced and tumbled them in every direction, and they scuttled like spiders wherever he turned his attention. However, the battle promised to be a difficult if not a drawn one for Benkei. He drove off his enemies, but his object was also to rescue Kankei. Whenever he turned his attention and tried to break the secure fastenings of the palanquin, then the Taira swarmed again to the attack. Despite the cheerful encouragement and chirping the Ajari kept up in his cage Benkei began to despair of success. But all of a sudden there appeared from the bamboo lining the road-side a big *samurai*, only small in comparison to Benkei, for he stood nearly seven feet from the ground. "Look to your Ajari", said he. "I will attend to these fellows". To Benkei this was "as if he met a Buddha in Hell". While Benkei broke open the palanquin to extract the bishop, the *samurai* drove the Taira *bushi* hither and thither, as one switches off mosquitoes. Kankei urged Benkei to take care of himself, and never mind his crazy old body already so near its end. To all this Benkei had one prompt answer. He simply tucked the Ajari under his arm and made off to Hieisan, tolerably sure that he would not again be disturbed, for the whole holy mountain was now a seething mass of anger and sedition; the monks in all its vast establishments were roused to indignation at the treatment of the bishop.

Meanwhile the unexpected ally of Benkei carried his success too far. He easily drove the Taira *bushi* in front

of him. Naturally they retreated toward their base at Rokuhara, and as they neared it the news of the defeat spread, and reinforcements swarmed forth against which one man could not contend. The stranger *samurai* was overwhelmed by numbers, and thus haled at once before Etchū Zenji Moritoshi. Cast down on the sanded spot* before the stern judge, this latter at once proceeded to question him as to who he was and where he came from. The *samurai* merely eyed him with the greatest scorn: "A fellow like you is hardly the one to question me. You must be Etchū Zenji Moritoshi. Send for the Shin-Chūnagon Tomomori,† or Kazusa Hichibyōye Kagekiyo, or Nagato-no-Kami Noritsune,‡ if you want an answer." Thus speaking he prepared himself as if for sleep. To what extremities the angry Moritoshi would have proceeded is not difficult to say. However, it happened that Kagekiyo at this juncture was passing the police office. Seeing the crowd, and learning that a Minamoto *bushi* had been made prisoner in a rescue of the bishop Kankei, he thought he had better enter and witness the examination, conducting it in person if necessary. As for the *samurai* he had carried out his threat and incontinently gone to sleep. Even when roused he refused to continue until water was given him, "necessary to deliver such an important and long speech as might be necessary."

Here, however, he did not reckon with the skilful examination and summary methods of Kagekiyo. The latter at once introduced himself, so to speak. The prisoner interposed:—"So you are the notorious Kazusa Hichibyōye Kagekiyo, of whom men stand in such fear. Why! You are as different from the report of you as chalk from cheese.§ You are too mild and well-groomed. Come! Clean the wax out of your ears and hear some-

* In modern terms "the dock." It was a sanded place in the court facing the judge seated on a dais within the building.

† Son of Kiyomori.

‡ Two intimate councillors of Kiyomori. The prisoner "flew high." Taira Noritsune was the Hector, as Yoshitsune was the Achilles, of the Gempei war of 1184-5 A.D.

§ Or *daikon*, the Japanese equivalent in the line of odours displeasing to the nose and savours pleasing to the palate.

thing wholesome. I am a *samurai* of Tamba, and my name is Kumai-Tarō-Takamoto." At all this Kagekiyo seemed not a bit put out or astonished. "Indeed"; his smile was more treacherous and his countenance milder than ever. "Come! Where is Prince Shanawo hiding," he asked. "Answer this question truly and your life shall be spared." He had not reached, however, the weak side of the prisoner. Said Kumai, "You talk to me as if I was a Taira retainer. Such cowards as would betray their lord for life are only found in their ranks. Instead of threatening me you should have asked the question as a matter of politeness, and probably I would have told you all I knew about his whereabouts. Kagekiyo at once seized this promising and obvious lead. "Well, I have been very stupid, and apologize for so misunderstanding you. I ask you, therefore, as one *bushi* to another, where can I have an interview with Ushiwaka, lately Shanawo, and now calling himself Gen-Kurō Yoshitsune."—"Ah!" answered Kumai, with a long and thoughtful inspiration. "Where? Yesterday morning he was at Kurama; at noon he was on the top of Asama-yama; at night he was worshipping Tarōbō on Fujisan; but now—perhaps on Shumi-san."* It was now the turn of Moritoshi to laugh, for the joke was on Kagekiyo. He had the smile all to himself, for other officers present did not dare to do so, and Kumai could not decently applaud his own joke too vigorously. Kagekiyo naturally was angry, and cut the examination short. "Such a stupid fellow is best elsewhere. You had better go and see if he is still on Shumi-san." Kumai was sentenced to be beheaded and sliced at the end of the week, in the bed of the Kamogawa, the usual place for the execution of criminals. Moritoshi, who now had taken a liking to his courage,

* Tarōbō is a goblin. Naturally Kumai would say Sengen-Sama, the Flower Goddess of Fujisan. Yoshitsune's prayers against the Taira would be directed to a more evil power. Kurama is near Kyōto in Yamashiro; Asama is in Kōtsuke near the borders of Shinshū; Fujisan is in Suruga. All are widely removed in space. Shumi-san is still farther off. It is only found in the Buddhist Scriptures—Meru or Sumeru, the axis of the universe.

made the week as comfortable as a Taira prison and security permitted.

Benkei, however, who kept informed as to the progress of the case, had his own ideas on the subject. To allow one engaged so earnestly in the rescue of Kankei Ajari to come to harm was out of the question. So likewise thought Kataoka Hachirō, who knew Kumai-Tarō. Both determined to witness the execution. The preparations for the event went merrily forward. On the day appointed Kumai was bound and brought into an enclosure carefully fenced with bamboo. A hundred men at arms surrounded this structure, and so near was the centre of the city that the course of procedure seemed secure from interruption. Kumai, however, was very particular. When Hatano Morikawa, who was entrusted with the execution, swung his sword to strike off his head Kumai shrunk it in close to his shoulders. "Oh, you coward! Come! Stick your head well out, and die like a man." Thus spoke Hatano. "Softly! Softly!" answered Kumai. "I am no coward, but you are little better than a boor, and I would feel great regret at having my head sliced off by such an impolite fellow as you. First learn and recite the formula required by politeness. You should beg my pardon for your clumsiness and rudeness, as according to all due precedent." This seemed worth referring to higher quarters, and a messenger was sent to Moritoshi. He at once sent orders to grant the request. "The prisoner, thus so near his end, is naturally in a state of despair. Do not let him make his end in an angry manner, but grant his reasonable wishes according to custom."*

Thus it was done. Due apology was made in due form. Once again all was ready, and Hatano set to his work. Once again Kumai called a halt in the same practical manner. "Well! What is now wrong?" asked the swordsman with some impatience. "Your sword," answered the intended victim. "Is it sharp? Let me see it. Good for nothing, as I thought. Get my sword, which is

* An angry and *wronged* ghost was an object of fear, and sometimes abject prayers and supplications were undertaken to ward off their retribution.

much too good a weapon to put in such hands as yours, except on such an occasion." Once more the matter was referred to Etchū Zenji Moritoshi. In granting his consent he thought it well to attend to the matter and the execution himself, and so anticipate any further delays. As the weapon was kept at the Kebiishi-jo there was some little delay in finding it, but at last all were assembled, and the execution ready to go forward. Kumai carefully examined the blade, held before his eyes. "Yes, that is right. Now you can do your work in proper style." Further proceedings, however, were interrupted by a most important event. Crash! went the bamboo fence as Kataoka Hachirō broke through on the right. "Smash!" as Benkei made his way through a correspondingly large section on the left. Hatano Morikawa fell senseless under a blow of Benkei's iron fist, Kataoka quickly severed the bonds of Kumai, who leaped to his feet and grasped his beloved weapon. Thus the three faced the band of Taira men-at-arms, who had small stomach for the fight. Loud were the cries to seize them, but it was not the Minamoto *samurai* who were cornered in the bamboo enclosure. They took the aggressive. Kataoka and Kumai raged along the front. Benkei swung his long halberd with deadly effect. His circle of enemies were no more to him than flies on a hot day. The giant sweated as he warmed up to the work. This did not take long. Etchū Zenji Moritoshi gave the signal of retreat by riding off in haste. Morikawa recovered his senses in more ways than one, and disappeared, aided by a kick from Kumai who disdained to use his sword on him. The rest "fled like young spiders" in every direction. Then the trio of braves returned in triumph to Yamashina, with Kumai in the middle. They were received with pride at their great undertaking.

High was the revel held that night at Yamashina. It was only toward midnight that all were prepared to retire. This natural intention, however, was interrupted by the unexpected appearance of one of the *bushi* on the night-watch. A large band of knights could be seen approaching from the direction of Miyako, and it could be guessed by whom they were sent out. It had not been difficult

to connect the activity of the Minamoto interests so close to the capital, and the appearance of Yoshitsune. Shomonbō's house at Yamashina for some time had been under suspicion as a haunt of *rōnin*, although just what was brewing there the Rokuhara office was as yet unprepared to say. The bold attack of the Minamoto *samurai* at the Kamogawa, and the direction taken during the retreat, easily enabled the Rokuhara officials to connect Yamashina, Yoshitsune, and the *Tengu Bōzu* and his companions. This conclusion once reached they acted promptly, and one hundred and fifty *bushi* with men-at-arms were sent out to make a night attack on the place, and perhaps secure the more important member of its garrison. A greater number of *samurai* could not at once be collected, but a few hours would enable a more efficient force to be sent against the place.

Yoshitsune, following his usual plan when on campaign, had retired early that night. Besides, he was so competent to do his own thinking in the military line that he found his couch a very good councillor. He was roused by the shadow of Benkei's giant figure standing over him. Informed of the occurrence he rose at once, and a hasty council was called, although the possibility of such an outcome as an attack from Rokuhara had long been anticipated, and the course to meet it determined. However, he had almost decided to take the aggressive, when Benkei, bowing his head respectfully to touch the *tatami* asked permission to be heard. "The mission of our lord is too important, and his person too valuable, to risk in what will amount to a mere street brawl with the Taira *bushi*. We, his retainers, would be severely blamed. The work in Miyako has now been completed. May it please my lord to direct that I, with a few other *bushi*, remain here to put an obstacle in the way of the enemy. The larger party can thus get a good start toward the north, and our small number can easily glide away separately, to join the main party later, or to find their way singly to the rendezvous at Takadachi in Oshū."*

* This place, famous in our story, was on the river Kitakamigawa at Hiraizumi, the seat of the famous Chūsonji monastery. Hidehira's

There were many things which made this advice very good. Yamashina could easily be defended by a few *bushi*. Shomonbō with good foresight had chosen his site well. On one side the house fronted on a steep cliff some thirty feet in height. On another side a steep slope ran down to the highway. Two men were enough to keep watch on that side. The other two sides were defended by a high wall which guarded the natural approach to its front. Two footways entered the clearing in front of it. These of course would be guarded by the approaching foe. But they were not likely to know of the covered way through the forest. For a *chō* (100 yards *ca*) at both ends nothing but the merest ribbon of a path marked its entrance and exit. In this military household everything was in constant readiness. It was merely necessary to give the order to mount, and Yoshitsune and some sixty of his *bushi* were off to the north.* Eight men were left behind with Benkei to cover the retreat, and these with Shomonbō, who as master of the house stayed to see the end of the affair, made a sufficient garrison for the purpose. Benkei stationed one of the *bushi* in the rear to

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castle was close by Takadachi. The Yanagi gōshō was built and turned over to Yoshitsune by Hidehira, when the great captain sought refuge in the north in 1187 A.D. My geography is based on the local antiquarians, and I am indebted to the Reverend Shimizudani Kejun of Chūsonji for the book on this subject.

* This path has perhaps since developed into the mountain roadway which runs from Yamashina through Gōbō to Anshū, crossing ridge and valley. The lake is thus reached near the Karasaki pine. On this occasion our veracious chronicler seems to think that Yoshitsune took boat at Katsuno near the (Takashima) Kamogawa, and crossing to the Anegawa and Miyabe struck north by the Nakasendō, a route all the easier since his meeting with Kiso Yoshinaka.

We have had the account Yamada gives of Shomonbō. It is clear and consistent, and makes him out still a youngish man. Shinshinsai makes him out an old man. On page 119 (vol. I) he identifies man and house. Legitimate enough, even to foreign thought. As the son of Kamada he would not be old; and as Kamada himself (Masakiyo) he would have long since been dead and very poor and unsavoury company at this time. On page 123 he makes out Yamashina Shomonbō to be an old man, "his former name being Kamada Hyoye Masakiyo, retainer of Gensammi Yorimasa." The authorities support Yamada's tale. Both are working on consistent lines, but from somewhere Shinshinsai connects Kamada with Yorimasa and not with Yoshitomo.

keep watch over any attempt to scale bank or cliff. Trusting to his own great strength he and one other *bushi* guarded one side of the approach. Shomonbō and the six others took the remaining side.

They did not have to wait long for the attack. The forces of the enemy soon appeared on two sides of the clearing, showing that they had provided against any formal retreat. One of the torches a moment later plunged forward to the ground. Shomonbō had pierced its holder with an arrow. Thus the battle began. Most unwisely the Taira approached the place on foot. It was difficult ground for horses, but in the clearing they would have furnished in the uncertain light a partial bulwark in approaching the wall *en masse*. It seemed impossible to make much impression on the huge pile of arrows brought by Benkei's order into the court. The small number of the garrison had plenty of ammunition. Their bows were steadily twanging into the dark woods in front of them. Then the enemy tried rushing. But Benkei with his huge halberd bestrode the platform inside the wall, and mowed down everyone that came within reach of his active arms and legs. Shomonbō and his men did equal execution. Two attempts thus made merely left the ground strewed with dead and wounded. The latter, gashed with frightful wounds, only sought to crawl off into the bushes beyond the trampling mass of their own party. Plainly the Taira were not in sufficient numbers, and worse yet they were in complete ignorance of the actual number of the enemy. They had fought vigorously for two hours, to gain no ground and lose nearly a third of their number. They drew off to await the aid hurrying up to them from Rokuhara. Besides daylight was a better time in which to face this demon priest.

It was no part of Benkei's plan to press matters to an extreme, or play the Taira game. Leaving the *bushi* on guard he sought Shomonbō to hold council. He found the latter seated, and rapidly turning the pages of the Hokkekyō. Benkei was a little surprised. Said Shomonbō :—" Yes, we must take advantage of this little respite

to get the men off. Of you, however, I will ask a service." He opened his belly armour to display to Benkei a frightful cut. The sash tightly bound over it alone prevented the bowels from extruding. Benkei bowed in sorrowful acquiescence. The others were quickly summoned. Some helmets were stuck on poles, and planted just peering over the top of the wall in such a way that if struck by an arrow they would glide down. In the uncertain light it was impossible to distinguish between a hit and dodging. Then under orders to make their way, together if possible, singly if necessary, to Takadachi in Ōshū, the *bushi* took their leave bowing a respectful farewell to Shomonbō. For him Benkei got out the clean soft white mats used for the ceremonial *harakiri*. "It is only to finish what the enemy have so well begun," whispered Shomonbō with a little smile. With the aid of Benkei he moved painfully on to the little dais so formed. Removing his armour, opening his dress, was another preliminary requiring assistance. Then Benkei, with the sword of Shomonbō in his hands, took his station to the left side and a little to the rear. Shomonbō leaned well forward with his neck stretched out. Drawing his dagger he plunged it into the bowels, drew it across the abdomen to the right and made a swift cut upward. As his head and body moved forward the sword quickly fell. Seizing the severed head by the top-knot Benkei wrapped it up in the *kimono* lying close at hand. Then collecting screens, wood-work, furniture, he piled them on Shomonbō's corpse and set fire to them. It was time the work was done. The enemy were again in motion, and the increased noise showed the addition of a large new force. Gliding to the rear Benkei was soon in the covered way. For a moment he stopped. The Taira, confused at the sight of the flames suspected an ambush and delayed their approach. Everything favoured his flight. As he had directed he found his famous roan stallion tethered in the covered way, and he too was soon flying northward. Anxious to catch up with his master before the party passed Ozaki* he boldly took the

* Near Gifu. The famous (in legend) Yōrō-ga-taki, a spring in

main road, only stopping to deposit the head of Shomonbō in the care of the shrine-keeper at Toga, for present concealment and later ceremonial interment. Thus he took his way. This was the first of the three occasions on which Benkei took this North Road; the only fortunate one in its results.†

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ancient times flowing with *saké*, is close by. The famous roan stallion of Benkei is a frequent figure in the prints illustrating the giant's career. Japanese artists make it the brightest of scarlets—like "'the Blue Boar', a colour rare in Nature but frequent in Art," says the Proceedings of the Pickwick Club.

† Benkei's position in reference to the *harakiri* of Shomonbō was simply to secure the head from falling into the hands of the Taira, and its exposure in public as that of a criminal. The "second" as executioner was of much later date. Mitford says it was not practised earlier than *Yenkō*, i.e. 1673 A.D.

# APPENDIX A.

## BENSHŌ AND THE PRINCESS KAMI-NAGA.

Fujiwara no Kin-nori, Gojō Dainagon was happy in everything but offspring. Not that his wife had failed him in this all important duty of the Japanese woman. She had provided him with a numerous issue, delivered over a term of years with clocklike regularity. Unfortunately all had died before reaching maturity, and the couple found themselves approaching the grand climacteric of human life with none to keep alight the lamp on the god-shelf of Kin-nori's home. Cousins and nephews, it is true swarmed; but this was small consolation. Kin-nori therefore as a last resort made a pilgrimage to Kumano, decently esconced in a litter; to be assisted in his prayers and supplications more especially by the counsel of one Benshō Tomotoki, the High Steward of the shrine, a fleshly imposing man of forty years experience of the world, learned in the ways of monk and layman, and well fitted to rule the famous habitations of the gods and accommodate matters between them and Kin-nori. However it was, the supplication was successful, for the Dainagon's wife duly conceived, and likewise in due time was delivered of a daughter. This child grew up into a beautiful girl, the pet and pride of her aging parents, and of course thoroughly spoiled. From the spoiling process, as one not usual to her sex in Japan, she came out pretty well. No blame has ever been attached to her; *in camera*, in supplementry proceedings, or in any other way.

When the time came to secure for her a husband, Prince Fujiwara no Moronaga the Udaijin (Minister of

the Right)* would take no refusal. It was arranged, therefore, to the satisfaction of all concerned that the marriage should take place in the following year, the present one being unlucky. Now whatever was her purpose, the young Princess Kaminaga began to visit and pray at the Tenjin no Gojō.† On what was to be a final visit, however, a violent whirlwind arose, surrounding the temple with clouds of dust, amid which the Princess was seen to disappear, Heavenward. That the Kami (some or one) were involved was never doubted by the vulgar, which, like cattle, having their heads close to earth understand these mysteries better; nor could they settle which were involved. However, evidently no agreement could be reached in Heaven concerning the booty. The Princess was returned in as safe condition as she went, and more could not be asked of her; but—"mad as a hatter." (Remember that caps and hats were made much of in the circle in which Prince Kin-nori moved). At this point our chronicle reads like a patent medicine advertisement. Doctors were called, consulted, feed, and failed. Finally it was a doubtful case requiring doubtful methods. A diviner was called in, who with strange words and stranger arts elicited the message from Kumano Sama‡ that the girl's affliction was due to his anger, and that his anger was due and payable, because in the first place Kin-nori, instead of hoofing it like a genuine pilgrim, had taken the trip in as easy a style as men and money would at that time permit. For this reason he had only been granted a girl. In the second place, even then he had sent no message or offering of thanks to the shrine. Now the girl's presence at the shrine was necessary to satisfy his

* Dajō-daijin, Sadaijin, Udaijin were the three highest court ranks under the Kwampaku or Sesshō (Regents), in order from highest to lowest. Dajō-daijin corresponds to Prime Minister. The ranks were more than titular at this time. The name Fujiwara Kin-nori here is assumed.

† The Kitano Tenjin is now a famous temple in Kyōto. We have already heard of Tenjin-Sama under his earthly name of Sugawara Michizane. Cf. Introduction under Uda-Tennō pages 105, 106.

‡ The Japanese chronicler is too modest. The Kumano-Gongen today are exceedingly numerous. At least three are still worshipped at Shingū, four at Hongū, and "many" at Nachi.

(the god's) wrath. The diviner's fee he left to them. This seemed an easy outlet from the difficulty. The earthly diviner was sent off as well satisfied as any such had been, before or since. The princess (who had recovered her wits with the preparations) and her train were started on their journey. And the heavenly diviner probably chuckled at all the trouble in store. He had thrown the stone in the pond. "Let her ripple."

The train of the Princess Kami-naga was that of an army. As an addition Moronaga sent one hundred of his best *bushi*, no unwise precaution considering the condition of the country. The journey was made slowly and successfully. The magnificent offerings were laid before the shrine, and the princess prayed long and earnestly all night in the great hall of the temple. Now it happened that Benshō also entered the hall to pray. Processions were a bore, gall and wormwood, to him; he avoided them, in these his older days, as the devil does holy water. This was one of many coming to Kumano. It came to pray and fast, not feast, and was poor company for a high liver. It was not for him. Now the girl was an entirely different matter, and the sight of her thoroughly demoralized Benshō, who was dazed by her beauty. Returning at once to the *shoin* he asked who was praying in the *hondō* (great hall) of the temple. "It must be the young Princess Fujiwara no Kami-naga, who has come to propitiate the Kumano-Gongen. She is now engaged to Moronaga Udaijin, and the marriage is to take place on her return to Miyako." Thus spoke up a disciple. "Go to!" quoth Benshō, "engaged is by no means married. There is no offense to the gods, even if there be to men, to break such a contract." He at once disclosed his consuming passion, and demanded that the monks lay an ambuscade and carry off the princess for himself. Now Benshō, heretofore, had been known as a staid, learned man, devoted to religious meditation and scholarly pursuits. He was no worse in fleshly ways—than his next conventual neighbour; and on theology and the subject of its contracts he was qualified to speak. This was admitted, but the present outbreak seemed to be

an infliction sent by the gods in anger. Benshō was by no means new to the Kumano shrines. His hand was heavy, and his anger feared. So they respectfully argued with him on the danger of such a step; they sought to dissuade him. Benshō was obdurate. Discipline was rigid. The monks must support the head of the shrine staff. Reluctantly they yielded to priestly custom. "Come one, come all," Tennō and his soldiers included, they would fight to the death for the Kumano Bettō. So they donned their armour, and by twos and threes stole off to lay an ambush on the road the procession would take on its return. The result was brilliant and successful. Many of the *bushi* of Kin-nori and Moronaga were killed, more ran away, and some dragged themselves off wounded toward Dorogawa. The Princess Kami-naga (Long Hair) was among the missing, for the monks carried her off to the spider's den of Benshō at Shingū.

Dainagon and Udaijin were of course properly enraged when this little episode reached their ears. They even succeeded in interesting the Tennō (by the proxy of the Hōō) in the offenses of Benshō. In Kawachi, Izumi, and Ise, 7000 men were collected, and this little army, under a young and energetic captain, was started over the mountains to bring the monks of Kumano to reason—and to bring back the girl. Meanwhile Hongū, Shingū, and Nachi gathered their fighting monks—1500 *sōhei*—and fortified Ōjiyama, a strong position at the hamlet of Kiribe. These 1500 plus the position were too much for the Miyako captain. He halted operations to send for re-inforcements, with a statement of the difficulties of his position, and the advisability of some less costly settlement than a war merely over a girl. Sadaijin and Chūnagon doubtless now had their innings; there always being more or less pronounced rivalry between these lofty battle-towers of politics; a rivalry sometimes settled by underhand intrigue, in which the loser was often eliminated by "kicking him upstairs;" at other times by civil war, when he lost his head, involuntarily by having it sliced off for him by one of skilful operators of the day, or voluntarily by cutting it off him-

self.* The opposition now represented that this vast undertaking was hardly called for except by an angry Dainagon and a youthful Udaijin. Benshō was a lineal descendant of Prince Michitaka, and through him from Ama-tsu-ko-yane-no-mikoto; and with such divine lineage was no unfit match for Kin-nori's daughter of the very same stock. Let him marry the girl, and Moronaga ought to be satisfied with the daughter of Nobunari Heisaishō, equally famed for fairness of complexion and beauty. They pointed out that as far as Kin-nori and Moronaga were concerned they should be glad of the outcome. Benshō's reputation was as well known in Miyako as it was in Kumano, and there was little doubt that the princess ought to marry, and the sooner the better. Such reasonable and forcible arguments had their way. The compromise was ordered and sent down to Kumano. The monks had indeed been disorderly, and their punishment was deserved *(sic)*. But that was no reason why the shrines of the gods should suffer from the Tennō's wrath. (The Japanese gods are not so punishable by the earthly Tennō as is the case in China. The *kami* have more "spunk" than the Chinese article). Benshō gladly accepted the proposition, on the principle that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." The little princess had to take him, willy-nilly, although a man of sixty was not particularly attractive to a girl of seventeen summers. However it is only fair to say that Benshō carried less of the "kitchen grease" than most of those brought in contact with the monks' refectory. Therefore, in the second place because her father ordered it, and in the first place because she was already reaping the results of her connection with Benshō, she bowed to the situation and remained at Kumano. Benshō went up to Miyako to make his peace good with the Court and secular world—in which he got a very cold reception. At all events as a matter of safety he felt better when once more the shrines of Kumano and the towering cryptomeria greeted his sight.

* As did Tsubura-Omi when cornered by Yuriaku. But so did Nitta Yoshisada in the 14th century.

But here things were not going well. As said, the Princess Long-Hair was pregnant, but in a most unusual manner, and it was eighteen months before the labour pangs came on. Then the task was too severe for her. She died in child-birth, and Benshō thus returned to great sorrow and affliction, for his love was deep—if sudden and temporary. He felt "as sorrowful as the Emperor of Han on his parting from his Lady Ri; and the King of Tong on the death of Princess Yokii." When the child was brought to him wrath was added to sorrow. It was as large as if three years old, and came running to him. It had cut all its teeth, had hair down to its shoulders, and only needed experience to talk. Such a child Benshō regarded as a punishment inflicted by Buddha for his bad behaviour. He ordered that it be taken far away, and exposed on the deserted tangled forests of Shaka-ga-take, or at low water on the sea sands. Anywhere; but take it far from his sight.

Now his sister, the Lady Yamanoi, had been present at this awkward lying-in of Kami-naga. She was seized with pity for the child, and took advantage of her brother's last words. "If it has been your fate to be the father of such a prodigy, remember what may be your future punishment if you make a mistake in your present action. Shakamuni himself, the Buddha,* was three years in his mothers womb. Kōshi was carried eighty years before coming into the world. Give the child to me. He may grow up be a cause of pride and happiness to you. If his disposition corresponds to his rough and shaggy babyhood, at the worst he can be made a priest to offer prayers for his dead mother." The way somehow always seemed to be made smooth for Benshō. He who loves much and variously must have a more or less impressionable heart lining. He readily accepted Lady Yamanoi's proposal, and doubtless joyfully saw her depart, with the child, a wet-nurse, and her propensity for giving advice. Himself, he evidently turned to pastures new and the propagation of his kind, and sought

* Gotama (or Gautama) of the Sakyas, of Kapilavastu. Kōshi= Confucius.

consolation and recreation in a new love affair.* Meanwhile Lady Yamanoi accomplished her journey by water and the Bay of Owari, to receive a left hand welcome from her spouse in Miyako. However, for a while she stuck it out. At five years of age the child was as one of thirteen years. At six, such looks as he possessed were badly spoiled by small-pox. With his long shaggy hair he was such a demon in appearance and conduct that the Prince Yamanoi could no longer endure the sight of him. He was therefore sent to Kankei the Ajari at the Kaisandō† on Hieisan, to be tamed into the stage where properly he could be made a priest. The worthy bishop both sympathized with the child and was astonished at his precocious intellect. But here our story has picked him up at but little later date.

Now my reason for rejecting this form of the story is, that Benkei's early and later career in no way correspond to the very high lineage here given him. It is perfectly natural, in these early days of mediaeval Japan, for the son of an illustrious father by a peasant girl to reach, after a lively and unbridled youth, the position Benkei did attain—that of a confidential captain and attendant of Yoshitsune, brother and general of Kamakura-dono (Yoritomo). But this is not the case with the grandson of a Dainagon, the son of a man claiming descent from one of the Heavenly Deities and himself of high rank. It is consistent to turn him over to the care of the Ajari Kankei, in charge of a great temple on Hieisan. But it is not consistent to later have the Tengu Bōzu roaming woods and by-ways in the neighbourhood of Miyako. A scion of high stock he would have been much better looked after both before and at this period of his life. In the legends before me, only the rank of his maternal grandfather is given. At this time (12th century) these

* Benkei is also referred to, by other chroniclers, as "the *eldest* son" of Benshō who, therefore, must have married a second time. Benshō is described as Sadaiben and Tametoki. The first is an official title. Also as Ueda Kikei by the Gempei-Seisuiki.

† Founder's Hall; Saitō. Enryaku-ji was the most famous of these temples on Hiei-san, founded by the monk Saichō, canonized as Dengyō-daishi.

Court councillors were eight in number. In selecting the dainagon Fujiwara-no-Kin-nori I have given the legend the benefit of the doubt, for he died in 1160 A.D. and could have brought no personal influence to bear on Benkei's boyhood. Now Benkei's birth must lie between 1149 and 1160 A.D., for the war between Yoritomo and the Taira broke out in 1180 A.D. Somewhere near a middle date is more likely. I put it at about 1153-4 A.D. This is supported by the traditions which make Fujiwara no Moronaga the suitor for the hand of the Dainagon's daughter. Now Moronaga (1137-1192 A.D.) was involved in the troubles of Hōgen, and in 1156 A.D. was exiled to Izu, from which he did not return until 1164 A.D. He was then created Naidaijin, Dajō-daijin in 1177 A.D., and was again exiled in 1179 A.D. by Kiyomori, who found him a most troublesome court intermeddler. However, exiled in Izu in 1156 A.D., he could not have been courting (*sic*), sending men at arms to Kumano, and basking in high favour at Miyako after Hōgen. As to Kin-nori and his daughter, the names are a matter of indifference. Only persons of highest rank and lineage held the office of Dainagon. So much for them. For the western reader, it is too much to ask him seriously to believe in the miraculous birth of Benkei—involving a pregnancy of three years. This is good currency in Japan where the cooking of fact and tradition dates at least from the days of Ingyō and his hot water cure, and has been vigorously practised down to the present day. But as far as Benkei is concerned, this form of the legend is striking, and I think inconsistent, as involving all around his cradle very high personages. It is worth noting that one of the commonest figures among the dolls set out at every boys' festival in March is Benkei struggling *with the carp*. The vulgar mind at least clings close to the other form of the tradition.

On the contrary, the parentage of the peasant girl is thoroughly consistent throughout, and the undoubted connection with the house of Watanabe finds due entrance. The wild neglected young monk, roaming the slopes of Hieisan, and living half by robbery and

wholly by his wits, finds his true place throughout the whole story of his life. For Benkei is not a mere waif, without influence or connection. However the legend be taken there is some agreement that Benshō, Bettō of Kumano, was the father. The child of the peasant girl was not important enough to have his way made smooth for him, and yet of enough importance to have eyes watching him, ready to push him forward if he gave the proper opportunity to do so. He was no mere "peasant's brat." This, I admit, is arguing it down pretty fine. But I am no more liberal in treatment than my Japanese authorities, whom it is not always easy to get to agree. Where all is legend (as at this early period of Benkei's life) one has to fall back on the reasonable. But it is always agreeable and pleasant to follow the crowd, and the great majority put Benkei's birth place at Funada in Kumano, and connect him with Tansō, Bettō of Kumano, who is identified (Dai-Nihon-Jimmei-Jiten) with Benshō. I will now put together the notes Mr. Minakami secured on the subject.

The Zokusetsuben, supporting a contrary view of Benkei's birth, refers to this identification. The Dai-Nihon-Jimmei-Jiten accepts it, and dubs Benkei, Oniwaka-maru. The Benkei Monogatari, written by Mitsushige in 1621 A.D. (a manuscript) calls Benshō by the name Benshin. Here is found the rationalist explanation of the legend I have just given. Benshin was childless and old (fifty years). He prayed for offspring at the Nyakōji shrine of Kumano. Then the wonderful three years pregnancy and mature offspring followed. Benshin meant to kill the infant, but at the mother's pleading consented to exposure on Nyakōji-san. Now Gojō Dainagon, the child-less prince, at this time was also sending up prayers at the shrine for a child. The deity told him of a child exposed on the mountain, and ordered him to adopt it. He did so, naming it *Jakuichi*. At seven years of age the child was put under Keishun of the Saitō on Hieisan, a monument of learning — (the man, not the monastical establishment).

The Nihon-Rekishi-Jiten also identifies Benkei as the son of Tansō, Bettō of Kumano, dubbing him Oniwaka-

maru, a common name for a mischievous boy, overflowing with animal spirits. The Yoshitsune-Chijun-Ki (in manuscript) says Benkei was twenty years old at the meeting on the Gojō bridge, Yoshitsune then being eighteen (our seventeen years). Benkei is there called a disciple of Benchō in the Sakuragi of Saitō. He is then described as the son of Benshō, Bettō of Kumano, "of whom little is known." Of these Bettō, "the first was Chōkai, third son of Chūjō Sanekata, whose son was Tankai. Tansō, son of Tankai, was said to be really a son of Minamoto Tameyoshi." Then it goes on to quote the Tsurugi no Maki. "The Hōō, Shirakawa, on a visit to Kumano noticed that there was no keeper of the shrine. Regretting this he appointed at once to the post a nobleman who at the time happened to be worshipping at the shrine. The Bettō thus appointed was a certain Shinkyō. The post being hereditary the Hōō thought the shrine keeper should have a wife, and Shinkyō was ordered to marry a girl born to the daughter of Tameyoshi. It is said that Benkei was the child of a concubine of Shinkyō, who gave birth to him in the house of Jakushō Iwata Nyūdo, whose wife she afterward became." The identification of Shinkyō and Tansō presents no difficulties, and there is here plainly the germ of a legend lugging in Tameyoshi as Tansō's father. The tale corresponds with the active rôle taken by Tansō in the Gempei war of 1180 A.D.

This brings us duly to all these "Js" and the Makuragi-san Kesōji. The latter has fully as much right to Benkei as Kumano. And if one really wants to see the Ni-ō, the Nageiwa, the Koi-tsuka, and Benkei's bowl they cannot do better than to go to Izumo province. The Dai-Nihon Jimmei-Jiten tells us that Makuragi-san is in the upper part of Besshō in Honjō village (*mura*), Yatsuka district, in Izumo; and near Chosui-san. Formerly it was called Ōkura-yama. The Kwaikitsudan tells us that the temple foundation was Tendai, and was due to Chigen-Shōnin. Yakushi Nyorai (Bhâishajyaguru) and his image were the chief objects of worship. In ancient days it was the greatest of the four great temples of the province—viz:

Unjūji of Nogi, Jōanji of Tomita, Ankōkūji of Takeya, and Makuragi-san Kezōji. "In the middle Ages Butchi-Shōnin of Tōfukuji-dera lived here and called the place Ryūshō-san (Dragon Flying-Mountain), painting these characters on a *kakemono*." The Kokusetsuben combats the descent from Tansō. It says that "Benkei was a child of the Makuragisan Kezōji-dera, and his father was a native of Kumano in the Iu district (Izumo). It was at Nagami hamlet Benkei was born. We have heard of Jakushō Iwata Nyūdo in another connection. To this native of Kii (in Kumano) the Dai-Nihon-Jimmei-Jiten flatly gives the parentage as alternate to Benshō. On the whole the Tansō tradition is strong—at least strong enough to go on. The traditions centring in Kumano nearly agree on the paternity, and on much of the marvellous. Even here it is a case of a wise child knowing its own *father*. *Mirabile dictu!* The mother too is in dispute.*

* The Ama-tsu-ko-ya-ne-no-mikoto, ancestor of Benshō and the Gojō Dainagon, is probably meant for Ame-no-ko-ya-ne-no-mikoto. Cf. Prof. Chamberlain's "Kojiki" p. 56 where he gives these alternate readings. This was one of the diviners summoned by Deity Thought-Includer at the luring of Ama-terasu-oho-mi-kami. The Ame-no means "heavenly." It is a common prefix to the divine names. Shinshinsai gives Chokai, in the Shimane district of Izumo. This I have failed to locate. Shimane, the great western prefecture is not hard to find; and the only Chokai I have come across in this affair is the first Bettō of the Kumano shrines. Yatsuka is the district on the Japan Sea, cut into by lagoons. Honjo lies on the Naka-umi not far from Matsue at which are located the famous Izumo shrines.

# ON HŌGEN AND HEIJI.

(1156–1160 A.D.)

A few words on the politics of this short period is advisable. Their explanation is best found in the pages of Doctor Ariga. According to his account the causes underlying the events of Hōgen are patent. It was a struggle between the Hōō, Toba, and his son Sutoku who had abdicated with the title of Shin-in. The military figure entirely in a subordinate position. Toba had been the making of Fujiwara Yorinaga. When this latter was Sadaijin his daughter was married to Konoe Tennō, the career of his brother and rival was quickly checked, and Tadamichi was ousted from his position of *kwampaku*. This pleased neither Konoe, who liked Tadamichi and disliked Yorinaga, nor Toba who found Yorinaga very arrogant in his new honours. Konoe, however, died. Toba then succeeded in appointing Go-Shirakawa as the successor to his brother. Yorinaga was forced out, and when Fujiwara Tadazane used his great influence and tried to secure to Yorinaga the guardianship of the Taishi, Morihito (later Nijō Tennō), he met with a flat refusal. Henceforth, to use the Japanese expression, "Yorinaga looked on the Hōō with green eyes."

Looking on Toba with any kind of eyes was not to be of long duration. He was taken ill; seriously enough for Fujiwara Saneyoshi to advise him to express his last wishes. These were duly put in writing, and placed in the hands of the Princess Bifuku-mon-in. The principal court officials figured in this affair, and conspicuous among them was Shimotsuke no Kami Yoshitomo. His place is thus determined in what follows. Toba died; and when Sutoku sought entrance to the palace, as the son of his

father, the door was shut in his face "in accordance with the late Hōō's command." The one selected to do this was Uyemon-no-Gon-no-Suke Fujiwara Korekata, whose name is to be noted. Tadamichi, of course, is the ruling influence throughout. Sutoku thus rebuffed sought out Yorinaga, with purposes of war. He found him more than willing in his support. Tameyoshi and Tametomo were easily secured for a very simple reason. Tametomo had been "operating" in Kyūshū, with small regard to any commission from anyone but himself. The Miyako authorities came to the rescue of the other unfortunates, and ordered Tametomo to cease his aggressions on anybody and everybody that he could bring within range of his strong-bow. Tametomo remaining deaf to these messages, they seized Tameyoshi, and sent his worthy son word that his father was to suffer in his stead. Tametomo at once dropped his compaigning, and came to Miyako to submit to punishment and to secure his father's release—and to land in the middle of the events of Hōgen Now these were the result simply of a fight between court factions, and this struggle for material interests is indeed marked by bloody reprisals. As the learned historian says:—"It was in this period of Hōgen that the most inhuman and cruel quarrel and slaughter known to our history took place; a strife between father and son, and between brothers." I think, however, that the matter can be said to go still deeper than mere Court politics. The *buké* as yet did not control the Court, but they controlled everything outside of it. The king's writ did not run on their ground, unless they added their endorsement. The last step, however, remained to be taken. It was taken at once, and the process was completed in the next quarter of a century. Toba seemed to have an inkling of the immediate source of danger. He warned Bifuku-mon-in against Taira Kiyomori, a warning which she disregarded by calling him at once to the management of the war. This incident is not the least of those suggestive as to the actual standing of the factions at court. Go-Shirakawa was a figure-head. He did just what Bifuku-mon-in suggested.

Thus we have Kiyomori in the back-ground, awaiting his opportunity. That court cliques were behind the strifes of the Tennō and Hōō or Jōkō (as it happened to be) now plainly appears. These cliques were the prime factors, not the personal wishes of the nominal lord of the different palaces. They were fermenting all through the four years of Hōgen. Doctor Ariga points out that to explain Heiji by the over-weening vanity and ambition of Nobuyori is a very superficial way of looking at it. Go-Shirakawa had abdicated with the intention of ruling as Jōkō. His right hand man was Michinori. The opposite clique, the active figures of which are Gon-Dainagon Fujiwara Tsunemune, Ukonye no Chūjō Fujiwara Narachika (he and Kiyomori have many a falling out), Kebiishi no Bettō Fujiwara Korekata, intended to rule through the Tennō, Nijō. They certainly secured his hearty support. Anything the Jōkō wanted, was a good reason for thwarting his wish by refusing it or doing the opposite. There were decrees and counter-decrees. In this battle Go-Shirakawa found Fujiwara Michinori (Shinsai Nyūdo) an indispensable aid; the crutch which for a while kept him in control, and for the time being the other faction in check. Michinori in the first place owed his influence to his wife; Fujiwara Asako having been the nurse of Go-Shirakawa. But on his own merits the man deserved the trust reposed in him. He was the typical lawyer, stuffed with precedent. He was also a very learned man, and apart from his literary labours, we have seen him devoting attention to putting Japanese music and dancing into some appropriate form. The staging of his efforts was turned over to one of the ladies in waiting, Ike-no-zenni (who later saved Yoritomo). Michinori's sons—Toshinori, Narinori, Sadanori, Harunori—followed in their father's footsteps, both as to erudition, securing court plums, and being insufferable prigs. There was one fly in the ointment. Fujiwara Nobuyori was a great favourite with Go-Shirakawa. Between Nobuyori and Shinsai there was deadly war.*

* As to Michinori's character; Cf. Ariga, Dai-Nihon-Rekishi II pp, 25, 26.

All these contending elements were the opportunity of Tsunemune and Korekata. These two are staged as the particular villains, the Iagos, of the scene. Tadamichi remains behind, out of sight, magnificently quiescent, and catching in his ample mantle all the best fruit from the storm shaken tree. Tsunemune and Korekata knew that Nobuyori was wild and undisciplined, that his youth did not promise very deep insight (he was twenty-six years old when executed), and that he hated Shinsai—as they did. Now Nobuyori wanted to get rid of Shinsai, but being a partisan of Go-Shirakawa he would not injure in any way the interests of the Jōkō; whereas it was the object of Tsunemune and Korekata to retire this latter from all meddling in the administration. It is plain that the combination could only travel the same road together for a limited distance. All hated Shinsai. Shinsai was eliminated. There is a pretty story that Fujiwara Mitsuyori, elder brother of Korekata, with his wand of office bearded Nobuyori at the council-board and in his hour of triumph, and that he succeeded in calling Korekata to a sense of duty. As a matter of fact it would seem that the conspirators could not agree as to who should be Tennō. Nobuyori had no use for Nijō. The result was that Tsunemune and Korekata abandoned him in the face of the coming storm. Nijō was carried off at night in a lady's palanquin, and Korekata conducted him straight to Rokuhara. Go-Shirakawa fled to Ninnaji. Then followed the battle of the Gōshō. When defeated Nobuyori finally sought and found protection with Go-Shirakawa. It was not efficacious, and the Jōkō had to sacrifice his favourite. The striking feature is the action of Kiyomori. There is nothing hap-hazard about this man's actions at this time. He is coldly and cautiously keeping balance between the two rivals—Tennō and Jōkō—and their supporting interests. His politics are admirable—from his point of view.*

* Doctor Ariga's note on the rôle played by these three men—Tsunemune, Korekata, Nobuyori—is found, loc. cit. pp. 35, 36.

Tadamichi was again in the saddle. Just before Nobuyori's outbreak he had nominally retired, putting his son Motozane in his place of *Kwampaku* (regent). He continued to rule until his death in 1164 A.D., at which date he was sixty-eight years old, and had managed all the affairs of the Court for forty years. Tsunemune and Korekata were his satellites. Narechika, less skilful, nearly lost his head. He was saved by the intercession of Komatsu Shigemori, his son in law. Tsunemune and Korekata had not changed their stripes. When the Jōkō returned from the Ninnaji to the house of Fujiwara Akinaga in Hachijō they gave him a lesson. He delighted to sit in an upper apartment and watch the busy throng. A fence was then built to cut off his view. This was too much. Go-Shirakawa, bag and baggage, put himself in the hands of Kiyomori. This latter descended on the two persecutors, and their heads were only saved by exile to Idzu.* This, however, was only a temporary ebullition. Kiyomori now had them all in his hands. He was not only a great lord with many provinces, but he was of the third court rank and a *sangi*. Within a year he decided where his best instruments lay. Tsunemune and Korekata were recalled, and then followed a steady exodus of Go-Shirakawa's most devoted adherents on the road to exile,† Narinori, son of Shinsai, headed the procession. Then Nijō took to himself the Princess Tane, *nyoin* of Konoe. Her father was ordered forthwith to bring her from Konoegawara where she was living in retirement. To the expostulations of Go-Shirakawa, Nijō answered:—"The Tennō has no relations, paternal or other. He can do as he pleases." If he could thwart the Jōkō as to any awards or favours to temple establishments he went out of his way to do so. "He was not a filial son." When Nijō died the tutelage of Go-Shirakawa was well established, with Kiyomori as task master. The military had secured control of the Court, although Kiyomori himself did not realize it. He always acted through his Court office.

* As to this spite fence, cf. Ariga—loc. cit. p. 33.

‡ Ariga—loc. cit. p. 34.

## CONSCRIPTION.

The levy of the host has been common to all savage and barbarous peoples. It is an essential necessity of their existence. It was in practice among the Romans. As they became a conquering people, however, military service was confined to the Roman citizen. The plebeian was disarmed, as were also the conquered Italians. Under the empire the principle of conscription—universal military service—was established, and the emperor's officials made their selection of those needed for military service. This is also the rule of modern nations: the principle of universal service lies at the base, the exceptions are *secondary in importance and subsequent in time.* For all practical purposes Jimmu's invasion might be called a levy of the host, in the old barbarous sense. Every man in his invading army would be a soldier. But apart from this, in Primitive and Mediaeval Japan there is no levy of the host, and this is conspicuous as we pass to true history. The Kojiki and Nihongi record none. There was no occasion for it. There was nothing but war between tribes, and desultory contests with the Yemishi. There is no great movement of the Japanese people on a common enemy. On the contrary what is recorded is a military caste (*mononobe*). In Mediaeval Japan this is accentuated in the *samurai* or *bushi.* His two swords are his caste mark as *the* soldier. It was not until Meiji that a conscription law was passed. To attribute conscription to Jitō (more properly Temmu) is simply making use of a legal fiction, with far too wide an interval between its terms. This device, so admirably put in operation by the Romans in their legal procedure, has been an essential part of Japanese method in their Executive. They will not look a fact squarely in the face. Something is interposed. The principle of substitution does not appear in the early records (Kojiki and Nihongi), although it is so much a part of their character that one is tempted to regard it as original. But as borrowed from China it was developed into a monstrosity, as was

done with Bushidō. Thus the baby Shikken (regent) is substitute for a baby Shōgun, who rules the land as substitute for a baby Tennō! But to come down to things more modern and prosaic, to this day a servant does not take his discharge or ask for a rise in wages. His proxy acts for him.

## THE JAPANESE MIGRATION.

The date 1200 B.C. (*ca*) has been fixed as the period of first immigration of the Japanese into their islands. On just what basis this statement rests I have never seen. There are some reasons to believe that a more modest estimate is correct, and that they are comparatively new-comers. At the time Jimmu is supposed to have invaded Yamato he found the country in possession of isolated Japanese tribes interspersed with Yemishi or the aboriginal people. Between the two elements there is no indication of friendly relations. Nor is there such between the Japanese themselves. Jimmu fights and defeats both of them in detail. They form no alliance against him. This can be interpreted as indicating that the established tribes were themselves comparatively new-comers. The Yemishi otherwise would figure with them or as their subjects, as they do later. This is not the case. Furthermore, the line of the Japanese invasion is about at Biwako. This line is pushed slowly back. Yamato-take goes to the conquest of the Yemishi in Awa and Kazusa, and even at the end of the seventh century the Yemishi control Mutsu and Dewa. The condition as described for the time of Yamato-take (82-111 A.D.?) would indicate that the country north of Lake Biwa was but sparsely settled by the Japanese. There is no chronology for this period, but the records show that from Sūjin onward the pressure on the Yemishi was steady. It was a period of conquest northward. Jimmu can be placed pretty close to Sūjin. Perhaps the latter was his successor. The conditions of their life and Court differing very little. The five hundred years interjected is palpably absurd. The inserted

monarchs are more or less fictitious, and their names and numbers are a matter of the chroniclers' imagination. In the days of the Soga (middle of the sixth century, and tolerably good history) there are evidently large numbers of Yemishi still living in Central Japan. Conquest has been effected, and they are respected, enough so as to form the body-guard of these nobles. At the rate of conquest which would seem to be indicated between Keikō and the Soga, as compared with later results when the Japanese had all the weight of civilisation and improved weapons behind them, the distance between Jimmu's invasion has to be considerably shortened up. Writers, such as Professor Kume, who place the original immigration of the Wa (Japanese) at about 500 B.C., and Jimmu at about the Christian Era, have a good case. The actual conquest and occupation of the ground north of Lake Biwa would be dependent, not on invasion but on the necessity of keeping a wide space between Japanese settled land and Yemishi land. This is the principle at the base of modern settlement, when the invaders' arms are so very superior to those of the aborigines. National development would determine this, and the Japanese in the historic period are distinctly a nation. The records show that plenty of new-comers entered from the continent, but they come as friends, and not to make war. The Japanese have established themselves as masters of the land. They do not close it, but they can say who can or cannot enter. The invasions have come to an end.

* * * * * * * * *

Battle of Heiji—Dr. Ariga's account varies in some details. In the retreat Yoritomo was unable to keep up.* He was only thirteen years old, and had been fighting hard all day. Yoshitomo abandoned him. While stopping at Aoba Yoshitomo tried to arouse the neighbouring Minamoto interests. The villagers rose on him. He fled, leaving Minamoto Shigenari to fight to the death.† The name of Osada Tadamune is given as

* Ariga—loc. cit. p. 61. † Loc. cit. pp. 31, 32.

Taira Tadatomo, *toshiyori* (elder) of Osada in Owari.* Kiyomori, hearing of Akugenda's presence in Miyako, sent three hundred men to arrest him. Akugenda escaped, but was arrested by Taira Tsunefusa in Omi. Tomonaga was sent by his father to Kai. It was there that he was wounded. On his return Yoshitomo was in a great rage. He put him to death.*

* Loc. cit. p. 32. Yoritomo was captured by Munekiyo.

# NOTES.

Chapter I.—In "Jinsaku" we catch a J for the Izumo legend. The Dai-Nihon-Jimmei-Jiten says that after Benkei finished at the Saitō, he went to Wanibuchi-san. There he learned profound doctrines of Ken-Mitsu. Wanibuchi-san is somewhat vague The Nihon-Rekishi-Jiten says that at Hieisan he at first only paid attention to fencing; but as he grew older he devoted himself to learning and a study of the *sutras*.

Chapter II.—I have a note as to "a son of Benkei." This may be in connection with Tamamushi The tragic end of the tale is the one usually depicted. Of Kaison see later. He is much more favourably painted, as a learned if sour and glum priest-soldier.

Chapter III.—The story of Benkei at Shōshasan varies. In one he is made to kill Kaiyen on sight. In another, Kaiyen comes to grief and official vengeance. There are other variations and amplifications.

Chapter IV.—Ushiwaka fencing with the *tengu* in the presence of the goblin king is the conventional illustration. It is easier to depict than an eleven foot *samurai*, and I give it here. The *gembuku* is also said to have taken place at the first stopping place in Kagami, at the rich farmer's house. The Atsuta story is stronger. A variation makes Kakujitsu cognisant of the whole scheme of flight. A variation says that Ushiwaka failed to keep an appointment with Jōruri-hime. She threw herself into the Suganegawa and was drowned. Reizei turned nun. Yamada has her die in her bed. As to Jōruri-hime the Genkai calls her a daughter of Chōja Tanetaka, keeper of the post station at Yahagi. Childless he prayed Yakushi Nyorai to grant him offspring, and a girl was born to his wife and named Jō-ruri. *Ruri* here is taken

for Ruri-ko Nyorai ("Transparent-Light-Buddha"), an alternate name for Yakushi Nyorai. "In Eiroku (1558-1570 A.D.) Ono-no-Otsu, a waiting lady of Oda Nobunaga, composed a story on the loves of Jōruri-hime and Ushiwaka. In Keichō (1596-1615 A.D.), Iwafune *Kengyō* adapted it to his *biwa*. Later Takino *Kengyō* and Sumisawa *Kengyō* used it for the *samisen*. Later songs on many subjects were composed for the *samisen*, and the name Jōruri came to be applied to all. At present it means *gidayū*-bushi. *Ruri* in sanscrit means 'transparent'. In the Buddhist Scriptures it is applied to the seven treasures, and is a kind of gem of various colours—red, white, black, yellow, green, blue, purple, etc. It is also called *bitori* which may mean our *biidoro*, glass. *Ruri* also means a gem of a bright blue colour; or it means simply the colour, light blue. As above it means also Ruri-ko-Nyorai." So far Mr. Minakami's note, to which is simply to be added (from Brinkley's Dictionary) that *Kengyō* was "a rank of blind court musicians in ancient times." It has a different meaning to-day. *Gidayū* is "a musical drama, or its performer", and *gidayū-bushi* "the tone peculiar to musical drama." That is, characteristic of stage delivery—as with us. One can substitute "Pure Sapphire Maid"; the "Pure" being in any case taken in the sense of "transparent", morally or physically. *Ruri-iro* is described by Brinkley as "emerald colour."

The lands of Fukasu Shigeyori are also located in Shimōsa in the Kwantō. Shinano and the Kwantō had many such Minamoto fiefs. Matsuida, not far from Takasaki (and Karuizawa) is classic ground for the tourist, native and foreign. The rock scenery is very fine and the country a network of mountains divided by steep, narrow, twisting valleys. So close to the rich plain and so inaccessible, one can understand why Ise Saburō made it a refuge and port for his gentlemanly venture. Shinshinsai refers to Hidehira as Yoshitsune's "uncle". This may be a mere term of respect—"Ojisan" It also can stand as descriptive of a general relationship to older members of a family. The Mutsu Fujiwara must have

been connected more or less remotely with the branch to which Tokiwa-gozen belonged.

Chapter V.—The presence of Ushiwaka with Kiichi Hōgan is well authenticated. His step-father is the moving influence in one version, and Hōgan is friendly. In all these tales the variation is only on the minor details. The consistency is due to the fact that their source is found in the almost contemporary romances—the Gempei Seisuiki, the Heike Monogatari, and the Jōruri Monogatari.

Chapter VI.—A variation makes Benkei go down to Ōshū with Yoshitsune, on the first trip in 1174 A.D. If "the three years" stay at Yoshino comes in anywhere it would be here. As a matter of fact it fits in nowhere.

# LIST

OF

## THE TENNŌ—JIMMU TO GO-TOBA.

("*OFFICIAL*" CHRONOLOGY).

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jimmu Tennō | ..... | 660 | B.C. |
| Suizei | „ ..... | 581 | „ |
| Annei | „ ..... | 548 | „ |
| Itoku | „ ..... | 510 | „ |
| Kōshō | „ ..... | 475 | „ |
| Kōan | „ ..... | 392 | „ |
| Kōrei | „ ..... | 290 | „ |
| Kōgen | „ ..... | 214 | „ |
| Kaikwa | „ ..... | 157 | „ |
| Sūjin | „ ..... | 97 | „ |
| Suinin | „ ..... | 29 | „ |
| Keikō | „ ..... | 71 | A.D. |
| Seimu | „ ..... | 131 | „ |
| Chūai | „ ..... | 192 | „ |
| (Jingō *kōgō*) Tennō | ..... | 201 | „ |
| Ōjin Tennō 270 A.D | ... | 201 | „ |
| Nintoku Tennō | ..... | 313 | „ |
| Richū | „ ..... | 400 | „ |
| Hanshō | „ (Hanzei) | 406 | „ |
| Inkyō | „ (Ingiō)... | 412 | „ |
| Ankō | „ ..... | 454 | „ |
| Yūryaku | „ (Yūriaku) | 457 | „ |
| Seinei | „ ..... | 480 | „ |
| Kensō | „ (Kenzō) . | 485 | „ |
| Ninken | „ ..... | 488 | „ |
| Buretsu | „ (Muretsu) | 499 | „ |
| Keitai | „ ..... | 507 | „ |
| Ankan | „ ..... | 534 | „ |
| Senkwa | „ ..... | 536 | „ |
| Kimmei | „ ..... | 540 | „ |
| Bitatsu | „ (Bidatsu) | 572 | „ |
| Yōmei | „ ..... | 586 | „ |
| Sushun | „ (Sujun) .. | 588 | „ |
| Suiko | „ (F) ..... | 593 | „ |
| Jomei | „ ..... | 629 | „ |
| Kōgyoku | „ (F) ..... | 642 | „ |
| Kōtoku | „ ..... | 646 | „ |
| Saimei | „ (F) (Kō-gyoku *red.*) ..... | 655 | „ |
| Tenchi Tennō | ..... | 662 | „ |
| Kōbun | „ (Ohotomo 1870 A.D.) ..... | 672 | „ |
| Temmu Tennō | ..... | 673 | „ |
| Jitō | „ (F) ..... | 687 | A.D. |
| Mommu | „ ..... | 697 | „ |
| Gemmei | „ (F) ..... | 708 | „ |
| Genshō | „ (F) ..... | 715 | „ |
| Shomu | „ ..... | 724 | „ |
| Kōken | „ (F) ..... | 749 | „ |
| Junnin | „ ..... | 758 | „ |
| Shōtoku | „ (F) (Kō-ken *red.*) ..... | 764 | „ |
| Kōnin Tennō | ..... | 770 | „ |
| Kwammu | „ ..... | 782 | „ |
| Heijō | „ ..... | 806 | „ |
| Saga | „ ..... | 810 | „ |
| Junwa | „ ..... | 824 | „ |
| Nimmyō | „ ..... | 834 | „ |
| Montoku | „ ..... | 851 | „ |
| Seiwa | „ ..... | 859 | „ |
| Yōzei | „ ..... | 877 | „ |
| Kōkō | „ ..... | 885 | „ |
| Uda | „ ..... | 888 | „ |
| Daigo | „ ..... | 898 | „ |
| Shujaku | „ ..... | 931 | „ |
| Murakami | „ ..... | 947 | „ |
| Reizei | „ ..... | 968 | „ |
| Enyū | „ ..... | 970 | „ |
| Kwazan | „ ..... | 985 | „ |
| Ichijō | „ ..... | 987 | „ |
| Sanjō | „ ..... | 1012 | „ |
| Go-Ichijo | „ ..... | 1017 | „ |
| Go-Shujaku Tennō | ..... | 1037 | „ |
| Go-Reizei | „ ..... | 1046 | „ |
| Go-Sanjō | „ ..... | 1069 | „ |
| Shirakawa | „ ..... | 1073 | „ |
| Horikawa | „ ..... | 1087 | „ |
| Toba | „ ..... | 1108 | „ |
| Sutoku | „ ..... | 1124 | „ |
| Konoe | „ ..... | 1142 | „ |
| Go-Shirakawa | „ ..... | 1156 | „ |
| Nijō | „ ..... | 1159 | „ |
| Rokujō | „ ..... | 1166 | „ |
| Takakura | „ ..... | 1169 | „ |
| Antoku | „ ..... | 1181 | „ |
| Go-Toba | „ ..... | 1186 | „ |

# GLOSSARY.

## OF JAPANESE WORDS AND TERMS USED IN VOLUMES I AND II.

A-A!—Exclamation of astonishment.
ADZUMA—East Country(Kwantō).
AINU—A race preceding the Japanese in Nippon.
AKINDO—Shop-keeper.
AKIUDO—Shop-keeper or merchant (more polite).
AMADO—sliding wooden rain doors, on the outside edge of the roka.
AMAZAIKU—"honey" cakes.
ARA!—Exclamation of discomfiture.
ASHISHIRO—a scabbard of silver, or silver ornamented surface.
AYA!—Exclamation denoting energy.
AZUSA—catalpa.

BAKA—fool.
BAKE—ghost, (o-bake).
BAKUFŪ—the Government of the Shōgun.
BAKURYŌ—Official staff of the Shōgunate.
BANTŌ—commercial clerk.
BENI-ODOSHI—sewn with purple thread.
BETTŌ—chief steward or superintendant.
BIKUGYŌ—Rule of the brotherhood of Buddha's Order.
BIWA—a four stringed lute. "Bugaku" biwa; meikyoku biwa. Special kinds: cf Piggott loc. cit. p. 136.
BŌ—priest.
BŌDAISHŌ—parish temple.
BODHISATTA, BODHISAT—One in training to be a Buddha.
BON—tray: SAM-BON, offering tray.
BONSAI—potted plants.
BŌZU—priest.
BUDDHISM—the religion of the Buddha.
BUKE—military class.
BUMON—military class.
BUNRŌSHI—Writings on Ancient Matters.
BUSHI—knight. 士 is very ancient. Cf Legge S. B. E. III p. 471.
BUSHIDŌ—"Ethical" code of the knight.
BUTSUDŌ—Ethical code and observances of Buddhism.

"CASH"—copper or iron coins of trifling value, with a hole punched in the centre to facilitate stringing.
CHADAI—present to a publican (tea-money).
CHIGO—the page of one of high rank.
CHIJUN-KI—Record of movements (ground, moving around).
CHIKA-ĪTO—holder of 6th court rank and lower.
CHINZEI—Kyūshū.
CHO!—Shucks.
CHŌ—377 feet English.
CHŌ—a town, street, or ward.
CHOZU-BACHI—tank for ablutions in the enclosure of a Buddhist temple.

CHŪGOKU—Sanyodō and Sanindō.
CHŪJŌ — lieutenant general (Brinkley's Dict.)
CHUJŌ-SAISHŌ—lieutenant general-prime minister.
CHŪJŌ-SANI-CHŪNAGON—Chūnagon by title without holding office (?), chūjō active rank.
CHŪNAGON—lowest grade at the Tennō's council.

DAIBOSATSU—great bodhisatta.
DAIJIN—minister of state.
DAIMON — long robe marked with the family crest.
DAIMYŌ—feudal lord of 10000+ koku of rice as revenue. The name is of later origin than the 12th century.
DAINAGON — member of the Tennō's privy council.
DANGOZAIKU—dumpling.
DAJŌ-DAIJIN—prime minister.
DANNA—master of the house.
DASHI—god's car, containing an image, or relics, or nothing.
DARANI, DHARANI—magical formulae (verbal).
DAZAI-CHŪJŌ—Chūjō of northern Kyūshū.
DEBA-BŌCHŌ—kitchen knife.
DEN-JŌ-BITO — holder of 3rd court rank and higher.
DEN-NAI-SAYEMON-NO-JŌ—Inner palace sayemon no jō.
DHARANIPADANI — mystical charms or formulae.
DHUTANGAS—special vows.
DOBYŌSHI—cymbals.
DONO—His Excellency. (Brinkley's Dict).
DOMBURI—skillet.
DOROTSUKU—highwayman.

EBOSHI—hat worn by nobles: ori-eboshi, with folding top; tate-eboshi, a ceremonial headgear.
EHEN—Exclamation to call attention.
EIKYOKU — vulgar songs (Brinkley).
ENNICHI — festival fête day (Brinkley).
ERI—the edging of the inner kimono which peeps out in the layers, more or less numerous, of these garments: soberly decorated or not.
ETCHU ZENJI—ex-governor of Etchū.

FUDE—brush pen.
FUJI—wisteria.
FUSUMA—sliding screens of silk, wood, or paper.
FUTOKORO — bosom of the dress. The Japanese use it as a pocket.
FUTON—sleeping quilt; mattress.
FUYE—Japanese flute.

GAETA—wooden clogs.
GEISHA—singing and dancing girl.
GEJO—serving maid.
GEMBUKU—the ceremony on becoming an adult, assuming the toga virilis.
GEMPEI—Minamoto (Gen) and Taira (Hei).
GENAN—serving man.
GENSAMMI—Minamoto of 3rd court rank.
GEN KURŌ—Minamoto 9th son.
GENTEI-I—Minamoto Kebiishi.
GISŌ—councillors representing the Shōgunate at court.
GO—Japanese chess.
GŌ—gill measure.
GO-CHISŌ-SAMA—thanks for your entertainment.
GOE—passage (of land or water).
GOHEI—strips of paper offered at the miya. They replace the offerings of cloth in ancient times.
GOHŌJIRŌ—five faceted helmet.
GO-JŌ-DAINAGON—vice dainagon at the Tennō's council.

GOMEN-KUDASAI—please excuse me.
GON-CHŪNAGON—vice chūnagon (Brinkley). Gon has the sense of "subordinate."
GONGEN — Buddhist deities. (Brinkley).
GON-NO-KAMI—vice lord, (of a (township).
GŌSHI—gentleman farmer; some developed into daimyō.
GOZÅ—Thin matting.
GOZA-NO-MA—Tennō's sitting room in the private apartments of the palace (Chamberlain and Mason).
GOZEN—Lady.
GŌSHŌ—palace.
GUNRYŌ—district officer under the earlier Fujiwara.
GUNSEN—an iron framed fan used by warriors.
GYŌKWAN — Tennō's crown, worn on occasions of high ceremony.

HACHI—radiating ribs of a helmet.
HACHIMANZA—a socket on the kikusa (rim) which circles the crown of the helmet.
HACHIRŌ—8th son.
HACHITSUKA-NO-ITA—metal plate attached to the top of a helmet (Brinkley's Dict).
HAI!—exclamation of attention.
HAIDATE — thigh pieces of armour.
HAKIMONO—foot gear; clogs much affected by the younger priests.
HANAIKE—flower arrangement.
HANGWAN—next to vice-minister of state (Brinkley's Dict). A civil and military title.
HANGWAN-KWAN—The Hangwan's house.
HAPPŌJIRŌ—eight faceted helmet.
HARA—moor.
HARA—belly.
HARAIDATE—metal piece in the front of the helmet from which springs the mayezashi. It carried three sockets (usually).
HARAKIRI—suicide by severing the intestines.
HARAMAKI—belly guard.
HARAMAKI-DO—armour made adjustable to size at will over the trunk of the body.
HARA-OBI—a belly band won by women at the 5th month of pregnancy.
HASHI—chop-sticks.
HASHI, (BASHI)—bridge.
HATAKE—land not devoted to wet culture of rice.
HATAMOTO—Shōgun's immediate vassals under the Tokugawa.
HATOWO-NO-ITA — plates of armour beneath the arms.
HEIJI—1159-1160 A.D.
HEIKE—Taira House.
HEISAISHŌ* — lieutenant-generals in active command.
HICHIRIKI—flageolette (perhaps connected with "screech").
HIGAN—seven days from the twentieth (circa) of the third and ninth months (March and September, new style). Tera no Hi.
HIME—princess; plain Miss.
HI-NO-MARU—round red sign representing the sun.
HI-NO-TO-TORI—33rd year of the cycle.
HIODOSHI — (armour plates) sewn together with red thread.
HIRAIZUMI—white spring.
HIRAYA—ground floor.
HITATARE—In ancient times worn by common people, later only by nobles (Brinkley's Dict).
HŌCHŌ—table or kitchen knives (Brinkley's Dict).
HOKKA—17 syllable poems.
HOKKE—Nichiren sectarians.

* This Hei (卒) is found in connection with other titles; Heishokoku, Hei-hangwan, etc.

HOKKEKYŌ—The Saddharma Pundarîka, a Buddhist sutra.
HONDŌ—main hall of a Buddhist temple.
HONSAMMI — Prince (of the blood) of third of such rank. There were 4 hon or grades (Brinkley).
HŌŌ—retired priest emperor.
HOKORA — subsidiary Shintō shrine.
HOKUROKUDŌ—the provinces of Wakasa, Echizen, Etchu, Echigo, Kaga, Noto, Sado.
HORAI—a Buddhist sutra.
HORAGAI—a conch shell.
HŌRAKU — Dance (and song) before the images in the tera or miya.
HŌRŌ—hood or quilt to protect the back from arrows.
HOSHI—steel knobs on a helmet.
HŌSHI—Buddhist priest.
HŌSHI-MUSHA—priest soldier.
HOTOKE—spirit of a deceased person (Buddhist).
HYAKU-MAN-BEN—a million prayers: an ancient form of Buddhist memorial service.
HYOYE—refers to the Tennō's guard of ancient days; also a name.

ICHI-IN—Tennō's messenger.
IDDHI—power of bodily transportation by the mere wish.
IHAI—Buddhist memorial tablets of the hotoke.
IKE—an artificial pond.
IKI-HANGWAN—Hangwan by rank; acting in the capacity of Hangwan.
IMANI—in a little while.
IMO—potato: satsuma-imo, sweet potato.
INE—Young growing rice.
IRASSHAI—please enter.
IROTSUPOI—lecherous.
ITA-HAIDATE—thigh pieces of armour.
ITOKO—cousin.
IWATA-OBI—belly band worn by women at the 5th month of pregnancy.
IYA-A!—Exclamation to attract attention. Also, expression of dislike.

JI—temple (in compounds).
JIKIDŌ—sermon hall.
JIMMEN—a religious ceremony.
JINDAI—ceiling boarding.
JINJA—Shintō shrine.
JINRICKSHA — man-power 2 wheeled gig.
JIRŌ—2nd son.
JISHAKU—magnet.
JITŌ—inspector.
JŌ—paper measure: hanshi=20, minogami=48 sheets. (Brinkley).
JŌ—a letter.
JŌKŌ—retired Tennō.
JŌRŌ—whore.
JU-NO-JŌ—the name of a Japanese symphony.
JUPPŌ—a religious ceremony.
JUSHŌKU—rector.

KABURAYA—singing arrow.
KABUTO—helmet.
KAGAMI—mirror.
KAGO—Japanese litter.
KAGURA—ancient temple dance.
KAMA—sickle.
KAME—tortoise.
KAMI—lord.
KAMI—god; spirit of the deceased.
KAMI-NA-DZUKI—10th month (old style), November to early December.
KAMURO—Young attendant on a jōrō (its present meaning).
KANGAKUSHA — learned in Chinese literature.
KANNUSHI—Shintō official.
KANZASHI—hair ornament.
KARA-AYA-MONSHA — gauze stuff.
KARA-AYA-ODOSHI — gauze stuff sewn together.
KARA-BUNE—Chinese boat.

KARAKAMI — sliding screens between rooms, of wood, paper, or silk.
KARASU—crow.
KARMA—the Buddhist doctrine that action continues its effect on future action.
KASHIKOMARIMASHITA—"I hear with respect."
KATAJIKENASHI—"here is luck."
KATAJIRŌ—2 faceted helmet.
KATSUMI—sweet flag.
KAZE-ORI—a kind of head dress.
KAZUSA—a rustic hinged door.
KAWA—river: gawa in compounds.
KEBIISHI—police commissioner.
KEBIISHI-NO-BETTŌ — steward's proctor.
KEICHITSU—5th to 20th March (Brinkley's Dict.)
KEN—18 feet.
KENIN—retainer.
KESA—shoulder scarf of Buddhist priests.
KIGEN-SETSU—day of Jimmu's coronation.
KIKUSA—metal rim at the crown of a helmet.
KIMONO—the loose wrapper or toga like dress of the Japanese.
KIMYŌ CHŌRAI—"may the Buddha's will be done."
KIN—1.32 lbs. Av: 1.61 lbs. Troy.
KI-NŌ-E-NE—1st year of the cycle.
KIRIN—unicorn.
KIRYU—arrow feathers, with black spots.
KITAKAMIGAWA—River from the North.
KITANOKATA—title of a nobleman's wife.
KITA-NO-MANDOKORO—wife of the Kwampaku or Sesshō, or of the Sekke.
KITSUNE—fox.
KŌ—incense stick.
KŌDEN—Government land.
KŌGŌ—chief spouse of the Tennō.
KOGOSOKU—coat of mail without trunk.
KOIDZUKA—carp's mound.
KOKORO—disposition. (physically "heart" is shinzo).
KOKU—4.96 bushels, (39.7 gallons).
KOMA-MUSUBI—tight double knot (Brinkley).
KOME—rice.
KONGŌ—Shingon doctrine.
KŌRO—incense pot.
KOSHI—palanguin.
KOSHI—rivet of an ogiwa.
KŌSHI—Echizen, Etchu, Echigo.
KOTE—armour sleeves.
KŌTŌ—harp.
KOYA—shed.
KOZAKURA-EBOSHI — sewn with red and white thread intertwined ("small cherry flower pattern").
KOZUKAI—shop boy.
KŪCHŪHIKŌKI—voloplane.
KUGE—court noble.
KUGYŌ—holders of 3rd court rank and above.
KUMADE — a rake like implement. Used in war for "clutching;" in peace for scratching (ground or body).
KUMODE—ribs of an ogiwa.
KUMONJO—Department of Administration of the Shōgunate.
KUNEMBO—a large thick-skinned orange.
KUNKŌ-ZUE—Record of Meritorious deeds.
KURA—store-house with plaster walls.
KURI—kitchen.
KURŌ—9th son.
KUSA-MAKURA—grass pillow.
KUYŌ—Buddhist offering of food to the hotoke (the ceremony, or the food—Brinkley).
KWAMPAKU, KWAMBAKU—Regent, not accountable to the council. Cf. Sesshō.
KWANGEN — flute and harp musical instruments generally.
KWANJA—Adult: a title.

KWANJIN — seeking subscriptions for holy purposes.
KWANJINCHŌ — subscription book.
KWANTŌ—Musashi, Awa, Kazusa, Shimosa, Kōtsuke, Shimotsuke, Hitachi, Sagami.
KWANTŌBEI—"Kwantō bumpkins" (Chamberlain and Mason).
KWASHI—confections or sweets.
KYŌDAI—brothers, and sister.
KYŌDAI—toilet stand.
KYŌHA—a religious denomination.
KYŪ—mogusa, punk.

MAGURO—tunny fish.
MAKI — Podocarpus Chinensis (Brinkley); box.
MAKKURO—pitch dark.
MAKURA—pillow, cushion.
MAKURA-KOTOBA — pillow word: to maintain the measure, and to swing the sense (hinge-like) of a poem.
MARU — a suffix to children's names.
MARUGUKE—stitching so that the thread is not seen.
MATSURI—festival.
MATSURI-DOKORO—Administration department of the Shōgunate (formerly Kumonjo).
MAYEZASHI — frontlet of a helmet.
MENKŌ—upper and lower vizor of a helmet.
MERU—the axis of this universe according to Buddhism.
METAZASHI — short sword, dagger.
MIMBU-KYŌ—chief of the local Administration, police, etc.
MINE—peak.
MISO-SUIMONO—bean soup.
MITAMASHIRO—Shintō god-shelf.
MI-TARASHI—tank for ablutions at a Shintō miya.
MIYA—Shintō shrine.
MIYATSUKO—manor lord in primitive Nippon.
MOGUSA—moxa, punk, (Kyū).
MOKUDAI—Vice-governor.
MON—gate.
MON—coat of arms.
MONBAN—gate man.
MONCHUJŌ — Department of Justice under the shōgunate.
MONJI—ideograph.
MONOGATARI—Tales.
MONONOBE—military caste in primitive Nippon.
MOROKOSHI—millet or Guinea corn. (Brinkley's Dict.)
MUGI—wheat.
MUKŌ-UCHI—smith's helper.
MUKŌ-YŌSHI—husband of the daughter, head of the house. He enters his wife's house. Nyūfu.
MUNE-ITA—it hangs down from the menkō over the corselet.
MURAJI—district magnate in primitive Nippon.
MURAKUMO—the sword of Susa-no-wo at Atsuta. (Kusanagi-tsuguri).
MURASHITE—the stage of boiling rice at which the pot is put aside to allow the water to swell the grain.
MUSHA-DOKORO—guard room of the Tennō's palace.
MUSHI—insect.
MYŌJI—family name.
MYŌJIN—divinity.

NAGON—The ancient term. Cf. Dainagon.
NAIDAIJIN—At first ranked next to Dajō-dai-jin; later next to Udaijin. (Brinkley's Dict.). The Tennō's "man of business" (Klaproth).
NAIJI—relating to the Tennō's household department.
NAIRAN—Adviser to the Regent. Under Yoritomo.
NAKA-NIWA—a garden court.
NAKATOMI—hereditary hierarchy of the Shintō priesthood.
NAKIRI-BŌCHŌ— vegetable chopper.

NAMU—"I pray thee, O Lord" (Brinkley).
NAMU-AMIDA-BUTSU—Amida Butsu, hear my prayer.
NAMU-MYO-HŌ-RENGE-KYŌ—"Oh! The Scripture of the Lotus of the wonderful Law." Chamberlain and Mason.
NANBAN-TETSU — imported iron.
NANKAIDŌ—Kii, Awaji, Awa, Sanuki, Tosa, Iyo.
NANUSHI—manor bailiff, or village mayor.
NAOSHI—a kind of robe (noble's)—naoshime.
NARUHODO—"you don't say so!" "Do tell!"
NEKO—cat.
NENGO—year period.
NEYA—house-maid.
NII-AMA } —Title given to
NII-DONO } ladies of highest rank who became nuns.
NIKAI—2nd floor.
NINGYŌ—image, doll.
NI-Ō—images of two deva kings guarding the gate ways of Buddhist temples.
NIRVANA — Oblivion, mental and physical.
NISHIKI—brocade.
NOCHI-HODO—afterwhile.
NOKAJI—farmer's implements.
NOKI—eaves.
NORIMON—palanquin.
NOUYE—a fabulous beast.
NUSHI—a fabled animal of supernatural power, dwelling in mountains and lakes.
NYOIN—dowager kōgō.
NYŪDŌ—tonsured.

O-BAKE—ghost.
ŌBAN—palace guard.
ŌBAN-YAKU — palace guard duty.
OBI—girdle.
OGIWA—folding fan.
OHOKAMI—"wolf," the name of Benkei's roan stallion.
OHO-OMI—prime minister of primitive Nippon.
OJISAN—old man, uncle.
OJŌSAN—the daughter of the house.
OKAMISAN—"Mrs", among the middle and lower class.
OKOMORI—all night temple service.
O-MAIRI—pilgrim, pilgrimage.
OMBU—pig-a-back.
ONIGOKKO—Japanese "tag."
ORI-EBOSHI—eboshi which lay flat.
O-SAKI—"pardon my going (or doing) first."
OSHŌ—priest deacon.

PEKA-BUNE—a boat with a flexible bottom, for use on the swift, shallow, and rocky rivers of Japan.
PILIKI-A-NUI—"Trouble," as understood in Hawaii and County Clare.

RAMA-SHOJI—fret work (often natural) screens or panels.
RI—2½ miles English.
'RICKSHA—See Jinricksha.
RIKUTŌ SANRYAKU — The Rikutō was a book on the art of war by the Chinese general Taiko. Its parts were called, Buntō, Butō, Ryotō, Kotō, Hiyotō, Kentō. The Sanryaku was a book on tactics. Its parts were, Jō-ryaku, Chūryaku, Geryaku. (Brinkley's Dict).
RISSHI—a priest ranking next to *sōzu*.
ROKA—Japanese verandah.
RŌNIN—an unattached samurai.
RŌSHANA-BUTSU—Buddha as Vairôchâna (Nyorai).
RŌTŌ—party man.
RYŌ—about an ounce of gold. The ratio of gold to silver in the 12th century was about 1:6.
RYŌBŪ SHINTŌ—Shintō-Buddhism, the Shintō deities figurings as Buddhist avatars.
RYŌRI—cooking.

SABURŌ—3rd son.

SACHŪJŌ—lieutenant general of the Left.
SADAIBEN—substitute for sanhi (Klaproth).
SADAIJIN—Minister of the Left.
SAIHAI—baton.
SAIKAIDŌ—Kyūshū provinces, together with the islands of Iki and Tsushima.
SAI-NO-KAWARA—River of Souls (Buddhist).
SAISEN—offerings of iron or copper "cash," cast into the temple box.
SAKÉ—rice wine.
SAKÉTE—a gratuity given to servants—"tip," or "pourboire."
SAKI—before (o-saki).
SAKURA—the cherry (tree).
SAMA-NO-KAMI—Captain of the Tennō's guard.
SAMISEN—three stringed banjo.
SAMURAI—soldier of the military class. There were many grades.
SAMURAI-DOKORO—War Department of the Shōgunate.
SAN—mountain.
SANGAKU—former term for Sarugaku.
SANGI—privy councillors. According to Klaproth they were more particularly occupied with the affairs of the palace.
SAN-IN-DŌ—Tamba, Tango, Tajima, Inaba, Hoki, Izumo, Iwami, Oki.
SANKAI—3rd floor.
SANRYAKU—See Rikutō.
SAN-SUKE—three governors: bath room attendant.
SAN-YO-DŌ—Harima, Mimasaka, Bizen, Bitchu, Bingo, Aki, Suwo, Nagato.
SAN-ZAN—Kumano shrines, i.e. Nachi, Hongū, Shingū.
SARUGAKU—comic dance (Brinkley's Dict).
SASARINDŌ—5 bamboo leaves pointing down, surmounted by 3 little flowers. (Brinkley's Dict).
SASHIMI—sliced raw (living) fish.
SASHIYA—quick shooting arrow (at close quarters).
SATSUMA IMO—sweet potato.
SAYEMON—Left Gate guard: a name.
SAYEMON-NO-JŌ—Secretary of the guard, Left Gate.
SEI-I-TAI-SHŌ-GUN—barbarian quelling commander-in-chief.
SEISUIKI—record of flourish and decay.
SEKI—cliff.
SEKKE—Konoe, Kujō, Nijō, Ichijō, Takatsukasa. The families from which the kwampaku or sesshō had to be chosen.
SEN-BON-ZAKURA—1000 cherry blossoms.
SEN-DAN-NO-ITA—armour plates beneath the arms.
SENNIN—a mystic.
SENSEI—a teacher.
SEPPUKU—harakiri; suicide by severing the intestines.
SESSHŌ—Regent, responsible to the Council.
SHAKU—wand.
SHAKU—11.93 inches.
SHAKUDO—an alloy, variously described as of gold and silver, and as of gold and antimony.
SHAMAN—conjurer, medicine man.
SHIBAUCHI—wood-cutter.
SHICHIJIRŌ—7th son.
SHICHIJO—7th ward.
SHIHŌJIRO—4 faceted helmet.
SHIIKA—poetry.
SHIKATA-GA-NAI—it cannot be helped.
SHIKI-NO-TAYU—Shiki signifies governmental; Cf under T.
SHIKORO—neck protector attached to a helmet.
SHIN—Sincerity (sentiment).
SHINBOKU—the dashi of Nara Kokufūji.
SHINGON—the sect founded by Kōbōdaishi.

SHIN-I — an honorary title, without exercising the duties thereto attached.
SHIN-IN—(Pure Hall), a title taken by a retired Tennō.
SHINKAN—a letter under the Tennō's seal.
SHIN-NO—prince of the blood.
SHIN-NO-KI—sounding board.
SHINTŌ—native (Japanese) religion antedating the introduction of Buddhism.
SHINSAMMI—a subject, of 3rd court rank.
SHIRABYOSHI — dancing and singing girl.
SHIRO—castle.
SHI-ORI-DO—a rustic gate.
SHIRU—soup.
SHISHI—lion (couchant, heraldic).
SHITATARE — a long outside robe worn by nobles.
SHITENBYO—4 knobs encircling the hachimanza.
SHI-TEN-NO — 4 attendant knights: aides-de-camp.
SHŌ—(sake) 3 + pints.
SHŌ—musical.
SHŌBU—iris.
SHŌEN—untaxed land registered in the name of officials.
SHOIN—priest's apartments in a Buddhist temple.
SHŌGUN — commander-in-chief of the military forces.
SHOJI—sliding paper screens, on the inner edge of the roka, or between rooms (replacing karakami).
SHŌJIN—vegetable diet.
SHŌJIN RYŌRI—a vegetarian dinner.
SHŌ-MAN-GYŌ — a Buddhist sutra.
SHŌNAGON—a secretary of the privy council: Lowest rank in the privy council (Klaproth.)
SHŌMYŌ—lords with 10000—koku of rice revenue. The distinctions between daimyō, shomyō, and hatamoto date from Tokugawa times.
SHŌNIN—an honorific title attached to high Buddhist priests (Brinkley's Dict).
SHŌRŌ—detached belfry of a Buddhist temple. (campanile).
SHŌSHŌ — major general, ranked next to the commander of the Tennō's guard.
SHŌSHŌ SAYEMON—As above in reference to the Left Gate (Konoefu).
SHUGENJA — Yamabushi. Shintō-Buddhist priests, wandering priests.
SHUGO—governor of a district under the Shōgunate.
SHUKYO—religion.
SŌ—Numeral for boats. Hassō tobi, leap over 8 boats.
SODE—broader shoulder braces of armour.
SŌDZU—priest deacon—adjutant bishop.
SOHEI—priest soldier.
SŌ-JITŌ—chief inspector.
SŌJŌ—bishop.
SONCHO—village headman.
SONKAI—leader.
SON-NO-KAMI—district lord.
SŌTSUIHOSHI — chief police superintendant. (Sōtsuibushi.)
SŌYEN—feudal lords.
SŌZU—See Sodzu.
SUIMONO-WAN—soup bowl.
SUIKAN—thin silk robe worn by the nobles.
SUKE—vice governor.
SUKI-KUWA—Spade and hoe.
SUN—1.19 inch.
SUTRA—Buddhist scripture.
SUTTA—Pali form of sutra.
SUZU—a little bell.
SUZUMUSHI—a musical insect. Homeogryllus Japonicus.
SUZURI—ink-stone.

TABI—Sock.
TABŌ—a style (chignon) of woman's head-dress. (Brinkley's Dict.).

TACHIBANA—small, thin skinned orange.
TAI—Pagrus cardinalis, Brinkley's Dict.: sea bream.
TAIFU—holders of 3rd to 5th court rank.
TAIHŌ-REI—Code promulgated in Taihō nengo 702 A.D.
TAIKŌ—retired Kwampaku.
TAIKO—drum.
TAISHI—crown prince.
TAISHŌ-TENNŌ—headship (retained by the retiring Tennō).
TAIZŌ—Doctrine of Shingon.
TAIZŌKAI—Womb element of Taizō.
TAKA-ASHIDA—high clogs.
TAKADACHI—high place.
TAKATSUKASA—Falconry Bureau: A branch of the Fujiwara.
TAKEDABISHI — water caltrops: a family badge of the Takeda of Kai, a diamond shaped figure with cross lines making 4 inside figures of the same.
TAKIGI—fire wood.
TAKIGUCHI — Tennō's bodyguard.
TAMASHII (DAMASHII)—Spirit, disposition.
TAN—28 feet English cloth measure; .245 acre.
TANKA—verse of 32 syllables.
TANUKI — canis procynoides, Brinkley; popularly, badger.
TARŌ—eldest son.
TATAMI—thick matting.
TATAMI-DŌ—flexible coat of mail.
TATE-EBOSHI—ceremonial cap.
TATE-JŌ—a letter, folded diagonally, edges joined by twisted paper.
TATEURA — a place name ("standing room").
TATHAGATA—the Buddha.
TAYŪ—vice minister of state. Tayu has the sense of "subordinate," next to highest.
TAYUKURO — the name of Yoshitsune's horse.
TEKIHATSUGYŌ (SHA)—cut-hair-priest.
TENDAI—Sect founded by Dengyō-daishi.
TENGU—a goblin in human form and with long nose and wings, dwelling in the mountains.
TENNŌ—chief of the state.
TENNŌ-SAI—matsuri on the anniversary of a Tennō's death; Jimmu Tennō-sai.
TENUGUI—wash rag: vid. "towel."
TERA—Buddhist temple.
TERU-TERU-BŌZU—a paper or rag doll hung under the eaves by children, to bring fine weather.
TETSU—iron.
TETSUGAI—gauntlets for armour.
TOGE—pass.
TŌKAIDŌ—Iga, Ise, Shima, Owari, Mikawa, Totomi, Suruga, Izu, Sagami, Musashi, Awa, Kazusa, Shimosa, Hitachi.
TOKIN—cap or head-wrapping worn by Yamabushi.
TOKONOMA—alcove.
TŌ-NO-CHŪJŌ—military officer attached to the household department of the Tennō.
TŌ-NO-CHUNAGON — holding position in the household department (Tō) and chūnagon. Tō has the sense of "inspector."
TORII—arch or skeleton gateway at the entrance to the precincts of a Buddhist temple.
TOSANDŌ—Omi, Mino, Hida, Shinano, Kōtsuke, Shimotsuke, Iwaki, Iwashiro, Riknzen, Rikuchu, Mutsu, Dewa.
TOSHIYORI—village elder.
TOYA—distant shooting arrow.
TRIKAYA—The 3 fold embodiment of the Buddha-originally dual. See Eitel's "Chinese Buddhism" p. 178.
TRIRATNA — The Buddhist doctrine of the Trinity: Bud-

dha, Dharma (the Law), Samghi (the order) or deified Church. Cf Eitel. loc. cit. 181,142.
TSUBAKI—Camelia.
'TSUIBUSHI—See Sōtsuibushi.
TSUKUSHI-KŌTŌ—Kyūshū *kōtō*.
TSUNEGOTEN—Tennō's private apartments.
TSURU—crane.
TSUZUMI — orchestral small drum.

UBASOGYŌ—duties of a lay brother.
UBASOKU—lay brother.
UCHIWA—round stiff fan.
UDAIJIN—minister of the right.
UDAISHŌ—Ukonye no Taishō.
UKONYE-FU—Right Imperial guards of mediaeval Japan (Brinkley's Dict).
UKONYE NO CHŪJŌ—lieutenant of the Taishō.
UKONYE-NO-TAISHŌ — Commander of the Ukonye-fu.
UMA-NO-JŌ—Secretary of the Tennō's Mews.
UMA-NO-KAMI—chief of the Tennō's Mews.
"UMEGAYE"—"the plum tree branch."
UNEME—palace waiting lady.
UPÂSIKA—monk. (Buddhist).
UPÂSIKÂ—nun. (Buddhist).
USAGI—hare.
USUZUMI—Yoshitsune's flute.
UTA—poem, song.
UYEMON-NO-GON-NO-SUKE—vice lord of the Right Gate.

WA—emphatic particle.
WANI—crocodile, shark, "sea monster."
WATAGAMI — shoulder pad, crossing the shoulders under the armour. (Brinkley's Dict).
YA-A!—exclamation of surprise.
YAKUNIN—constable.
YAMABUKI—yellow rose.
YAMATO-DAMASHII—Soul of Japan.
YAMABUSHI—An order of wandering priests who professed Shintō and Buddhist doctrines. Yamabushi or "mountain sleepers."
YANAGI-GŌSHŌ—palace of the willow tree.
YATARŌ—8th son.
YEBISU, YEMISHI } the people already inhabiting Nippon at the advent of the Japanese.
YODAREGANE — gorgette of armour.
YOJINBŌ—guard stick.
YOMAI-ITO—4 sheeted kite string (very thick and strong).
YOMOGI—mugwort (Brinkley's Dict.)
YOPPARAI—drunkards.
YOROI—armour.
YUMIYA—bow and arrows.
YURUSE YO—with your permission.

ZEN—a low table.
ZENI—iron or copper "cash."
ZENJI—ex-governor.
ZENSHU—a sect (7th century) re-established by Eisai-Shōnin in 1192 A.D. in the Rinsai-shū form. The Sōdō-shū was established in 1227 A.D.; the Obaku-shū in 1651 A.D. The Zenshū was a favourite with the Kamakura bushi, especially under the Hōjō regency.
ZOSHIKI—inferior servants.

# MEMORANDA.

Page XI—line 29 from the top read "another matter."
" 61—line at the bottom read "prime" for "prince."
" 82—read Sujun for Sujin.
" 89—line 19 from the top read "imposts" for "imports."
" 94—Note. line 4 from top. Afumi (Ōmi) may mean a place or province. A few lines further down the Nihongi says that the Taishi went to the Yamato capital, probably Yoshino.
" 106—line 6 from bottom read "Nankaido" for "Sankaido."
" 121—line 11 from the top read "are" for "is."
" 126—line 2 from the bottom. *Eikyoku* here should be "songs of the day," sung to *kōtō*, *biwa*, and *fuye*. 白河法皇の時源時中の曾孫長政郢曲琴笛琵琶を堀河天皇に授けて.
" 132—line 2 from the top for "Shirokawa" read "Shirakawa." It is a district of Miyako.
" " —line at the bottom read Chūnagon Fujiwara Michinori (Shinsai Nyūdo).
" 133—line 10 from the top read "Shirakawa" for "Shirokawa."
" 145—Note. line 4 from the bottom read "Shinsai" for "Seishin."
" 151—line 8 from the top. Shichiku is in the northern quarter of Miyako.
" 162—read Naganari for Nagamari.
" 216—line 19 from the top read "diligently" for "deligently."
" 224—line 6 from the top read "even to think."
" 233—Note. for "Brinckley's Dictionary" read "Brinkley's Dictionary;" also on pp. 253, 292, 315, 330.

Page 233—Note. Read "kachu mina goroshi ni suru zo." 家中皆殺しにするぞ

„ 246—lines 17 and 22 from the top read "*chōzu-bachi*" for "*chōzu-bashi.*"

„ 263—line 11 from the top read "kikuza," line 7 from the bottom read "hatowo-no-ita," for "kizuza" and "hatsu-no-ita" respectively.

„ 270—line 11 from the bottom add a quotation mark to the end of the line.

„ 294—As often the case Brinkley's Dictionary comes to the rescue and gives also the very special application. Under *Tsukushi-goto*—"a kind of stringed instrument named after the province of Tsukushi (now Kyūshū) where a court lady by the name of Ishikawa Iroko first learned the art of playing it from a hermit." See also Piggott, loc. cit. p. 35 in reference to the Lady Ishikawa and the "*Tsukushi-gaku.*" He tells the story at length. She lived in Temmu's reign, 673 A.D.

Glossary—Hiraizumi means level (or tranquil) spring 平泉. The definition of the glossary is incorrect.

Pages 210, 293, Note: Tanka, read "31" for "32." Ditto in Glossary.

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